

Kenna, New Sacred Cow

Living in the blur of "id";
Between the ego and the guilt
Everyone is hiding something ugly
I cant say that they're alone in it

Chorus:

The black cloud chases like satellites overhead
I don't
I don't have the patience to watch you looking down on me
I won't
I don't need a reason to feel love from anyone here (w h e r e)
your only love is yourself.
Your only love is yourself.

Crucify yourself for them
Does it make you feel any better?
Religion as the crutch
all warped and delirious
I swear I cant take it anymore

(Chorus)

And you'll crash, you'll burn,
and you'll wreck and you'll earn the right to lose your mind
when you rush, you will rage, and you war
just to make it right again

(Chorus)

SELF
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SELF