

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