

Opiate For The Masses "Black Book"

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Cold wind's blowing at my cigarette,
No this can't conceal
I'm hanging like a marionette
Can you make me real?

See the world best I can
Through the smoke as its hand tries to choke me
again...

Got my black book open and
I'm burning down at that hotel
A hundred thousand miles in my way
On the road to hell

Give me something to touch
something I can smell - of you
I'll take it to my grave as I burn for you.

Blind weight twirling in my skin that'll pass
Like only time can tell.

Guess this letter's gonna be my last
I hope it finds you well.

See the world best I can
Through the smoke as it's hand tries to choke me
again...

Got my black book open and
I'm burning down at that hotel
A hundred thousand miles in my way
On the road to hell

Give me something to touch
Something I can smell - of you
I'll take it to my grave as I burn for you.

A hundred thousand miles away -aye
I've fallen -aye aye
I can feel my final day -aye
is calling -aye aye

I'm burning alive for you
Just reaching for something true
I'm burning alive for you
I need something to pull me through
to pull me through

I've got my black book open and
I'm burning down at that hotel
A hundred thousand miles in my way
On the road to hell

Give me something to touch
Something I can smell - of you
I'll take it to my grave as I burn for you.

Got my black book open and
I'm burning down at that hotel
A hundred thousand miles in my way
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Give me something to touch
Something I can smell - of you
I'll take it to my grave as I burn for you.

Burn for you.

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