

# White Line Fever

## Asking Alexandria

As I breathe my disease brings me to my knees  
All you need is a taste it'll set you free  
Your infection's my discretion honey, one and the same  
Counting second til I'm medicated, fucked in the brain I don't want this baby, I just need it to  
carry on I got the white line fever and an appetite for sin  
If there's a black hole headed for hell then baby count me in  
I sold my soul so long ago, a bullet in the chamber with nowhere to go  
If there's a black hole headed for hell then baby count me in  
I sold my soul Licking every drop of poison off a pocket of keys  
While some daddy's little angel's getting dirt on her knees  
When the sun goes down the filth run free  
You'll never find a finer specimen of filth than me I don't want this, I just need this to carry on I  
got the white line fever and an appetite for sin  
If there's a black hole headed for hell then baby count me in  
I sold my soul so long ago, a bullet in the chamber with nowhere to go  
If there's a black hole headed for hell then baby count me in I sold my soul  
Some have said that I'm the devil and it's just as well cause  
I've been through and burned down and rebuilt hell  
With my heart in a vice and a knife in my back  
I've got a noose for the world that I'm painting black  
I got the white line fever and an appetite for sin  
If there's a black hole headed for hell then baby count me in  
I sold my soul so long ago, a bullet in the chamber with nowhere to go  
If there's a black hole headed for hell then baby count me in  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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