

# Hit The Black

## Queensryche

Hanging by a thread, problems in my head,  
don't know what I said, living to be dead on the run.  
Corporation greed, television need,  
overdose and bleed, pornograph obscene, I'm a liar.  
There's no brakes on me, as I'm running down the track.  
They'll be waiting for me, but I'm never coming back.  
I'm going down...  
to a place where I can see all there is to see in me.  
Bullets in the gun, gonna have some fun,  
think I'll take a ride to the other side, till I'm done.  
Hole is in the vein,  
feel it numb the brain, take away the pain,  
never be the same till I die.

There's no brakes on me, as I come around the track.  
There's no gauge to read,  
peg the needle as I hit the black.  
I'm going down...  
to a place where I can see all there is to see in me.  
Population freeze,  
modern day disease,  
brings us to our knees, see them stand in line for a cure.  
Profit in the wind,  
pushing back the time that we wait in line,  
pushing back the time, it's a sin.  
There's no brakes on me, as I'm running down the track.  
They'll be waiting for me, but I'm never coming back.  
I'm going down....

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