

Is this wrong of me? I've come so far, so fast
I'm in the dark about a lot of things
Seems so real - to me!
I've consecrated!
I wish that I could hate it
I saw my bloody hands come clean... before my eyes!
And I hear my wants and needs again, can you help me?
And I hear a different kind again, someone stop me
And I feel the strain inside my mind, am I crazy?
And I need to shed my skin, reveal this monolith within

Visions plague my dreams - oh God, what beast did this?
I couldn't have: oh Jesus, I just don't know
What's inside - of me?
I've desecrated!
My god, I love to hate it!
My hands are bloody again, there's no reason why!

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