

Dead Skin

Attica! Attica!

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 fake Well I'm a bore
And I'm sure
I'm a thorn inside of you
That has torn at you for years The alcohol
The Demerol
These things never could replace
What a minute with you could do to put a smile on my face I'm a bore
And I'm sure
I'm a thorn inside of you
That has torn at me for years I 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 two When 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 away Make 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 bare 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? 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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