Dead Skin

Crossfade

So I'm the king of all these things
Of this mess I have made
Such a waste, what a shame
My whole life is a fakeWell I'm a bore
And I'm sure
I'm a thorn inside of you
That has torn at you for yearsThe alcohol
The Demerol
These things never could replace
What a minute with you could do to put a smile on my faceI'm a bore
And I'm sure
I'm a thorn inside of you
That has torn at me for yearsI can't get out of this dead skin
(I can't shed my skin)
And I'm not sure where to begin
I can't get under my dead skin
(I can't shed my skin)
Can I sleep 'til then?Phenobarbital and alcohol
These two surely will do
To knock me out
Keep me down at least a day or twoWhen I'm awake
I can taste, how bitter I've become
And it's more than I can bare some days
I pray someone will blow me awayMake it quick, but let it burn
So I can feel my life fade
Well, I'm a waste and I can taste, how bitter I've become
And it's more than I can bareI can't get out of this dead skin
(I can't shed my skin)
And I'm not sure where to begin
(Why can't I begin again)
I can't get under my dead skin
(I can't shed my skin)
Can I sleep 'til then?I can't get out of this dead skin
And I'm not sure where to begin
I can't get under my dead skin
Can I sleep 'til then?I can't get out of this dead skin
(I can't shed my skin)
And I'm not sure where to begin
(Why can't I begin again)

I can't get under my dead skin
(I can't shed my skin)
Can I sleep 'til then?

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