Monster

Disturbed

End this suffering
You made a monster of me
Through all your wicked lies
Forever tortured by you
Abandoned at death's door
Until I said no more
Don't look away
You're just a former regret of mine
And when you want, just look away
You're just a former regret of mine

Erasing now
You made a rock star of me
Gave me this wicked life
Paid to be tortured by you
A life I now abhor
And still I say, no more
Think over all of the shit in your mind
Think over and come to grip with it
Think over all of the shit in your little twisted sick mind, all said

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