

Vicious Condition - Inhibitor

Cripper

I got it done while no one saw it
Removed the fright and did not tell
Not alone but solely
I turned your head and walked away

I can't keep what I don't have
But throw away the need to own
Bet the players want to play
Open a side pot I'm all in

Vicious condition
Perdition on demand
A shelter of hatred
The cradle of relief

Oh darling, my inhibitor
My heart is occupied
No substitute and no relief
I made myself a prisoner

I'm not the one you thought I am
And I'm no longer who I was
Things I heard and plans that failed
Shoes are worn out, paths blind

When pressure reached a certain climax
My knot untied just fell apart
The ones I hate and try to escape from
Once were the ones I needed most

The scalp replanted back to your head
Does not fit and looks grotesque
Yes, I once wished you were dead
Never prayed that you should die