

# sick mind

Twiztid

I'm in such a fucking dark place  
I look into the mirror but I don't know who that is  
I just know that it's not my face  
Feeling unusual that is my usual ambient, beautiful mind state  
What will I do to you? Maybe some voodoo  
Who knows what I'll try  
I'm sick in the mind that the doctors will tell you  
That there's nothing they can prescribe  
All that aside, how many times have I woke up at night  
From the whispers and voices from shadows  
Who tell me tell me it's murder tonight  
And I hurt 'em like cattle  
But I don't think I'm even using it right  
Like confusing a spoon with the knife  
And I'm feeling like losing it  
It might be a lunatic in front of you  
And I'm in you and him, I'm wondering  
(Why am I doing this?)  
Out on the loose, I've just escaped  
I would just look for somewhere to stay till we're hidden away  
And then there was you, he was there too  
Just been listening I'm through  
With you guessing, just shut the fuck up  
It's about to get messy, so stop the confessing  
It's too late, I bet you were begging but you kept progressing  
And you kept on pressing the button recording it all  
So I welcome you both to the end of it  
I'mma be person that's ending it  
Funny how I can be intertwined with the dark side  
Flow with the aligned, I'm a maniacal soaked mind to benefit  
Who gives a shit it's irrelevant  
Contaminated evidence, let's do it for the hell of it  
And medicine ain't helping it, so murder is my element

Have you ever come in contact with a sick mind?  
The shadows are the only one's that've been listening  
I can't even walk a thin line  
Bet it's along with more time  
Pay attention and you'll find  
That a sick mind is the product of the world we're living in  
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Imperfections, less than perfect  
Contaminating world for our purpose  
These spoken words ain't provide the surface  
To those who need them to feel it worthless  
These feelings surface in times like these  
World can make you feel you're a disease  
Been there, done that, got lost, came back  
Which race, lost tracks, so familiar  
Constantly cold like it's always December  
Lack of emotions I cannot remember

Going through notions to fit in society  
Hold on while quietly feeling no better  
This anger, it holds it together  
Just like stitches and staples and capitol letters  
And all of my letters I write to myself  
In an effort to try that my future help  
Don't think it charity, think of a legacy  
Moment they bury me I'll be alive in the songs  
And they carry me off in the wind  
It's a manifest destiny, you'll they they question me  
Tell me exactly what people expect of me  
Silence is deafening, still no accepting me  
Still no peace up in my heart while my soul is protecting me  
I'm my own enemy, no need to feeling me  
I'll be alive in the revelry, generally lost in the empathy  
Mentally finding identity, words are my weaponry  
Still no serenity, world would not let me be  
So I'll become what they need of me  
Killing my needs and defeating me  
Bringing it down to the point where I look in the mirror  
And wonder why I used to believe in me  
(Do you believe in me?)

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