

Metal Church, Lb. Of Cure

[D. Wayne / K. Vanderhoof]

You see my life is rather simple
I'm just another face
And all your textbooks
All you know
Will soon construct the case
Warped emotions like a river
Everywhere a bend
And what we cannot hold together
We try to keep within

Listen doctor you cannot help me
The cure that's in a jar
All the needless all the pills
I think its gone too far
Now the pain is really blinding
I'm crawling up the wall
Try to hold on
Try to stop it
I think I've lost it all

Can't you see just where the troubles
All are in my head
Iron bars that keep me safe
While strapped here on this bed
You've poked and probed and podded me
So often times I've cried
Now I pray on bended knee
God just let me die

Count the ceiling tiles above
As you wheel me down the hall
Another treatment once a week
I'm losing all recall