

## Grip Of Delusion

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My state of mind  
A perverted mess  
I talk to myself  
As I tear your dress

I've seen her on the street  
In the grip of delusion  
Lurking in the shadows  
In my state of confusion

Scared of the sun  
So I prowl at night  
My target mission  
To destroy your life

I've seen her on the street  
In the grip of delusion  
Lurking in the shadows  
In my state of confusion

I will hunt you down  
Cut off all your hair  
Put it in my mouth  
With your underwear

Look over your shoulder  
You stabbed me in the back  
I am over ten years older  
Perfect for an attack

In the grip of delusion  
I'm dangerous to myself  
In the grip of delusion  
You cannot scream for help  
I'm dangerous to myself