

## Son of 7

Mushroomhead

Blinded by the creates that simple  
Blinded by the wasting away  
You look at you but you'll find in me  
Walking a tight rope  
Across a motherfucking fault line  
I thought it was divinity  
I have taken what you have given me  
I pledge allegiance to this patriotic bullshit  
A corporate puppet preaching nothing from this pulpit

Hold on (whoa whoa) this was never me  
I finally found hands that drive me  
Been dancing with the devil for way too long  
Please be here for me sing my last song  
Sing my last song

Enlightened  
Be prepared to be humbled  
Frightened by the wasting away  
You look at you but you'll find min me

No more snakes in the garden  
Open up your eyes  
And prepare for the fall