Storm Chaser

White Wizzard

And breathin's overrated
Stormchasin' and its gettin' later
I used to love her, now I hate her
Shes a brain-raider, fallin' in a crater of lost memories
I'm so out of hand that I don't even fuck with me
I'm goin' trippin' drunk and slippin'
Sleepin' in ditches, switchin' prescriptions
Bangin' a random whore and itchin'
I don't give a flyin' feces
I ain't one with the human species
Slappin' the nurse, tryin' to up my cc's
I fall apart, take all my pain, turn it to art
Blowin' up a K-mart and blame it all on Mozart
Fuck, I'm surprised I got a deal
Every two hours I take a pill
That's where I'm at, it's all surreal
I got imaginary friends, an imaginary life
An imaginary wife and a real knife
Outta here by next weekend
Hung over on a dresser with my brain leakin'
And I run away from the light of day
I am not okay, my soul's a misery
I think I'm losin' my mind
I'm whacked out on jack and blacked out
Trapped in a crack house full of d-d-doubt
I got guilt to the hilt, I fight tears and fears, been out for ten years
Hit a big bump up off the mirror
Find me at www dot, I came to trouble you dot
Come here mothafucka, take your best shot
Suicidal, got a lot of demons to fight
I'll probably sit in a chair and put my mouth around a rifle
I feel abused to lose the blues, I'll bring my booze

I'm in the who's who's and dope fees
And floozies in the land and preparin' for news
These niggas are never choosy
The morning sun is like a sledgehammer to the forehead
And I'm barely here, look in the mirror every day
And slowly disappear, been through a million

And 67 emotions in my short career
Riddles I fear, staggered out in the street
And fall off a pier, aww fuck it
And I run away from the light of day
I am not okay, my soul's a misery
My heartbeat is racin', even though I'm standin'
Still I can't stop stormchasin'
I stole a shell casing, so close to overdose
The light of day hurts my eyes
Wishing my death to be a surprise
My life should be more than four walls and a floor
But thats all that is mine, God give me a sign
'Cause I'm tryin' and dyin' at the same time
I'm not hesitatin', just waitin'
Heck yeah, comin' with a flurry
And like the spice up in you throat
I get you chokin' like that curry
Somethin' 'bout the police and them lights
That get me worried, made a lap up on that bastard in a hurry
Flyin' from the spirits, so I got a story
The dude that taught me how to rap was Ray Murray
It's all a can, still its filled with no glory
Top the killer red out at 2:30
And I run away from the light of day
I am not okay, my soul's a misery

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