

The Treatment

Sepultura

I look inside myself
And feel there's someone else
Just a creature with no limit
I've lost all moral choice

My blood is cold
I've lost all my control
My blood is cold
There's little left of me

Voices rip right through my head
But it's nothing familiar to me
Broken down and conditioned
You'll never understand just who I am

My blood is cold
I've lost my heart and soul
My blood is cold
Where is my own free will?

Push me under keep me under
Stop trying to fuck with me

Why have you misplaced me?
Why have you forsaken me?