

Pssyche! Ha! Pssyche!  
You're all alone in the pack  
You feel like you want to go home  
You feel fist, but you keep on going  
The reason is there  
You won't find it 'till you been and gone  
Because you're living in your hopes  
Someone's got you...  
Pssyche! Ha! Pssyche!  
Tell your brain: "seek inspiration"  
You appear illusion  
Then you fall into transfer  
Transform machine  
To play with your hands  
So you can stand back and watch  
Take past and burn  
Pssyche! Ha! Pssyche!  
If you don't know the game  
Then your still part of it  
Because out on the street its strange to show  
Knowing full well that you're on the range  
Dodge the bullets, or carry the gun...  
The choice is yours  
Pssyche! Ha! Pssyche!  
Look at the controller,  
A natzi with a social degree,  
A middle class hero with your eyes on me,  
You feast on masturbation,  
Preach yes to the nuns you fuck,  
You would wipe out semantics if you had a chance,  
Jesus would like it noooww!