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