

# Disturbed, Monster

End this suffering

You made a monster of me  
Through all your wicked lies  
Forever tortured by you  
Abandoned at death's door  
Until I said no more

Don't look away  
You're just a former regret of mine  
And when you want, just look away  
You're just a former regret of mine  
Erasing now

You made a rock star of me  
Gave me this wicked life  
Paid to be tortured by you  
A life I now abhor  
And still I say, no more

Think over all of the shit in your mind  
Think over and come to grip with it  
Think over all of the shit in your little twisted sick mind, all said