

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