

## Requiem

# "Diary Of A Damaged Brain"

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Things I have done should never be told  
I must write them down as I grow old  
This part of me I must hide from you  
You could not believe these things that I do  
Just a regular guy, eat, drink and sleep  
But like that cliché, still waters run deep  
It's not really me who does these bad things  
The voices inside make me a puppet on strings

On strings...

The nightmares I have of blood and pain  
Haunt me each night and torture my brain  
It was me but not me that did what I did  
I know what awaits me, a coffin with a lid  
You'll never understand how I went this far  
Maybe after I'm gone they'll make me a star  
Make a movie about me and the things I have done  
With the moral just being: "Thank God he is gone!"

Society won't take any part of the blame  
It's simpler for them just to call me insane  
They'll keep asking themselves how I do what I do

Diary of a... diary of a... diary of a damaged brain  
Diary of a... diary of a... diary of a damaged brain  
Diary of a... diary of a... diary of a damaged brain  
Diary of a... diary of a... diary of a damaged brain

I wish I could let you know who I am  
I am forced to move on, to follow their plan  
I need to be stopped before more people get hurt  
I long for that final day, to rest in the dirt

Rest in the dirt...

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