Poisoned Pleasures

Pretty Maids

I see you on the street and while your eyes are bleeding
I see you shake his hand while buying dreams for cashYou need that trip
You'd die for it
You're of the ground now
You feel that rush
That instant highPoisoned pleasures
Chemical treasures inside
Disease you mislead you and finally defeats you
Change your behaviour
It will enslave you for life
Blinds you divides and desensitize youYou might as well just face that you're addicted to it
And everyone can see your candle's burning lowIt runs your life
Kills your pride
Steals your money
You need that stuff
The wings to fly[CHORUS]Kill yourself to live
Every pleasure has its price
Life is what you give away[CHORUS]

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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