

Alice Cooper, Sentinel

I'm not a Buddha boy
I'm not a Muslim man
I'm not a Christian or a Jew

I'm not a Mormon freak
I'm not a Catholic geek
And I'm nothing at all like you

My mind, my heart, my soul is calm
While I sit here sauteriing my c-2 bomb
Got some wires crossed
In my twisted head
Connect the green wire here or was it red?

Cause it's my fate
I operate on hate
I go by many other names
But now

I am the sentinel
I want the world to know
I'm sending you all to hell
I'm tired and I'm wired here to blow

There's something disturbing
Going on in my turban
I'm home, home on de/the range
I feel my meditation so deep within
While my medication's kicking in

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