Destination X

Dead Moon

Black man comin' down the avenue
Arm shot full of holes, don't know what to do
Goes to the doctor, says doctor please
Just give me something to make the pains ceaseSaid I can't do nothing about it
I'm so sick without it
I don't want to talk about it
I can't learn to live without itDown to recovery where the psychos are kept
Ain't no prisoners but they watch evey step
Down to the wires hooked up to your head
They push that button and you wish you were deadLooks through the cobwebs all in his mind
Too many times he's gone under the knife
It's like a cancer that's trying to kill
The more you feed it the worse that you feelCuts so cruel that fatal design
Once you're connected you haven't much time
Crystal and cobalt and feeling no pain
Then comes the darkness to feed on your brainSaid I can't do nothing about it
I'm so sick without it
I don't want to talk about it
I can't learn to live without it
I can't cope or strike out at it
I can't get through the night without it
I can't fight the finding out about it
I just wanna die without it

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