# 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 obsessionFilled 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-shockWhen 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 HellThey 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 obsure insanity no heaven sent is saving meFilled with L.S.D. - for their cynic eyes to see
The caos inside of me - (just) let it be
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