

## Possessed

Happy Rhodes

Ooh don't hate me if I break under the strain  
Analyzed, crucified  
Caught on Satan's wing  
Angels of night  
Vultures in flight  
I've a love for the fatal things  
All these and many more  
Float within my lobes  
Colors dancing  
Blood-red oozing  
From liquid strobes  
Come see the visions  
Come feel the pain  
Of sores that never heal  
And then my friend  
Well, maybe you'll see  
How my world's  
Become unreal  
Kissing the night  
And cursing the morning  
Must be a crime  
Dismembered  
From the faith of youth  
And doing my time  
Culture-shocked eyes  
That hide the fears  
Eroded cheeks  
From acid tears  
Where every smile  
Escapes from my face  
To seek refuge  
In a happier place  
And my mind  
It screams to be free  
And to find the structure  
My mind  
It screams to be free  
From what's possessing me  
Now don't hate me if I break under the strain