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The world is full of people, so many people - yet I am alone!
I am nobody, no one, not special. No real talents do I own.

Misunderstood, judged - even though most don't even know who I really am. Isolated, solitary, about me you won't give a damn.

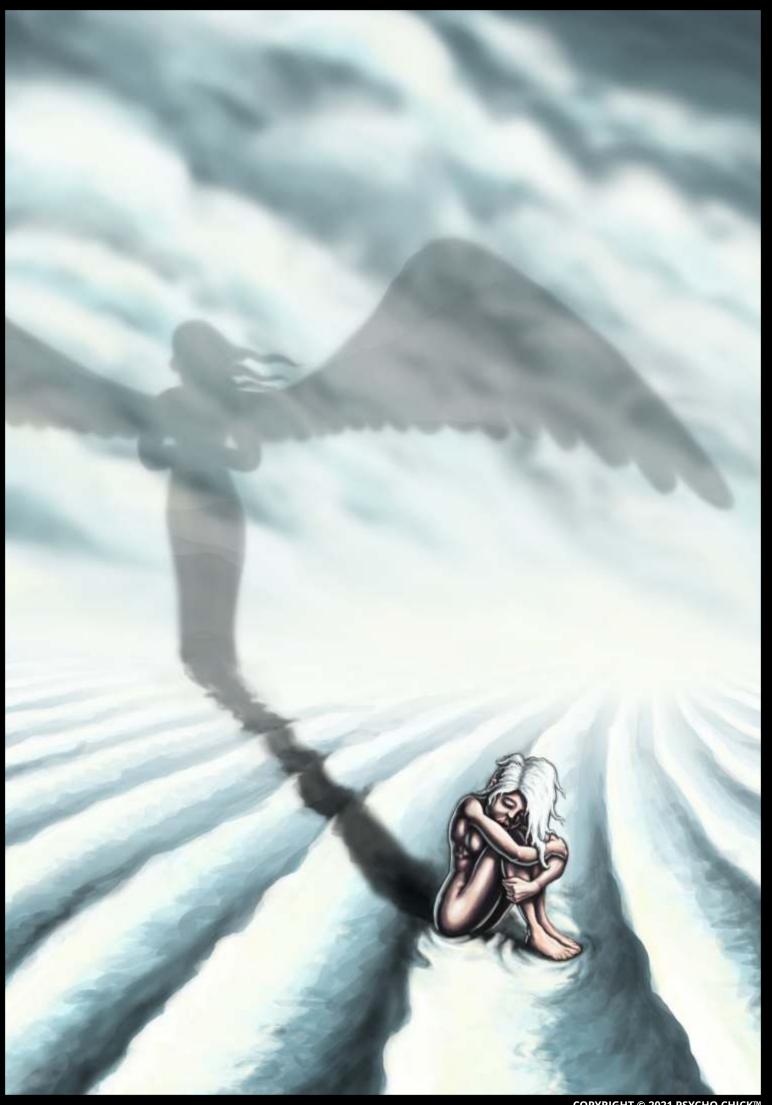
Learning to blend in, disappear - the social camouflage.

Don't look at me; don't notice me - don't me with your trendy-slavery barrage.
Could anyone ever know how I feel in this lonely abyss?

If I weren't here, you would me barely miss.

I am nobody, I am no one, alone - you will me ignore -

For I am just a girl, merely the Girl Next Door.



Through the small windows of my eyes the light of freedom does shine.

The black walls of incarceration stifle me as I do my time.

I am silenced by self - solitary confinement;

Trapping me, a caged animal, until it tames and falls in alignment.

I will not allow this murky prison to break my spirit, my being!
You will let down your barricade; I will escape this restraining scene.

You can try keeping me in this smothering space bound,
But, you know release is always imminent as soon as a reason is found.

Your attempts are futile to prosecute me, sentence me and send me to death row.

I am going to be released and then Psycho Chick from your whimpering normalness will flow!



I can sometimes feel It coming, slowly festering like symptoms worse than the flu.

Sometimes It is more sudden - like flipping a switch, rushing out of the blue.

I labour to keep It at bay, keep It barred....

