

I am a living dope test laboratory Pushed to my deadly trajectory Pour that pile of research chemicals You can trust I inject all of those bath salts Then I feel like human again, with help of those crystals Fix me up with PCP So you can see what I can really be Old speed freak turned to radioactive waste But what you can do when you get that taste Bottomless appetite to shoot that shit into your veins It takes away daily misery, all your pains But yet I know numbered are my days I can't listen, I just ignore what everyone says 'Cause it's my life, my pains, my ways I can choose to kill myself however I want But just with this dope, I've seen I cant Don't try to reason with me I am what I want to be If you want me to change You simply have to kill me