

Mushroomhead, The New Cult King

In That Dream I Recall
Pieces Of Prisons
I'm Escaping
In The Next Big Religion
I Do The Cross Thing
The Cross Thing
Which Ever Way The Wind Blows
Your Mind In Time I'm Nine
Our Lives Unwind
We Find The Wine Red Or White
Like The Days Fade Away
A Cloud Of Smoke Blurred Eyes
You're Always Brighter In The Daytime
You Fight It After Midnight
It Just Seems To Me
It's Such A Joke Every
New Walk Thru Life
Just Inherits Christ
You Should Have To Prove Something First
Something First
Prove Something
You're A Godfiend
In That Dream I Recall
Pieces Of Prisons
I'm Escaping
>From A Black Hole I Crawl, I Crawl
Beneath My Halo Emanating T
The Only Proof You Need
Is That You Know
And Today's Way's Divine
Right Brainwashed Overnight
You Shouldn't Have To Lose
Something First
Something First
Lose Something
You're A Godfiend
The New Cult King
Yeah Doing The Cross Thing
The Cross Thing
Can't You See
Why I'm Still...can't You See
Why I'm Still Wondering
If There Is A Dog
Can't You See Wondering
Can't You See Why
I'm Still Wondering
Search For Signs
To Light The Path
Show Me The Way
Savior Send
A Glimpse To Glance
And Renew My Faith
Emerald Meets The Oceans
Blue In A Shade Of Grey
The General Knows
Not What To Do
As Tears Run Down Her Face
Nails Through Hands And Feet
On This Cedar Grave
Atone For Sin
Can This Be
Can My Soul Be Saved
All Alone
I Think Too Much

Need To Believe
In Something Real
Don't Need This Crutch
Because It Just Deceives
Can't You See...why I'm Still
Search For Love
Or War To Restore Disorder
Challenge Me
Once More To Hold
My Head Above Water
Drowning Quick
Flooding In Soaked
Through My Lungs
Judgment Day
The Verdicts In It
Seems The Jury Is Hung