

Psycho Choke

"Confessions Of A Dying Man"

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As I can't be hectic Â– take my time on what is mine
As I'm not symbolic ate alive my brother Cain
As I'm not heroic hit n' run while I play god
As I'm not erotic cut my skin and mock my blood

I will not believe and never justify
I will not deceive therefore I purify
I cannot be seen so I can scarify
I'm more than mean my wrath to petrify

Teenage temper got me on the rack
Less is always more than what I got
Bloody mind games got me on the run
Not me, what I've become
That's why I don't lie anymore
That's why I don't speak anymore
That's why I can't hide anymore
That's why I can

As I can't be frantic lullaby myself to wake
As I'm not pathetic hate to love n' love to hate
As I'm not poetic hold my breath to suffocate
As I'm not aesthetic the virtue path I deviate

Broken sidewalks of my lonesome road
Plodding empty handed
Will to survive will to explode
Sentimental branded
Half my system is shutting down
Yet I'm not enlightened
Blindfold till the fifteenth round
Made it through my dead end

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