Psychoactive

Tyrants in Therapy

Hey, little sister
I don't understand what you did
I'm hot enough to blisterMaybe this is just some kind of foolish game
My mind is playing
One voice it cries a warningHalf of me's already there
And half of me ain't got the stuff
My love it's out of controlI tell you because of what
She does to my soul
With all these fantasies she's triggeringPsychoactive, that girl is hypersexual
She knows how to fire my imagination
She's got to be psychoactiveThe fact is everything's a fantasy
Makes that offer so attractive
'Cause that girl's so psychoactiveHey, little sister
I still sleep alone in my bed
What's wrong with this picture
Could be this is nothing but my fantasy?Am I crazy? One voice says its trouble
Part of me just wants to run
And part of me just wants to fightSplit decision again in my bed
Another sweet vision coming on in my head
Imagination she's triggeringPsychoactive, that girl is hypersexual
She knows how to fire my imagination
She's got to be psychoactiveThe fact is everything's a fantasy
Makes that offer so attractive
'Cause that girl's so psychoactive
(She said she loves you, she said she loves you)My love it's out of control
I tell you because of what she does to my soul
With all these fantasies she's triggeringPsychoactive, that girl is hypersexual
She knows how to fire my imagination
She's got to be psychoactiveThe fact is everything's a fantasy
Makes that offer so attractive
'Cause that girl's so psychoactive

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