

The Accused "Psychomania"

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She's in a cold room
Lacking meaning and significance
Sweating out her life
Locked behind the door
The walls are all white
Her mind is a blank

She's in a cold room
Lacking meaning and significance
Sweating out her life
A dim lit bulb
Glow for hours on end
It's the only thing to keep the body warm

Out of the room
Of the room
Reality is harsh
Is harsh
Staring out no windows
No windows
There's no beating from her heart
From her heart

She's dead
She's dead
She's dead
She's dead

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