

Feed The Weak

Engel

Walk on the border of sanity
Throw yourself to the left and right
Keep your head down in sleep until you find what you are
searching for
Medicated - free from pain!
The ground is calling from the heights of the rooftop
Overrated to be sane
Keep me away from this personal hell

Lock all the doors
Oh no, no one can leave
Lock all the doors

All around we they scream and shout
Needless pills to zone them out
Strap them down and push it in
Then will you find yourself within

Feed the weak and tickle the sad
Give a hand to the fallen mad
This trip is rough and right on the edge
Try to look good even when dead

Bring me the tools so I can feel and believe
All around they scream and shout
Needless pill to zone them out
Strap them down and push it in
Then you will find yourself within