

take a look in the mirror  
reflections from a dying personality  
lights up the room  
feel cold sweat running from your neck  
when denying you were part of a psycho's brain's picnic  
feelings gone wonder what went wrong  
this was supposed to be a ticket to a life free from fear

a shattered dream a moral low  
he sold your life he won't let go  
how long did it take for you  
to believe his words were true  
he's not a new Christ born  
described as Satan's spawn

the broken man will rise again inside your heart  
you'll find the strength to beat the strain  
deny your god he'll only feed you pain  
he's insane

tell me why you still deny  
your god demands you  
his will is for you to die

his soul's addicted to rage  
to sin to all the things that you fear from within  
(I don't wanna die... it's just you know... he took my life man  
...)

he put your fucking life in a bodybag  
possessed your mind  
make you act real bad  
he takes control  
finds the way to your dreams

you're the one he wishes dead