

Beast

Brymo

It's the rage that beats me
You made a fist and it hit me
It almost killed me
It was a hand unknown that moved me

Maybe I'm too callous to be religious
It's all so crazy to picture
Maybe in the future
Say tomorrow
It'll show, I am not the enemy

It made a beast of me almost
You tugged heartstrings constantly
I lost my way to pleasure
But to drown is not for me

I'm a moron I admit it
Still I stampede through their feelings
I'm a cold cold heathen
Still the hand of God that moved me

It made a beast of me almost
It rigged my my heartstrings constantly
I lost my pressure
But to drown is not for me

And I am defending my position
And love is the only religion
Maybe in the future
By tomorrow
You'll recall, how I became the enemy

It made beasts of us
You're losing sleep on me
You lost your way to pleasure

I'm inventing everything!