

## **Mad Season "X-Ray Mind"**

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Do the laughs die when  
One such as I run  
And allow myself  
Time for own true needs  
When convincing me  
That you're on my team  
May not lie to me  
But not mentioning

So sit back and have  
An hysterical  
Laugh at tiny holes  
Buy and trade men's souls

X-ray mind reads plenty  
Worth no more than pennies

You, they, it or what  
Have been fair, I thought  
May you never free  
You from you or me  
See the more I think  
I'm afraid to blink  
I don't move an inch  
Slowly draining me

Hire a spy and bug me  
Pimp your friends for money  
Rich and growing sicker  
Sell the dead ones quicker

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