

Psychosis

Poets of the Fall

Well it's a different man in your face
And so out of place
That you can see anything there that you wish
Kiss my bliss
It's like I'm a welcoming freakshow doormat
Held in awe while growing fat in the head
This is where we all should see red
A big fat wet slab of red

And I see that it makes me anti everything
And I see that it makes me want to shed my skin, shed my skin

Revelation leading to my psychosis and inspiration
Digest another hallucination, psychosis by recreation
Happy till the next deterioration, psychosis

For you it's a different notion of music and motion
A dance of lights, a prosaic ocean
A delicate, nearly transparent creation of somebody's soul on the screen
Has caught you in between
Of somebody's life on the stage and somebody's life on the frontpage
And this is where we all should see red
A big fat laughing mouth of red

And I see that it makes me anti everything
And I see that it makes me want to shed my skin, shed my skin

I think I'm gonna start my own religion
Seems to be the recipe for a new sensation
Think it's gonna make a trendy revolution
Quite the contribution to the unnatural selection