

Cephalic Carnage, Lucid Interval

You are paranoid, with delusions of grandeur
Somehow things ain't right, there's an imbalance in your mind
Chain reflex is slow, anxiety neuroses set in.

Breaking out in sweat, was it something that I said?
Is your asthma flaring up? Why are you so pale?
Hands are livid from punching holes in the wall.
(Thinking someone is in your brain.)

You never take your medicine, that's you're always sick!
Looking so afraid, should I call your mom,
I'm talking to myself, answer me, stop shaking.

Waiting from the ambulance, to get your some help
The deranged look you have, you will cut yourself
Don't grab that knife!

Why are you amputating me?
I am your second personality!
Suicide is not the alternative!

If your trephinate I will not die, we can live together,
Conjoined at the cephalic. I command you to obey.

Don't try to kill me, I have my own life,
To separate, will be our demise!
Smoke some weed and relax!
You're going thru a great deal of stress.

Fetid breath reeks, go brush your teeth,
You should get clean, your hair is full of grease!

This is a song about a man, with an unnatural appendage at the skull.
When they have no weed they go insane, now they are stoned and get along.
A lucid interval will straighten this place out
Fighting you tore down the walls.