

A Psychotic Waltz

Psychotic Waltz

sometimes I wonder what will ever become of me
and if life's worth it's living at all
sometimes I smile at the ones who think they've got life down
and they say that I'm living it wrong
as the days pass by
I watch as the net closes in
as they circle around in my head
turning and winding
in circles, in circles they spin

never ending beginning the end
look now sweet child
deep into my room
the door is open and the air is warm
close your eyes
feel the sweet, sweet symphony of sighs
sometimes it would feels so right
if the angels called me to the sky
sometimes it feels good just to be alive
though our paths are blind
I can see a lightened end on mind

still now I search
for the spirit that torments my soul
as the priest shields his face from the wind
looking at lost life and darkness
my eyes shall not see
makes me laugh when he calls it all sin

you're all slaves of the priest
and you'll just sing it over
and over, and over, and over
and over, and over, and over

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