Bath Salts

Highly Suspect

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Hey, I'm feeling ok
It's good, cuz
Lately I've been feeling so strange
Like I've been re-arranged, changed
And these voices
The ones that I can hear in my head
These fellas are telling me that I'd be better off dead
They're painting me, red
And lately, it's been getting harder to sleep
These muscle spasms hit me so deep
And every single night I get cold
Like I can't feel my hands or my toes
And no one told me which way to go
I'm still head slow
Why don't you
Pour me another one, Kyle
Hey
Why can't I come down?
I'm so cold I can't,
can't feel my face again, no
My patience is wearing thin
(missing line)
I feel like death is coming soon
And all,
All I want to do is fuckin sleep

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