Dominick Sovereign Health

Raining on my mind.

My head is kind of cloudy I think a storm is brewing.

Half of the time I don’t even know what I’m doing.

Sense I was born my life’s been ruined.

These God damn lightning bolts won’t stop shooting.

I’m still alive but my brain is fried.

Killed and ruined from all the drugs I’ve tried.

I speak about my habits, I’m not in denial.

It’s been dormant in my head now for a while.

I get more vile with every crash of thunder.

Doing the things I do, man I wonder.

What would it be like if it rained all summer?

Addiction is on the rise check out the numbing?

It’s like a flooding that can’t be drained.

Constant downpour in my brain.

I can’t seem to escape this pain.

So either find help or get used to the rain.