

Cephalic Carnage **"Rehab"**

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For far too long
The practice of Psychiatry
Has prospered
On mending society's wrong
To cure a freak who don't belong
It's all a bunch of lies
Rooted at shuffling addictions around
Distorting people's minds
Complicating from those divine
Tell me what's the problem
I have a cure for you...
There's nothing a prescription can undo
You must sit and trust me
I can feel your pain
Correcting the Lithium deficiency
In your brain with pills
You're mad all the time
Sedated now... You'll be fine
Getting stoned
Getting stoned
'Cause I'm distorted from taking drugs
Designed to help me regain my mind
To rid the depression
I periodically endure
I'm not right
But was better than when I came here
Through getting stoned
I perceive all the injections
The scars that remain
The needle tracks that stain the veins
Rehab is a joke to me
A strung out junkie needs to be set free
Methadone clinics just won't help
How do you rehabilitate a serial killer
Who longs to kill,
But is addicted to brutal sex?
That's a sick addition in itself
How do you cure obesity?
A transient drunk? Anaclisis?
Manic Depressive Psychosis?
Over-active sex drives?
Anorexia Nervosa? Control Freaks?

Self-destructive humans?
World hunger?
Living here in torment...
IT'S DISTURBING
It's quite contagious...
YOU'LL DIAGNOSE
Born deficient... COMATOSE
I'm a special doctor
You don't know me
As long as I get my money
I've got a degree In worldly nothings
Fine upstanding yuppie
But I care only for cash
For far too long
Authority made them strong
Rehabilitation does not work
Because crime is high...
Rape has gone up
So has the tension
While psychiatrists get rich
Feeding on the nation's insecurities
Performing mental blasphemy
As they please
A prescription will set you free...
Or taint your soul
Will false hope... Rehab is for Quitters
Who's right to say
What is wrong or right?
Desire consumes you are what you are
And no one can change that stupid fact
Molestor or strung out on crack
Rehab can only change
Those who will be changed
It shifts the color of addiction
To something of the same
Making the monkey go away
Replacing him with a chimp
Can't stop thinking
About those cigarettes
Crawl beneath the skin
Like the man who tried to quit shooting
After 25 years
Decided to put the needle down
And found he could no longer live
So he tried a little bit
No longer exists
Death is the Pain Killer!!!

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