

Trashed, Lost & Strungout

Children of Bodom

Whoa yeah. Yeah! Once a day falling on the trail walking blind
trade nothing descretion in low,
It's hard to wait taking yourself in honor
I should know how low I can go Before I go high I get very down,
and I'll be going after it again and again You know I can't go the other way
without being trashed, lost and strungout,
When together try something going back to the question
what's to coming out? Before I go high I get very down,
and I'll be going after it again and again Maybe I should've (could've) trashed my life
but for that I'm gonna turn to you.
And the trashed people askin' my head until I sweat
Now tell me what the fuck to do! One day I getting to the point where I ain't gonna do,
Nothing but trying to beat strungout on you
You let me drown way deep down below
For the fleeting past to let go
Until the end I raise and batter around
looking at my own reflection
forever I shall kiss you goodbye
to kill my soul addiction Before I go high I hit the ground,
Then you know me for i get very down
Up to the next you tell me "fucking whore"
And i'll be going after it, before I go! One day I gettin to the point where I aint gonna do,
Nothing but try to be strungout on you
You let me drown way deep down below
For the fleeting past to let go
Until the end I raise and batter around
Lookin' at my own reflection
Forever i shall kiss you goodbye
To kill my soul addiction

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