

# Compos Mentis, The Innate God

Chaos surrounds me, my world has crumbled up  
Only fragments left of what I believed in  
Leaves me with a broken soul, bewildered  
I yearn for the times that were  
Hate flows through my body as I realise  
Years were wasted, I based my life on a lie  
Subjects of an illusory god inveigle into hypocrisy  
Leading puppets into self-deception  
A phenomenon created to anaesthetize  
With a slumbering world as the aim  
White clouds of coma descend from above  
It's called religion  
But I'm the only God now  
Now there are no rules  
Unleashed power surges through my veins  
I'm reborn as the ruler of the world  
Leaving the weak masses to fear me  
In their imaginary innocence  
I have reached the highest state of self-control  
Nevermore shall I be told what to do  
A phenomenon created to anaesthetize  
With a slumbering world as the aim  
White clouds of coma descend from above  
It's called religion  
But I'm the only God now  
Now I make my own rules  
Divinity is innate