

# Psychopath

## Razor

I put my gloves on, I go outside  
I rev my engine and I'm ready to ride  
I'm hyperactive, I'm on a tear  
I'm on the highway going who knows where  
I feel explosive, I feel uptight  
I've got a hard on for some Violence tonight  
You can't subdue me, I can't relax  
Don't wanna be here when the virus attacks  
Forget who you are  
Forget where you've been  
You don't want to meet the real me  
I'm a psycho (like Norman Bates)  
Increasing pressure inside my brain  
Cuts off the blood flow, constricting my veins  
The panic rises. I'm under seige  
At first you doubted me but now you believe  
Don't try to help me, don't hang around  
I'm not responsible for running you down  
Loss of control, possessed with hate  
You try escaping but you tried it too late  
The medication has no effect  
Organism that you'll never detect  
A bastard virus, first of its kind  
Don't know you've got it 'till you lose your mind  
I take my gloves off, my job is done  
You didn't listen when I told you to run  
I rev my engine. I head for home  
Until the next attack I'm finally alone

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