# The Treatment

## Mr. Probz

I look inside myself
And I feel theres someone else
Just a creature with no limit
I've lost all moral Choice
My blood is cold
I've lost all my control
My blood is cold
Theres little left of me
Voices rip right through my head
But its nothing familiar to me

Broken down and conditioned
You'll never understand just who I am
My blood is cold
I've lost my heart and soul
My blood is cold
Where is my own free will?
Push me under keep me under
Stop trying to fuck with me
Why have you misplaced me?
Why have you forsaken me?

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