

There is a side that I conceal
that is beyond your imagination
a wrong comment will set it free
and I'll undergo a grave mutation
You can't find out with whom you deal
till it's too late to restore the seal
A potential threat for everyone
who's walking with me and beyond

There ain't no simple guarantee I won't break out to kill
I'm breedin' in a psychiatry, I can't control my will

Don't mess me around
I'm nowhere-bound
cos I'm a psycho
I'm a PSYCHOPATH

I've learned to hide my mental state
yet I'm still on a mad crusade
You know this urge from deep inside
is nagging me all day and night
Underestimate the extent it's got
and you'll awake in sudden shock
when you come to know my soul is dark
and I'm a psycho, a maniac

There ain't no simple guarantee I won't break out to kill
I suffer from misanthropy, I can't control my will