

# Rehab

## Cephalic Carnage

For far too long the practice of psychiatry  
Has prospered on mending society's wrong  
To cure a freak who don't belong  
It's all a bunch of liesRooted at shuffling addictions around  
Distorting people's minds  
Complicating from those divine  
Tell me what's the problem, I have a cure for youThere's nothing a prescription can undo  
You must sit and trust me, I can feel your pain  
Correcting the lithium deficiency  
In your brain with pillsYou're mad all the time  
Sedated, now you'll be fine  
Getting stoned, getting stoned'Cause I'm distorted from taking drugs  
Designed to help me regain my mind  
To rid the depression, I periodically endure  
I'm not right, but was better than when I came hereThrough getting stoned  
I perceive all the injections  
The scars that remain  
The needle tracks that stain the veinsRehab is a joke to me  
A strung out junkie needs to be set free  
Methadone clinics just won't help  
How do you rehabilitate a serial killerWho longs to kill, but is addicted to brutal sex?  
That's a sick addition in itself  
How do you cure obesity?  
A transient drunk? Anacisis?Manic depressive psychosis?  
Over-active sex drives?  
Anorexia nervosa? Control freaks?  
Self-destructive humans? World hunger?Living here in torment  
It's disturbing  
It's quite contagious  
You'll diagnoseBorn deficient, comatose  
I'm a special doctor  
You don't know me  
As long as I get my moneyI've got a degree In worldly nothings  
Fine upstanding yuppie  
But I care only for cash  
For far too longAuthority made them strong  
Rehabilitation does not work  
Because crime is high  
Rape has gone upSo has the tension

While psychiatrists get rich  
Feeding on the nation's insecurities  
Performing mental blasphemy as they pleaseA prescription will set you free or taint your soul  
Will false hope  
Rehab is for quitters  
Who's right to sayWhat is wrong or right?  
Desire consumes you are what you are  
And no one can change that stupid fact  
Molester or strung out on crackRehab can only change  
Those who will be changed  
It shifts the color of addiction  
To something of the sameMaking the monkey go away  
Replacing him with a chimp  
Can't stop thinking  
About those cigarettesCrawl beneath the skin  
Like the man who tried to quit shooting after 25 years  
Decided to put the needle down  
And found he could no longer liveSo he tried a little bit  
No longer exists  
Death is the pain killer

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