

Psychopath

Razor

I put my gloves on, I go outside
I rev my engine and I'm ready to ride
I'm hyperactive, I'm on a tear
I'm on the highway going who knows where
I feel explosive, I feel uptight
I've got a hard on for some Violence tonight
You can't subdue me, I can't relax
Don't wanna be here when the virus attacks

Forget who you are
Forget where you've been
You don't want to meet the real me
I'm a psycho (like Norman Bates)

Increasing pressure inside my brain
Cuts off the blood flow, constricting my veins
The panic rises, I'm under siege
At first you doubted me but now you believe
Don't try to help me, don't hang around
I'm not responsible for running you down
Loss of control, possessed with hate
You try escaping but you tried it too late

The medication has no effect
Organism that you'll never detect
A bastard virus, first of its kind
Don't know you've got it 'till you lose your mind
I take my gloves off, my job is done
You didn't listen when I told you to run
I rev my engine, I head for home
Until the next attack I'm finally alone