

## Kitchen Knife Conspiracy "Inverted Insertion"

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Life is like a pressure riot and my head is caving in  
You wanna see me stoned, you wanna cough a little  
You wanna trench pill zones, you're gonna puke a little  
You wanna hold my hand, you better be a giver  
You know in this game I am a helpless lifer  
You wanna know my strength, you're gonna feel some  
weakness  
You wanna invert this, you're gonna get some sickness  
You wanna get inside, you wanna make it clearer  
You wanna see denial, look in the lying mirror  
Is this the way you like it? Is this your honesty?  
Invert the perfect kill dust, Insert it into me  
There is no god that walks beside me  
Controversy, Anarchy has taken over me, deep inside  
me  
You're gonna get real stoned, You're gonna get  
uplifted  
You have to give me your soul, You're gonna get  
enlisted  
You're gonna feel agony until I am finished  
You're gonna lose everything, but you'll never miss it  
Darkness calms my soul  
Depression wraps around my face  
Shovel the pain that won't escape  
Look at me now, I'm paranoid  
Searching to find to fill the void of  
This horrible life, and I'm a mess  
Will the numb phase ever change?  
The fears have started to mate in me  
Leaving me blind and shaken up  
And now I barely feel alive  
Look in my eyes, I want to die  
So sick and tired of "I'll try"  
Watching me live my selfish life

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