

Turk

High on Fire

I cannot grasp this black psychology
My cage's walls are closing in on me
The rage that surfaces is not my soul
It's like a devil taking all control
The violence lives in me and will not leave
Like a magician with pain up that sleeve
The sight of God is to unfold
Memories untold
For every poem's a rhyme
The joke is father time
We melt in twisted sexuality
Substance abuse and immortality
A stark obsession no one else would know
Questions unanswered, how far can this go?
The wall of torment, my blood's boiling
To break this shell, to do what's so obscene
The sight of God is to unfold
Memories untold
For every poem's a rhyme
The joke is father
The sight of God is to unfold
Memories untold
For every poem's a rhyme
The joke is father time
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