

Final Justice

Witchfinder General

Lying here in a deep blank mind,
no conscience troubled, no third eye blind,
the self belief slips from your tongue,
just shows you know no right from wrong.
A chance has come, pay back your dues,
there's no time left, nothing to lose,
experimenting in drugs is no way out,
your body bag's ready under a shadow of doubt.
No one understands the strain,
your daily fix punctures your vein,
your screwed up mind holds no regret,
the fear of death no more a threat.
You glance to the left, look to the right,
the evil creatures haunt you at night,
you rupture your skin, as the needle goes in,
you're fighting a nightmare you can't win,
you shed a tear, for the hidden fear,
hallucinations start to appear,
you start to scream, in this wicked dream,
escape to where your mind's never been.
Invisible hate is what you create,
a certain death is your own fate,
your body abused, it's dazed and confused,
in this game you're sure to lose,
you drop to the ground, with an awful sound,
you beg for help but there's no one around,
the look's in your eye, it's your turn to die,
you're the deadly catcher in the rye.