Pretty Maids, Twisted

People think I'm carzy
in a schizophrenic
state of mind
mother Mary save me
from my darkest hour come
alive

In decline
beyond this tortured mind
I feel intoxicated
desolated

Images of evil
scenes of suffering
inside my head
I'm falling into pieces
I'll close my eyes

Before I bleed to death
In my dreams
it all becomes my world of fiction
contradictions

Twisted that's what I am
ride the road to ruin
I'm losing stand
don't know what I'm doing
it's slippin' through my hands

Oh Lord won't you help me
help now before
it gets too late
I'm burning down the candle
can't you hold on back
the hands of fate

Through my wreatched visions
mental exhibition
blind confusion
disillusions

(Chorus)

Screamin' out to no one's ears
I suffocate inside my fear
I'm out of control
cause when the light are getting
dim
that's when my soul begs me to
sin
Lord take me home

(Chorus)