

## Monster - Master

Brymo

I'm the man, oh, the man  
I'm the man, hmmm, the man  
I'm the man, a man who has nothing  
I came here with nothing  
I'll leave these spaces with naught of a thing  
I'm the man, oh, the man  
I'm the man, man, man  
Who has nothing to lose  
A dangerous enemy to choose

The thing is  
You lost touch with your feelings  
And you say you make choices by those  
A lion got no one responsible close

You made me a monster  
You left me to rot in the dark  
Too good is too perfect, ah  
Too rotten is too nasty, ah

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You lost touch with your feelings  
And you say you make choices by those  
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