Psychosis

Torture Krypt

Well, it's a different man in your face
And so out of place
That you can see anything
There that you wish
Kiss my blissIt's like I'm a welcoming freak show doormat
Held in awe while growing fat in the head
This is where we all should see red
A bit fat wet slab of redAnd I see that it makes
Me anti-everything
And I see that it makes me want
To shed my skin, shed my skinRevelation leading to my psychosis and inspiration
Digest another hallucination, psychosis by recreation
Happy till the next deterioration, psychosisFor you it's a different notion of music and motion
A dance of lights, a prosaic ocean
A delicate, nearly transparent creation of somebody's soul
On the screen has caught you in betweenOf somebody's life on the stage
And somebody's life on the front page
And this is where we all should see red
A big fat laughing mouth of redAnd I see that it makes
Me anti-everything
And I see that it makes me want
To shed my skin, shed my skinI think I'm gonna start my own religion
Seems to be the recipe for a new sensation
Think it's gonna make a trendy revolution
Quite the contribution to the unnatural selection

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/