

High On Fire "Turk"

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I cannot grasp this black psychology
My cage's walls are closing in on me
The rage that surfaces is not my soul
It's like a devil taking all control

The violence lives in me and will not leave
Like a magician with pain up that sleeve

The sight of God is to unfold
Memories untold
For every poem's a rhyme
The joke is father time

We melt in twisted sexuality
Substance abuse and immortality
A stark obsession no one else would know
Questions unanswered, how far can this go?

The wall of torment, my blood's boiling
To break this shell, to do what's so obscene

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