

# Turk

## High on Fire

I cannot grasp this black psychology  
My cage's walls are closing in on me  
The rage that surfaces is not my soul  
It's like a devil taking all control  
The violence lives in me and will not leave  
Like a magician with pain up that sleeve  
The sight of God is to unfold  
Memories untold  
For every poem's a rhyme  
The joke is father time  
We melt in twisted sexuality  
Substance abuse and immortality  
A stark obsession no one else would know  
Questions unanswered, how far can this go?  
The wall of torment, my blood's boiling  
To break this shell, to do what's so obscene  
The sight of God is to unfold  
Memories untold  
For every poem's a rhyme  
The joke is father  
The sight of God is to unfold  
Memories untold  
For every poem's a rhyme  
The joke is father time  
The sight of God is to unfold  
Memories untold  
For every poem's a rhyme  
The joke is father  
The sight of God is to unfold  
Memories untold  
For every poem's a rhyme  
The joke is father time

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