

Possessed

Suicidal Tendencies

When I go down the street
The people watch me shiver and shake
I'm a prisoner of a demon
I think my head's about to break
It stays with me wherever I go
I can't break away from its hold
This must be my punishment
For selling my soul

Too much pressure, my pulse is rising
My heart is pounding, my head really hurts
I can't take it, all this pressure
From all these things inside of me
Everywhere I look I see them
Everywhere I go they're at
What did I do to deserve this
Why won't they just leave my body

Are they people or are they spirits
Do they belong to the human race
Why do they want me so bad
Why won't they come out of their hiding place
i can't see them, but I know they're here
i can feel it in my veins
All this pressure on my body
Is causing all my strength to drain

Am I crazy, or am I insane
Or have I already lost my mind
Is it real, or is it fake
Or am I in a permanent bind
Am I in power or am I a slave
Who in hell is in control
Am I still living, or am I dead
Do I still have a soul

I know I can't keep going this way
I have to give my mind some leisure
If I keep on going like this
I never again will taste pleasure
If they will not break the oath
I will have to disband
I have lost all control
this thing has now taken command