

Committed

One-Eyed Doll

Just another mental patient
How I wish this room was vacant
Can't seem to break through these padded walls
Kicking screaming drooling biting
They say there's no use in fighting
So many white coats can't elude them all
One more mark against society
Can't you see I'm not a threat
I'm no simple proletarian
You haven't bled my spirit yet
Locked up in this nuthouse crying
All these drugs my brain in frying
Doctors say the lunatic needs more
Lock me up they must sedate me
Poke me prod me irritate me
No choice but to be the needle's whore
One more mark against society
Can't you see I'm not a threat
I'm no simple proletarian
You haven't bled my spirit yet
To be a sheep; a blissful guinea pig
Ignorance is your god, too
Society awaits with open arms
We'll brainwash your demons out of you

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