

[Halford/Tilse/Travis]

Closed into self asylum,  
On ice that's paper thin.  
Wrapped up for good protection.  
Keep that from getting in.

The shadows bring the shelter,  
Some refuge from the storm.  
Brakes on the helter skelter,  
To let these nerves reform.

Retreat out of the mad house,  
Stop foaming at the mouth.  
Hang up this strange behavior,  
Cut through the overgrowth.

Watch from a safer distance,  
Observe the next offense.  
See how the hands do murder,  
Then try to make some sens.

Black vision  
Dead body  
Oppression

Shock system  
Explosive  
Depression

Disaster  
Malignant  
Infection

Inhuman  
Sadistic  
Rejection

These acts of tender mercies,  
Work on the purest soul.  
They tease and trap remorseless,  
Till six feet in the ground.

Shut down till all is silent,  
Be still this seething blood.  
Turn off, release the trigger,  
Let numbness do some good