

Zamora

"Kids Of The Black Hole"

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No sound is heard from unit two
When there was once so much to do
Was once a green mansion, but now it's a wasteland
Our days of wreckless fun are through

GO!

Kids in a fast lane living for today
No rules to abide by and no one to obey
Sex, drugs and fun is their only thought and care
Another swig of brew another overnight affair

House of the filthy, house not a home
House of destruction where the lurkers roamed
House that belonged to all the homeless kids
House of the filthy, house not a home
House of destruction where the lurkers roamed
House that belonged to all the homeless kids
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Messages and slogans are the primary decor
History's recorded in a clutter on the floor
Inhabitants that searched the grounds for roaches or
spare change
Another night of chaos is so easy to arrange

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The nights of birthdays
The nights of fry
The nights of endless drinking
The nights of violence
The nights of noise
The nights that had to end for good, still not
understood, by the girls and boys

Carefree in their actions as for morals they had none
When the girls were horny who would be the lucky
ones?

Pushing all the limits to a point of no return
Trashed beyond belief to show the kids don't wanna
learn

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