

Burnt Ice

Megadeth

He said he'd try just a little bit
He didn't want to end up like them
And now he blames the voices of a toothless wonder
Pounding on the door to make the next score
Anything for a hit, any sin to pay for it
For that next bowl, he'd sell his soul
Spiral to destruction, it's too late to break the spell
He wants the ride to stop on the freight train straight to hell
Without the truth he'll never find in a dungeon of his lies
His cause of death high speed on burnt ice
Always looking at the ground, a broken beaten man
Memories of his family are calling after him
He can hardly thing, hardly walk, phone keeps ringing, he can't talk
With just one hit the pain would go away but he's dead if he does
Shadow people follow him everywhere he goes
Looking over his shoulder, the paranoia grows

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