

## **Cephalic Carnage**

### **"Lucid Interval"**

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You are paranoid with delusions of grandeur  
Somehow things ain't right  
There's an imbalance in your mind  
Chain reflex is slow, anxiety neuroses set in

Breaking out in sweat  
Was it something that I said?  
Is your asthma flaring up? Why are you so pale?  
Hands are livid from punching holes in the wall  
(Thinking someone is in your brain)

You never take your medicine  
That's you're always sick  
Looking so afraid, should I call your mom?  
I'm talking to myself, answer me, stop shaking

Waiting from the ambulance  
To get your some help  
The deranged look you have  
You will cut yourself  
Don't grab that knife

Why are you amputating me?  
I am your second personality  
Suicide is not the alternative

If your trephinate I will not die  
We can live together  
Conjoined at the cephalic  
I command you to obey

Don't try to kill me, I have my own life  
To separate, will be our demise  
Smoke some weed and relax  
You're going through a great deal of stress

Fetid breath reeks  
Go brush your teeth  
You should get clean  
Your hair is full of grease

This is a song about a man

With an unnatural appendage at the skull  
When they have no weed they go insane  
Now they are stoned and get along  
A lucid interval will straighten this place out  
Fighting, you tore down the walls

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