

Psyopus

"The White Light"

Visit "[The White Light](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

I can see my face inside your eyes.
Cold black, prying into my mind.
They're holding my thoughts.
Don't let me think wrongly.
They'll know all my weaknesses.
Now it's too late.
I'm mentally broken.
The torture begins as they lengthen my skin.
Empty stomach pumped with fluid, eyeballs gouged
with sharpened needles.
Rubber blankets soaked in water covering my hollow
soul; covering my soul.
I am Pain.
The white light is piercing through my brain.
Crystals gleaming.
Sterile metal: so cold on my skin.
This cannot be happening.
Am I dreaming?
This cannot be real.
Someone, please wake me up from this twisted
nightmare.
Wake me from this dream.
Hallucination Mental War with the mind.
Discombobulated visions and thoughts trapped inside
the mind.
I own the White Light.

Visit [Psyopus](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.