

# 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!