

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 perscribe
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
Have you ever 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

Imperfections, less than perfect
Contamining 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 indentity, 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?)

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
Have you ever 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

I'm in such a fucking dark place
Dark place, dark place, d-d-d-dark place
I'm in such a fucking dark place
Dark place, dark place, d-d-d-dark place