

Lucid Interval

Cephalic Carnage

You are paranoid with delusions of grandeur
Somehow things ain't right
There's an imbalance in your mind
Chain reflex is slow, anxiety neuroses set in
Breaking out in sweat
Was it something that I said?
Is your asthma flaring up? Why are you so pale?
Hands are livid from punching holes in the wall
(Thinking someone is in your brain)
You never take your medicine
That's you're always sick
Looking so afraid, should I call your mom?
I'm talking to myself, answer me, stop shaking
Waiting from the ambulance
To get your some help
The deranged look you have
You will cut yourself
Don't grab that knife
Why are you amputating me?
I am your second personality
Suicide is not the alternative
If your trephinate I will not die
We can live together
Conjoined at the cephalic
I command you to obey
Don't try to kill me, I have my own life
To separate, will be our demise
Smoke some weed and relax
You're going through a great deal of stress
Fetid breath reeks
Go brush your teeth
You should get clean
Your hair is full of grease
This is a song about a man
With an unnatural appendage at the skull
When they have no weed they go insane
Now they are stoned and get along
A lucid interval will straighten this place out
Fighting, you tore down the walls

Lyrics provided by

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