For Your Pleasure

Mushroomhead

Wear your desecration
Like a decoration of your war
Scars that make impressions
After all that's what these lessons have all been forHow can I face this disease
I can't get away from me
How can I face this disease
How can I face this
Can anybody help me
This dayTake it by the fucking throat and say that I will live through this
Take it by the fucking soul and live through thisFor your pleasure
Or your pain
Society's a gameWhile they campaign in poetry
And govern in prose
In their twisted sorority
Vying for the throne
You never really know just who the king chose
Till your bygones are goneWear your desecration
Like a decoration of war, of your war
Cause after all
That's what these lessons have all been for, all been forEverything wrong with you is the same thing that's wrong with me
What's wrong with me is everything wrong with youIt's a brand new mirror
I see myself for the first time
It's oh so clear
Open my heart
Open my mind

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