

## **Zakk Wylde & Black Label Society "World Of Trouble"**

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2...3...4...I Drank All My Fucken Brew and I Ain't Gots No  
More....

Feeling so damn tired  
Running on desperate fumes  
For the end is  
Always near, now  
Empty handed  
It's always soon  
Psychocise me  
Terrify me  
Jeopardizing all that's mine  
Megolamize me  
Certify me  
On my knees until I cry

Lord only knows where I've gone  
Lord only knows where I've been

In a world of trouble again  
Worries  
Streaming 'round the bend

Treat me like a dog, now  
Knowing I won't turn  
Blind me like a slave, now  
Cast Down  
No Concern

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