

World of Trouble (feat. Zakk Wylde)

Black Label Society

Two...three...four...I drank all my fuckin' brew and I ain't got no more...Feeling so damn tired
Running on desperate fumes
For the end is
Always near, now
Empty handed
It's always soon
Psychocise me
Terrify me
Jeopardizing all that's mine
Megolamize me
Certify me
On my knees until I cry Lord only knows where I've gone
Lord only knows where I've been In a world of trouble again
Worries
Streaming 'round the bend

Songwriters
ZAKK WYLDE Published by
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