

# The Prodigy, My Web

(written by maxim)

Distort your mind, call up children of all kinds  
Your intellect that inform my ( ? ), in my storm is where you're caught  
Reinstate your faith, your only faith is me they love to hate  
(maybe something in spanish? ), will be their familia  
Caught in my web  
You got me caught up in your head

I'm the shadow dark, that hides behind your thought  
Dr. jekyll inside, if you'll be mr. hyde  
Try to control me, try to control me

Caught in my web  
You got me caught up in your head (x2)

(some words reversed...) pollute, combine mine for benzote  
Stain your environment, chalk up my bind influence  
Saturate reality, go to battle when you're 70  
The human race I exploit, and I'll leave you no choice  
Blood'll overflow your cranium, what's the millenium?

Personality not present, overturn your only (instrument? )  
Suffocate your desire, set your village voice on fire  
Enter my world which you thought, prepare for second on-slaughter

Caught in my web  
You got me caught up in your head (x3)

I'll stunt your growth, degrade yourself ( ? ? ? ) don't move  
Bleach your eyes with turpentine, tie them with the cord in your spine  
Subside your love life, seperate the yolk from the white  
I'm the co-creator, mind de-capitator  
I'm the evil that lurks, the pain inside that hurts  
Spike your dreams, plant my thoughts obscene not (or and? ) clean  
Impregnant your ears, when you hear me, it's me ya fear  
Me they hate the most, oh!  
Here come the verbose

Caught in my web  
You got me caught up in your head (x4)

We need their familia...