I, Dementia

Whitechapel

I (am), dementia in your mind, creator of decisions, violent visions and lies.
Blind, your eyes forever blind, reality is dead by your force fed demise.
Get out of my head, someone save me from this madness, I'd rather be dead.
All I see is reality fabricated by something I refuse to see.
You know who I am.
You created me by letting yourself believe.
Take my cold dead hands and go six feet down, your failure is found.
I (am), dementia in your mind, creator of decisions, violent visions and lies.
Blind, your eyes forever blind, reality is dead by your force fed demise.
Take me away.

Take me away, I just want out from this self-imprisoned self-made Hell.
Don't be surprsed, this is your mind coming to life by self-sacrifice.
This tragedy of death will walk hand in hand with every thought of regret.
Blame yourself for what you've become.
The mind is a powerful thing set to self-destruct.
Mind-fucked, you had your chance, your time, this is the end of the line.
This is the end of the line.
This is the end.
I, dementia in your mind, creator of decisions, violent visions and lies.
Blind, your eyes forever blind, reality is dead by your force fed demise.
We will slowly rot until this is stopped.

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