

# 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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