

# Metal Church, Of Unsound Mind

[J. Marshall]

A man exists alone  
Hidden by a shell  
Touched in such a wicked way  
No one could ever tell  
Is what he sees for real?  
Or only in his mind?  
The staring of the old man's eyes  
Chills him deep inside

It is the eye  
That will destroy him  
Stuck in the mind  
It is the eye  
That will destroy me  
Stuck in my mind

He plots the awful deed  
He know it must be done  
Precision of a madman's mind  
His goal is only one  
Is what he sees for real?  
The evil eye, the sun  
His pain and fear must lay to rest  
Piece by piece it's done

It is the eye  
That will destroy him  
Stuck in the mind  
It is the eye  
That will destroy me  
Stuck in my mind

...

Twisting and tortured scars on my brain  
No one can touch me in here  
Trapped, fighting, driven to kill  
Forced to live with my fear

When will it end? What can I do?  
Who will believe? Why is this fear haunting me?

The end is the cure, the only way out  
To numb the source of my pain  
Death to life is insanity  
the anger is growing again

When will it end? What can I do?  
Who will believe? Why is this fear haunting me?

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How can he stand to bear the pounding of his heart?  
Something really must be done before he's torn apart  
Is what he hears for real, the heartbeat in his head  
I hear the pounding of his heart, but I know the man is dead

It is the eye  
That will destroy him  
Stuck in the mind  
It is the eye  
That will destroy me  
Stuck in my mind