

My Wicked Mind

Smartbomb

The one thing we all want
Is the one thing we can't get
Totally consumed
We take refuge in our meds
But we've got the choice
To choose the means
In which we send
Our bitter broken hearts
To the bitter broken end
I'm telling you something wicked
This way comes
Something wicked this way comes
Take pride in what you've got
And no mind to what you've not
It's not the things you own
But the means in which you sought
In the end there is a prize
That beautiful demise
Well it's not about the journey
It's about the struggle
Keep the faith
And fight the good fight
There seems to be no amount
Of driving all night
To settle these thoughts
In my wicked mind