

# Therapy

## Artillery

Damned cold light - shines day and night  
No windows here to tell - could this be Hell  
I'm chained to my bed - asked for confession  
It makes me depressed - their search for obsession  
Filled with L.S.D. - for their cynic eyes to see  
The caos inside of me - (just) let it be  
How long have I been here - it could be months it could be years  
And the way they wake me up - they do it with electro-shock  
When you're in the Y.S.P.C.A.  
Your pain is getting worse everyday  
Day and night escape is on your mind  
But the exit is not for you to find  
You are just another lunatic  
Strait jacket on, keep still you little prick  
You will be locked in your padded cell  
Just to face your own private Hell  
They fill my mind with Therapy - so there is no way out  
The force of luna's takin' me - I scream but there's no sound  
For them my life had just begun - experimenting on and on  
In this obscure insanity no heaven sent is saving me  
Filled with L.S.D. - for their cynic eyes to see  
The caos inside of me - (just) let it be  
How long have I been here - it could be months it could be years  
And the way they wake me up - they do it with electro-shock  
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