

Narcotic (OST FlatOut - Ultimate Carnage)

Dead Poetic

You sure sold your soul for an ounce of attention
Gaining the world and demanding affection
Will you ever be pleased with your own skin?

Will you ever refuse what they're asking? You can't hide your insecurities with a pretty face Breed it and bear it and make it your narcotic

Begging face down on the floor

Breed it and bear it and make it your narcotic

You sold your soul now they want more Vanity's gun left you dead in Hollywood

Empty, addicted and screaming for comfort

From a world devoid of compassion

Exchanging hopes for rejection You can't hide your insecurities with a pretty face Breed it and bear it and make it your narcotic

Begging face down on the floor

Breed it and bear it and make it your narcotic

You sold your soul now they want more Breed it and bear it and make it your narcotic

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You sold your soul now they want more

Songwriters

Zachary Aaron Miles;Jesse Sprinkle;Dustin Wesley Redmon;John Brehm
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