

## Poets of the Fall "Psychosis"

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Well, it's a different man in your face  
And so out of place  
That you can see anything  
There that you wish  
Kiss my bliss

It's like I'm a welcoming freak show doormat  
Held in awe while growing fat in the head  
This is where we all should see red  
A bit fat wet slab of red

And I see that it makes  
Me anti-everything  
And I see that it makes me want  
To shed my skin, shed my skin

Revelation leading to my psychosis and inspiration  
Digest another hallucination, psychosis by recreation  
Happy till the next deterioration, psychosis

For you it's a different notion of music and motion  
A dance of lights, a prosaic ocean  
A delicate, nearly transparent creation of somebody's  
soul  
On the screen has caught you in between

Of somebody's life on the stage  
And somebody's life on the front page  
And this is where we all should see red  
A big fat laughing mouth of red

And I see that it makes  
Me anti-everything  
And I see that it makes me want  
To shed my skin, shed my skin

I think I'm gonna start my own religion  
Seems to be the recipe for a new sensation  
Think it's gonna make a trendy revolution  
Quite the contribution to the unnatural selection

