

P.S.Y.C.H.O.T.I.C.

The Warning

'Cause the blood that I bleed, it is no longer red
It is black like the words that replay in my head
My sanity's gone and my morals are wrong
And I know what they all say
That I'm out of my mind, that I should go to hell
Do you think I am blind? Do you think I can't tell?
I know where I'm going, I know where I'll go
And when I get down there, I'll sit on my throne

There's something inside from which I can't hide
They laugh at my presence, they laugh when I cry
My eyes have gone wild, their light isn't human
I can feel myself smile

'Cause one, two, three, they're coming after me
'Cause I'm P-S-Y-C-H-O-T-I-C
Four, five, six, you have no idea what's coming after this
(Hey, hey, hey)
Crimson blood is tattooed on my hands
Better drop that gun while you still have a chance
I already feel a knife in my hands
And it won't stop, no, it won't stop, no

P-S-Y-C-H-O-T-I-C, I am
P-S-Y-C-H-O-T-I-C, I am
P-S-Y-C-H-O-T-I-C, I am
P-S-Y-C-H-O-T-I-C, I am

Your hands are tied up, what are you gonna choose?
Will you jump from the window or hang from the noose?
Will you rip off your face or just further debase
The things you couldn't do?
Just bask in the glory of all that's mundane
Reject the desire, consume all the pain
Be proud of your pride and the things that you hide
Break through the endless haze

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They laugh at my presence, they laugh when I cry
My eyes have gone wild, their light isn't human
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P-S-Y-C-H-O-T-I-C, I am
P-S-Y-C-H-O-T-I-C, I am

Ah
Ah

'Cause one, two, three, they're coming after me
'Cause I'm P-S-Y-C-H-O-T-I-C
Four, five, six, you have no idea what's coming after this
(Hey, hey, hey)
Crimson blood is tattooed on my hands
Better drop that gun while you still have a chance
I already feel a knife in my hands
And it won't stop, no, it won't stop, no

Oh, oh

Oh

Whoa, oh (P-S-Y-C-H-O-T-I-C, I am, P-S-Y-C-H-O-T-I-C, I am)

Oh (P-S-Y-C-H-O-T-I-C, I am, P-S-Y-C-H-O-T-I-C, I am)