

# Algorithm

## "Head Games"

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[VERSE I]

It all began with the crying of children  
Searching the cold landscape for something to get the  
blanks filled in  
Boiling temperatures had the paint on the walls peeling  
The shit done hit the fan now maneur dripping off the  
ceiling  
I directly below showered in excrement  
Bitterly refusing the recommended daily dose of  
medicine  
Bible scriptures just a play thing, making spitballs  
out of the new and old testament  
Immersed in a demented game of chicken with my own  
shadows  
Screaming let my image go to the silhouette pharoah  
He won't budge  
I won't shake/ He won't move/ I won't escape  
There's no judge, it ain't safe  
I must soothe  
These headaches  
Unrest got me biting my fingernails down to the  
knuckle  
Solitaire with a deck of cards unshuffled  
My land lady provided me with a patch of leathery  
flesh to keep my mouth muffled  
I must repent I scuffle  
with a couple  
of heavy belt buckles  
Whipping 'em across my back creating welts and sore  
muscles  
It shall never cease until I cleanse my soul

[VERSE II]

A dozen picture frames picture frames shattered on  
the bathroom floor  
A spouse who chose adultery over matrimony forever  
yours  
Blood stains the tile  
Tic Tac Toe style  
My X won it all- The dog, the house, the cars, the  
bank accounts, the kids and all the while  
I'm slowly going down

the stairway to heaven like a slinky hellbound  
I'm lost in a spiral defeated fetal position  
A train of thought with an altered course headed for  
fatal collision  
The jagged glass stepping stones as I hopscotch with  
wounded feet  
Misery serenades me with tunes of mystique  
Hide and seek  
Enchanting isn't it  
This damning dizziness  
In a whirlwind twister raving and ranting silliness  
The night the music stopped  
and blind thieves with horns watched  
and stared  
As I wallow in self-pity and despair  
No reason to keep up the pace but no place to take  
five they've stolen my chair  
The odd man out- I'm it tagging Jack daniels with  
alcohol abuse  
I duck duck goose  
a makeshift noose  
hanging from the ceiling fan  
Pinata loathing the tattered remains of a broken down  
family man  
What went wrong, what was missing, I try to spell it out  
The grief overwhelms I gotta yell it out  
Pass out on a sofa bed couch  
It'll be a new day tomorrow  
I must suppress the sorrow  
Or face the possibility of losing my profession  
I'll do my best to counsel that dysfunctional family  
during their next session

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