

# Fight, Small Deadly Space

(Halford/Chaussee/Travis)

Think I'm possessed by demons,  
I do their dirty work,  
They use me like a zombie  
Headaches is all I get.

Lock myself up in my own room,  
Ain't comin' out my cage,  
They're full of shit and no feeling,  
I'll always be in a rage.

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Sympathy cries for the devil,  
I dance to the music he makes.  
Chemical daze, my salvation,  
Destroy these losers and fakes.

Fist in the wall, care of family.  
Swallow and suck till I4m full.  
I need their love and attention,  
Like I need lead in my skull.

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Leave me alone to my own type,  
They say: "stupid is a stupid does."  
I ain't a part of the rat race,  
A numberless face, just because.

I'll play along with these demons,  
Possessed by them every day.  
Don't try to reach out and console me,  
I'll bite at what gets in my way.

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