

Primer 55, Tripinthehead

I CAN'T STAND THIS HATE INSIDE OF ME
CAN'T GET A GRIP GET A GRIP ON REALITY
WHEN THIS AIN'T THE PAIN I'M USED TO, I JUST CAN'T RUN AWAY LIKE I USED TO
I WAKE UP WITH SOME GAPS IN MY MEMORY, OPEN MY EYES BUT THERE'S BLOOD ALL O
ME
IT'S JUST A DREAM I JUST DON'T WANNA STAY, I LOOK AROUND BUT IT JUST WON'T GO
AWAY
I SEE THE PIECES, SEVERED BLOODY PIECES, A LUNATIC WITH A PSYCHOPATH SOUL
I SEE THE PIECES, SEVERED BLOODY PIECES, AND MUTHAFUCKA I'M TAKIN' CONTROL
ANOTHER LOOK IN THE MIND OF A LUNATIC, AND I ADMIT IT'S ENOUGH TO MAKE A DOG
SICK
I TURN AROUND AND THE PIGS START SHAKIN', LOAD THAT FUCKER UP , BLAST AND TUR
TO BACON
I CAN'T HELP IT, I JUST DON'T UNDERSTAND, WHAT IN MY MIND MAKES ME WANNA KILL
ANOTHER MAN
I TURN AROUND , I JUST DON'T WANNA STAY, I CAN'T SEE THE LIGHT OF ANOTHER DAY
I SEE THE PIECES, SEVERED BLOODY PIECES, A LUNATIC WITH A PSYCHOPATH SOUL
I SEE THE PIECES, SEVERED BLOODY PIECES, AND MUTHAFUCKA I'M TAKIN' CONTROL
I'M NOT INNOCENT, NO I'M NOT INNOCENT
I'M JUST CRAZY
PRIMER FIFTY-FIVE