

## **Psycroptic "Psycrology"**

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I watch as you thrash your heads, bowing to a god  
called metal!  
I hear your excited cries - your shouts as if he is  
speaking within you  
The army approaches the battle site.  
Sound - versus - auricle.  
The group is surrounded by walls that embrace  
The tumultuous harmony and then fend it off  
into enchanted throngs  
waves of hair it crashes -  
onto a grindingshore....valour....  
We all fear the day a time we hope will be years away  
Inspection of reflection, recession of hair assaults  
vision  
A balding crown, it meets your eye  
screams ring out as you face the sky  
Only those, who did choose, to grow their locks  
Have this maniacal type trepidation.  
...And when not meeting to receive the aural abuse  
Worship does not end!  
Each devotee has his own eclectic bible  
Some with more volumes than the next  
Many have similar source of inspiration  
Although there are naught that are identical.  
Any of those outside the brotherhood shalt not  
Understand our ways and we should not expect this  
Not until the day when darkness and light are truly one  
This is not bad for we do not need them!  
...Our....will...is...our own...  
We are already in a situation that's inflamed  
mainstream censors  
Fuck you megalomaniacs - we can thrive without you.  
We may not have your money or your health  
But we are free from greed, our intrinsic sociology  
We don't need your money - or input!  
There are many half-breeds who are not enlightened,  
Those who understand but do not love  
Those who see, understand, but do not feel.  
We accept them, and in many cases support those of  
half-light  
But they shall never visit our inner sanctum.  
This shall be kept so precious, such is the disturbing

delight,  
Giving us light when its dark  
helping us to find where our misgivings lie.  
Giving us dreams and support, source of oneiric  
omniscience  
Helping us challenge each plight  
selecting and directing our precipitous lives.  
.....I suffer adrenaline crimes...its metal that makes me  
so high!  
I scream as I thrash my head, bowing to me god.....  
So....honour - metals - pride!

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