

Slapshot, Addiction

You thought you'd make it so easily
Teetering on the brink of insanity
Just for kicks, but then it grew
You had a problem, but no one knew

Feel the pressure run through your veins
Now the pressure has stirred the pain
Through the blood, to your stinking heart
You were big, but now you're small

Addiction
Addiction
Addiction

Now you're saying that now you're clean
Wallowing in misery
Lost your job, your ceiling went
Hoping that will be the bed
I gotta have it, I need it bad
Feel the rush, like you were dead
The blood is warm, right near your heart
The battles won, before it starts

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