

Insane

Oxymoron

You drive me insane, my back's to the wall
I can't make headway with this pressure at all
My mind's upset I gotta get away
And jam the gearing of the whole machine
The people who suffer to get uniformed
Are wimps who needn't complain anymore
When they discover what's happened to their lives
They're gonna pay the fucking price

[Chorus:]

You make me sick, you drive me insane
You're gonna take my mind away
But I'm not scared of what you do
What the fuck is wrong with you?

You drive me insane, my back's to the wall
I can't make headway with this pressure at all
You declare me a yob but don't figure out
That I ain't gonna end up being so fooled
It seems that your mission is to blind-fold the crowd
As brainless masses can't complain anymore
And you create a new hoax everyday
While human brains keep rucking dying

Insane - go away, I gotta get out
better get away with you