

Possessed

Happy Rhodes

Ooh don't hate me if I break under the strain
Analyzed, crucified
Caught on Satan's wing
Angels of night
Vultures in flight
I've a love for the fatal things
All these and many more
Float within my lobes
Colors dancing
Blood-red oozing
From liquid strobes
Come see the visions
Come feel the pain
Of sores that never heal
And then my friend
Well, maybe you'll see
How my world's
Become unreal
Kissing the night
And cursing the morning
Must be a crime
Dismembered
From the faith of youth
And doing my time
Culture-shocked eyes
That hide the fears
Eroded cheeks
From acid tears
Where every smile
Escapes from my face
To seek refuge
In a happier place
And my mind
It screams to be free
And to find the structure
My mind
It screams to be free
From what's possessing me
Now don't hate me if I break under the strain