

## Insane

## Obituary

Why don't you decide  
You're sentenced left to die  
With soul deceptions hole  
In narrow mind the malt

Introubled through deceptive times  
The mystic dreams has brought my mind to  
Insane

With souls incert decent  
The corpse is still alive  
Evade by your driving sense  
Revolvered by the the noise forever hip hip Hurray  
Insane