

Pain of Mind

Neurosis

Your mind is restricted
From years of obedience
Thoughts are never your own
Your mind is a trap loaded with
Crap
Ch.
Who decided your life? Not you
Never had it in you to look inside
And be you
Living life in a safety belt
Nothing inside anymore
Never crossed the line
Just content to whine
Always pay the fine
Mind by their design
It's time to purge your brain
No question at all
They've constructed the wall
But you had the bricks
(Ever increasing pressure fix)
(Pain of mind, sickness of heart)
Pain of mind, sickness of heart.

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