

Out Of Mind

Flotsam and Jetsam

I can see pieces of memory spitting
Like sparks from a gun that's been fired and hitting
The skull of the soul who was so unsuspecting
And the look in his eye as he's feeling the burn
I can hear flesh as it's being infected
From hot burning lead that's been flying so fast
The sound of the sting as it melts through the skin
And the intake of air that just may be his last
It's happening again
The sleep in my eye is dry blood
It's happening again
I can't hold it back
Hold me
Hold me closer
Tell me
That everything will be fine
Hold me
Hold me closer
Tell me
That I'm not outta my mind
Went to a priest to see what he could tell me
Bout all of the evil that swims in my head
Well I think that his voice had been very relaxing
Cause I fell asleep - now the Father is dead
I started to worry bout what's up ahead
Will I knock on the door of Heaven when I'm dead
Will they know it's not me that I'm not a killer
I don't even know what I did while I'm out
It's happening again
The sleep in my eye is dry blood
It's happening again
I can't hold it back
Show me
Show me reasons
Tell me
Why it's wrong to take lives
Show me
Show me more
Tell me
Why I'm not outta my mind

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