

Pro-pain "Crush"

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25 bucks and a bottle of wine

I crawl into a hole for a couple of days
The pressures on but I feel fine

This God sure works in mysterious ways

Heart has been racing

Since I was a boy

And I too bleed red

Gonna crush kill destroy

Paralyze me with a mind charade

I took a wrong turn at the freak parade

If less means more then more means less
I'm just a little white pawn in a game of chess
Call me crazy

I call it a ploy

Still water runs deep
Gonna crush kill destroy

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