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Alcohol stains my soul

The alcohol stains my soul
lost my job a month ago
A role to play, that I didn't know
And I got nowhere to go

Crickets play a violent sound
like violins they play on and on
Temptress who now lays dead
on the ground, just a hoe I
never knew. The darkness
creeping inside and out.
A heartbeat stops and
another one is beating on.

A few dollars
more but the debt will never be
repaid. A soul is laid to rest, the other
one is passing on. and so the violins
and crickets play, on and on.

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