

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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