

# Son of 7

## Mushroomhead

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Blinded by the creatures that stumble  
Blinded by your wasting away  
You look at you but you'll find in me  
Walking a tight rope  
Across a motherfucking fault line  
I thought it was divinity  
I've taken what you've given me  
I pledge allegiance to this patriotic bullshit  
A corporate puppet preaching nothing from this pulpit Hold on, hold on this was never me  
I finally found hands that drive me  
Been dancing with the devil way too long  
Please be here for me sing my last song  
Sing my last song Enlightened  
Be prepared to be humbled  
Frightened by your wasting away  
You look at you but you'll find in me No more snakes in the garden  
Open up your eyes  
And prepare for the fall

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>