

# 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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