

The Deep End

Twiztid

This isn't a road
To the bottomless pit of my soul
Becoming half of the better damaged portion of what's whole
Some call it sick, deranged, insane
And sometimes I prefer it
Rather that to be just labeled this plain
And play like some disfigured chess piece in life's corrupted game
Feel the sorrow
Life reached
And so, accepting youth
Still wanting to grow and just let go
But the grips from the fingertips
Of insanity's overbearing hold
Feels airtight
As if I need the jaws of life
To come and cut me out the darkness
In an effort to shed light
From the subject
To the public
The world can live without me
Still feel blessed inside to speak my mind
And hoping they never doubt me
And through death
Hoping they remember
And never ever will they ever forget about me
And if I'm resurrected
Second coming of second life
Second chance to know about me
An insight to my own sight
Tell God: You'll see

If I was just sane
As the rest of you little robots
Then I prefer to be shot
Induce me with the pain
Shoot venom in my veins
Cause you don't know my story
No, you don't know my story
There's really nothing for me
So in the end is glory

Feel like an 8 by 10 and a 5 by 7
I'm in the wrong frame of mind
And I wish my indiscretions had a warning sign
But I get by
And that's a lie
But I gotta refuse to let em' know
That on the line in which I ride
I choose to break away
Wanna bring it back
That which you take from me
Even if it means I gotta go to war with everyone
Who wanted to end my little bit of everything
Guess I'm too mad or too sad to say
I was born in a city
But now I'm living in a confused state
That's full of decay like a toothache

They tried to pull me out but it was too late
Now I'm a product of a brand new hate
I'd rather die than be what you say
Living a lie to let the truth hang
Individualize me like a new game
Well the rest of ya'll just sit there and get faded

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I'm drowning in a pool of my surroundings
I put this knife to my Adam's apple
And starting it back
Let's count down from 10
I'mma tie that rascal
Fleeting from the lines
An acid jackal
Shackles all on my palms
Because psychedelic trips gone bad
(In me)
Recollections of my pissed off dad
Sitting in the pathfinder
And I still ain't found shit but
All silhouetted pieces of me with my wrist cut
And I wish you well
Hell, I was bullied by the minotaur
School with a crew
With a toolie
Inside a rental car
You don't learn from god inside a seminar
But you hear about the devil every which way you turn
Perhaps we were made to burn in hellfire
And I desire to be stronger
With the songs that I sing
Go ever somber in this life of mine
Memoirs of the suicidal
I guess my father is my truest idol
Gone

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