

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
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Songwriters

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