

Lb. Of Cure

Metal Church

You see my life is rather simple
I'm just another face
And all your textbooks, all you know
Will soon construct a case

Warped emotions like a river
Everywhere a bend
And what we cannot hold together
We try to keep within

Listen doctor you cannot help me
The cure that's in a jar
All the needless, all the pills
I think it's gone too far

Now the pain is really blinding
I'm crawling up the wall
Try to hold on, try to stop it
I think I've lost it all

Can't you see just where the troubles
All are in my head
Iron bars that keep me safe
While strapped here on this bed

You've poked and probed and podded me
So often times I've cried
Now I pray on bended knee
God just let me die

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Count the ceiling tiles above
As you wheel me down the hall
Another treatment once a week
I'm losing all recall

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