

## Strung Out "Thru Your Fingers"

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my happiness crawling in the bottom of this pool  
just another day throw your prayers away  
your not alone thru your fingers your life just slips away  
i fight my personal war  
in the end there is no score my life just slipped away  
another ounce of heaven a waste box of twisted love  
trembling hands  
lift me to a world far above taking on a whole new  
shape  
my whole world drifts away now i feel the orders and i  
must obey  
drunken ass all day to a bar the more things change  
the more things stay the same this drug is just another  
game i play  
with my soul to lose all control  
and wait for death to take me away

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