

(yeah) Higher ground, lower stream
The balance of my mind is everything but fine
But my time is coming, my time is coming
I stand in a line, next time will be mine

Scorn-blown mind-religion, there is a missing link
Between reality and what you fucking think
Movements without intention, caused by frantic fear
Numb to the chaos, so far yet so near

So what is wrong with me?
What should I do?
Searching my mind for answers, without a clue
Find my inner help, find my inner self

Falling down, climb aside
Dubbed me a mental portrait
Struggle within a state of mind
Soothing to lure all mankind
Reflecting absence truly blind
All that's left is society's swine
Stupidity: I am not one of a kind

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Strip me of a conscious in this mental Babylon
Restore me to what I once was cause already too far down
...for you!