

# X-Ray Mind

## Mad Season

Do the laughs die when  
One such as I run  
And allow myself  
Time for own true needs  
When convincing me  
That you're on my team  
May not lie to me  
But not mentioning So sit back and have  
An hysterical  
Laugh at tiny holes  
Buy and trade men's souls  
X-ray mind reads plenty  
Worth no more than pennies You, they, it or what  
Have been fair, I thought  
May you never free  
You from you or me  
See the more I think  
I'm afraid to blink  
I don't move an inch  
Slowly draining me  
Hire a spy and bug me  
Pimp your friends for money  
Rich and growing sicker  
Sell the dead ones quicker  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>