

take a look in the mirror
reflections from a dying personality
lights up the room
feel cold sweat running from your neck
when denying you were part of a psycho's brain's picnic
feelings gone wonder what went wrong
this was supposed to be a ticket to a life free from fear

a shattered dream a moral low
he sold your life he won't let go
how long did it take for you
to believe his words were true
he's not a new Christ born
described as Satan's spawn

the broken man will rise again inside your heart
you'll find the strength to beat the strain
deny your god he'll only feed you pain
he's insane

tell me why you still deny
your god demands you
his will is for you to die

his soul's addicted to rage
to sin to all the things that you fear from within
(I don't wanna die... it's just you know... he took my life man
...)

he put your fucking life in a bodybag
possessed your mind
make you act real bad
he takes control
finds the way to your dreams

you're the one he wishes dead