

Mind Goes Mad

Twiztid

My mind goes mad
Goes mad
My mind goes mad

Well I seem to cross the line again
Six shots of clear patron and a big head full of vicodin
I got a fight within myself
And I know I gotta look beyond gettin' help
Ain't nobody looking to give it to me, well
When it's all done, I'm probably going to hell
And I wanna make sure the story they're gonna tell is
I'm a real nut coming outta my shell
And I wanna live free, where the freek shows dwell
And I can't believe that I'll be so felt
That my 16's are bereavin' dealt
To the unseen eye like a bling on belly
To the mind I'm just so evil that I
Gotta keep my brain in lockdown and it
Don't really matter cause I'm outta
Patience, frustrations, keep chasing sensations
Keep filling with hatred, I don't think I'll make it
Can anybody take another life? All while I'm tellin'
Maybe they can find a book or somethin', give another answer
Tellin' 'em I'm just a crazy bastard
Psycho with his hat on backwards
Sure I'm killin' the beat but I'd rather go kill on the street
My sanity is obsolete, I got blood stains all on my teeth
From eatin' the weak, you can see it drip every time I speak
Somebody better get 'em up out of my reach
'Fore my brain tells me that it's time to eat
And my mind goes mad like I'm out for heat

I'm goin' crazy! (Outta my mind)
Somebody save me! (Before I cross the line, tryin' to)
Break me! (I can feel it inside)
And I just can't get away

Anxiety, my mind screamin' "Die for me!"
All the while there's lines
So inside of me it has tried to be
Better then I ever thought I would try to be
And I try to speak but my words always followed by apologies
And that's probably the real reason my tendencies, they devour me
Like addiction, it collars me like a dog on a short chain
Real big, black heart but a small brain
Feelin' like a million bucks but I'm small change
Gotta few shorts in my mainframes while I maintain (insane!)
Look inside the window, your in my eyes, on my mind
Never try, then the vessel of the body would of died
And if it wasn't for my pride I wouldn't have to divide
A need to split sides and how I fantasize behind the face I hide
And mix it with suicide and resurrect, revive
And still keep it alive like breathe in, breathe out
Try to calm down, take the gun out of my mouth
Shoulda, woulda, coulda but never uttered the words
I'm quick to break wings, two birds and one brick or one stone
He didn't ever wanna be alone, I'm too far gone

Drunk and on a telephone, and talking to dial tones
"Just looking to say hello, a million miles from home
So I'm in a better zone, I let go in slowmo
Hello madness, all that wants it seems to unfold"
My mind goes sick shit, faucet up on the walls
Like I'm Michael Jackson rehabing addiction, sick science fiction
Lost in a dream as I transport thoughts like Kurt did in a white tee