

Mad Caddies, Medium Unwell

In a world where logic and proportion dies
The dark sides laughing as it lights the night
With its evil eyes
It comes around when you are least expecting it to strike
It grabs you by the neck
And takes your soul with all its might
The voices haunting me
A broken seal looks in at me
No slumber anymore
Demons in disguise
Knocking at my door
A small piece of advice...
Ignore!

My head is hurting
My eyes are growing cold
The strength increases
When it fired a shot into its hold
The burning version of a man whose lost his will to live
The fight is over
When there is nothing left to have or give
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