

# Pissing Razors, Train of Thought

Enter my world of savage hysteria  
Feeling my blood boil to it's flashpoint  
sensing I'am loosing control  
thoughts of death the only solution

Finding my victim was never the problem  
At plain view from every angle  
the smell of flesh soon to be destroyed  
pressure to commit- building up faster

Train of thought (X 4)

Feeling myself moving closer  
Minutes away from becoming a killer  
nervousness and fear taking over  
I can't believe that it's really me

Anxiously waiting as I awaken  
lighting struck the sky  
I awoke and realized  
No explanations to my disease  
My dreams remain the same