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 aweful 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?
...

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