

For Your Pleasure

Mushroomhead

Wear your desecration
Like a declaration of your war
Scars that make impressions
After all that's what these lessons have been for

How can I face this disease
I can't get away from me
How can I face this disease
Can anybody help me
How can I face this day

Take it by the fucking throat and say that I will live through
this
Take it by the fucking soul and live through this

For your pleasure
or your pain
Society's a game

While they campaign in poetry
And govern in prose
In their twisted sorority
Dying for the throne
You never really know just who the king will choose
Till your bygones are gone

Everything wrong with you is the same that's wrong with me
What's wrong with me is everything wrong with you

It's a brand new mirror
I see myself for the first time
It's oh so clear
Open my heart
Open my mind