

Korzus

"Midnight Madness"

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A weak mind in search of pity
His brain is erupting
A young face ready to be betrayed
Alone, depressed, internally destroyed

He never tried to fight
To discover his own life
Now he's just a toy
A toy one step from halt

It's eleven o'clock
His anxiety is great
Only 30 minutes till madness arrives

There's no mystery
It's all routine
He doesn't feel hunger, pain or love

Almost midnight the high arrives
The dose is strong
His anxiety is great
The needle relights the night
It's midnight
He's dead!

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