

Psychlops Carnival

Mad Sin

You fill me with suspicion - Cause the devil's in my head
It stinks of rotten flesh - It covers on my bed

Rock the psychlops carnival and the demons burn inside
Rock the boat and see who'll swallow - Swallow all his pride

Haven't got much anguish - You're whizzing around my mind
Take me back to your place - There's nothing left to find

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The go stray boots of quick ruler filled with an empty heart
The present good are evil and the feast begins to start
Only got but one - way to escape but is any cause?
Why don't you look in the mirror instead of a fatal clause

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