

Grip Of Delusion

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My state of mind
A perverted mess
I talk to myself
As I tear your dress

I've seen her on the street
In the grip of delusion
Lurking in the shadows
In my state of confusion

Scared of the sun
So I prowl at night
My target mission
To destroy your life

I've seen her on the street
In the grip of delusion
Lurking in the shadows
In my state of confusion

I will hunt you down
Cut off all your hair
Put it in my mouth
With your underwear

Look over your shoulder
You stabbed me in the back
I am over ten years older
Perfect for an attack

In the grip of delusion
I'm dangerous to myself
In the grip of delusion
You cannot scream for help
I'm dangerous to myself