

# Life After Death

By: SIXX:A.M.

*[Spoken Word]*

So here we are at the end,  
And at the same time we're at the beginning  
Of this misadventure.  
Why I had to go down a dead end street  
At 200 miles an hour  
Screaming for vengeance and embracing death,  
That's still something I'm trying to figure out.  
You know a part of me thinks this is some big master plan  
To expose the raw nerve endings of dysfunction so I can heal.  
But you know addicts; we think everything's about us, don't we?

Man it got so convoluted, polluted, and distorted  
I ran with the only information I was given...  
I turned it into my armor, my defense mechanism,  
And my weapon of self-destruction.  
Yeah, I had a fucked up childhood. And I was a troubled teen.  
Those are facts.  
How I got there? That's a story told by many voices.  
It's not my job to blame anybody anymore,  
I just need to accept the path I was given.

This is, without a doubt,  
My life... after death.