Son of 7

Mushroomhead

Blinded by the creates that simple Blinded by the wasting away You look at you but you'll find in me Walking a tight rope Across a motherfucking fault line I thought it was divinity I have taken what you have given me I pledge allegiance to this patriotic bullshit A corporate puppet preaching nothing from this pulpit

Hold on (whoa whoa) this was never me I finally found hands that drive me Been dancing with the devil for way too long Please be here for me sing my last song Sing my last song

Enlightened Be prepared to be humbled Frightened by the wasting away You look at you but you'll find min me

No more snakes in the garden Open up your eyes And prepare for the fall