

Kill II This, My Reality

Confusion, the world that I create
Reality, makes you suffocate
Well I've reached the point each leaper knows
Desperation and the symptom shows

Living is a waste of time
Pay the mortgage then you die
Living is a waste of time
Breathe in breathe out live the lie

It's reality, my reality

Survival, I will outlive your kind
Depression, depression as my bride
Temptation as the cancer grows
Yeah I've reached the point the point each hooker knows

And I know that God above
Must love me very much
For I have suffered the anguish of many men
I have taken the weight of the world
As rested on my shoulders
And have felt the wrath of wars
As fought inside my head

This nation's plastic paradise
Herod's children we're all sacrificed
An anchor sinking around my neck
Ain't no wonder I'm a fucking nervous wreck