

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 think, 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

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>