

## Asylum (S.O.C)

Ingrown

My views are distorted every day  
I speak what I know, but I know too much  
None wants to listen, they think I'm insane  
They wanna put me away, they wanna see me rot

In the asylum, I'm content there  
'Cause I'm a dissident  
On the padded floors, I lie  
In the asylum, I will die

I, I, I spoke too much, and I spoke too soon  
Now I live in a little room  
Consume my meals through a straw  
They gave me a bucket, so I piss on the walls  
They shoot me up just to calm me down  
I struggle to scream, but I make no sound

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