

Killing Joke **"Pssyche"**

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You're alone in the pack
You're feeling like you wanna go home
You're feeling life finished, but you keep on going
The reason is there

You won't find it till you've been and gone because
you're living a hoax!
Someones got you sussed!
Dull your brain, or seek inspiration
You feel illusion, and then you finally say transfer

Transorm a machine, to play with your head
So you can stand back and watch, or take part and learn
If you don't know the game, then you're still part of it

Because out on the streets it's strange
To see the show

Knowing full well that you're on the range

Dodge the bullets! or carry the gun, the choice is yours
Look at the controller
A non-entity with a social degree

A middle-class hero
A rapist with your eyes on me

A preist of masturbation, a preist yeh to the nuns you
fuck

You'd wipe out spastics if you had the chance, but Jesus
wouldn't like it
No

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