

Rehab

Cephalic Carnage

For far too long the practice of psychiatry
Has prospered on mending society's wrong
To cure a freak who don't belong
It's all a bunch of lies

Rooted at shuffling addictions around
Distorting people's minds
Complicating from those divine
Tell me what's the problem, I have a cure for you

There's nothing a prescription can undo
You must sit and trust me, I can feel your pain
Correcting the lithium deficiency
In your brain with pills

You're mad all the time
Sedated, now you'll be fine
Getting stoned, getting stoned

'Cause I'm distorted from taking drugs
Designed to help me regain my mind
To rid the depression, I periodically endure
I'm not right, but was better than when I came here

Through getting stoned
I perceive all the injections
The scars that remain
The needle tracks that stain the veins

Rehab is a joke to me
A strung out junkie needs to be set free
Methadone clinics just won't help
How do you rehabilitate a serial killer

Who longs to kill, but is addicted to brutal sex?
That's a sick addition in itself
How do you cure obesity?
A transient drunk? Anaclisis?

Manic depressive psychosis?
Over-active sex drives?
Anorexia nervosa? Control freaks?
Self-destructive humans? World hunger?

Living here in torment
It's disturbing
It's quite contagious
You'll diagnose

Born deficient, comatose
I'm a special doctor
You don't know me
As long as I get my money

I've got a degree In worldly nothings
Fine upstanding yuppie
But I care only for cash

For far too long

Authority made them strong
Rehabilitation does not work
Because crime is high
Rape has gone up

So has the tension
While psychiatrists get rich
Feeding on the nation's insecurities
Performing mental blasphemy as they please

A prescription will set you free or taint your soul
Will false hope
Rehab is for quitters
Who's right to say

What is wrong or right?
Desire consumes you are what you are
And no one can change that stupid fact
Molester or strung out on crack

Rehab can only change
Those who will be changed
It shifts the color of addiction
To something of the same

Making the monkey go away
Replacing him with a chimp
Can't stop thinking
About those cigarettes

Crawl beneath the skin
Like the man who tried to quit shooting after 25 years
Decided to put the needle down
And found he could no longer live

So he tried a little bit
No longer exists
Death is the pain killer