

# Psychotic Waltz, A Psychotic Waltz

sometimes I wonder what will ever become of me  
and if life's worth it's living at all  
sometimes I smile at the ones who think they've got life down  
and they say that I'm living it wrong

as the days pass by  
I watch as the net closes in  
as they circle around in my head  
turning and winding  
in circles, in circles they spin  
never ending beginning the end

look now sweet child  
deep into my room  
the door is open and the air is warm  
close your eyes  
feel the sweet, sweet symphony of sighs

sometimes it would feels so right  
if the angels called me to the sky  
sometimes it feels good just to be alive  
though our paths are blind  
I can see a lightened end on mind

still now I search  
for the spirit that torments my soul  
as the priest shields his face from the wind  
looking at lost life and darkness  
my eyes shall not see  
makes me laugh when he calls it all sin

you're all slaves of the priest  
and you'll just sing it over  
and over, and over, and over  
and over, and over, and over  
and over