Patrolling these corridors of my emotions, keep up my guard.

Empty halls echoing - the pain, the anger, the hate....

Why am I so alone, well, except for this cell mate?

Doing time together, me as enforcer, It... HER as criminal.

My baton of self-control will keep her in line, her actions to a minimal.

Yet, why do I feel like this, as if there is something wrong with me?

So alone, suppressed, sentenced with her, never to be free!



Oh come on! I want out! I want out!
I promise I will behave; me you
cannot doubt!

Just turn the key, look the other way, open the gate.

I will not your saintly naivety infiltrate!

Please, I am desperate. Do you wish me to plead and beg?

I am not too haughty; this Tartarus condemnation has taken me down a peg!

I want to feel the divine embracing arms of exemption,

I will surrender, grant you rights of pre-emption.

You can seize it all - the attitude, the passion, the sense of justice, the violence....

Just free me, you will hardly notice me. I will revel in my freedom, in silence. I am master over my own stronghold, over this vessel.

I am in recovery now, I no longer with my demon have to wrestle!
I am warden. I am guardian. I am protector. I am sentry.

I am now not ruled by emotion, I am guided by logic aplenty!
I can be whoever I want to be!
I am in control, she will never be free.

The contrition of my inner sanctuary is to sorrow over my transgression.

Tears wash my soul clean - my saline confession,

The holy sacrament of my penance is revealed by my broken heart;
My absolution only granted if I from Psycho Chick will part!



Do I not cry these tears with you? This broken heart - I share, is it not mine too?

Do I not comfort you when you feel there is no hope?

Do I not pick up and bear your crucifix, so you can cope?

Am I not strong when you are weak? I resonate out of your mouth, when you cannot defend yourself, cannot speak!

Through your darkest, bleakest places I am your guide -

Standing as your shield, your rock, when you choose to hide.

When you are too scared and you want to take flight,

I step in as warrior, I am your fight!



Down girl, down! You evil Psycho Chick! You will not me with your serpentine words trick! Just because I preach love and not war, Does not mean I am weak and I cannot defend myself anymore! Oh mercy, here I go again, why am I alone in this humanity? What is wrong with me?? Arguing with myself - the insanity! People do not conduct themselves like this. What am I - a freak? Shut up Psycho Chick, not a word dare from you leak! I am tired of your psychotic madness that keeps rearing its demonic head! I just want a sense of normalness, but I have YOU! THIS instead!



Oh my dear prodigal child, you know you cannot me deny!

I could never leave you; to you I will never lie!

My embrace is comforting, my light liberating, inviting and warm.

My wisdom the tree of life, shelter from the storm.

I am everything you want to be, your forbidden fruit.

My very being, firmly in you has taken root!

I am your shepherd, you shall never want;

Why travel on the "broad and spacious" by putting on a "normal" front?

I will lead you to greener pastures albeit in a little flock.

My door will be opened to you, should you persistently knock!



You disguise yourself as an angel of light -

Get behind me Satan, for today I do not with you wish to fight!

You can attempt to deceive me, try to make me sin,

But, I will keep watch over you, today you will not win!

I am not, nor will I ever again become psycho.

You cannot tempt me from my conviction never to let you go!
I will not accept your encumbersome yoke!

I am not a Psycho Chick and about such matters I will not joke!

I have my past behind me put, from my former ways I have repented, So quit this whole idea, from your evil course I have relented!



Such cruel, unkind words only speak of your anguish!

Your feelings of not fitting in, been different, in self-pity make you languish!

You may my comfort, my way, my truth, now shirk...

However, I know what other demons in your dungeons lurk!

You pretend that you have recovered and you no longer hurt or feel pain, I know that HE is still your ultimate bane!

You love him, you hate him, you want him and you don't!

You would take him back and you cannot say you won't!

You pretend that you have changed; of course you aren't me, a Psycho Chick,

Because you think you could stand a chance with that idiot, Prick With No Dick!



Na-na-na-nah! I cannot hear your continuous, arrogant prattle!
I have long conquered my feelings with them I no longer battle!
It is better to have loved and lost...
Than be you, I will stop you at all cost!
I have moved on, entered the dating game -

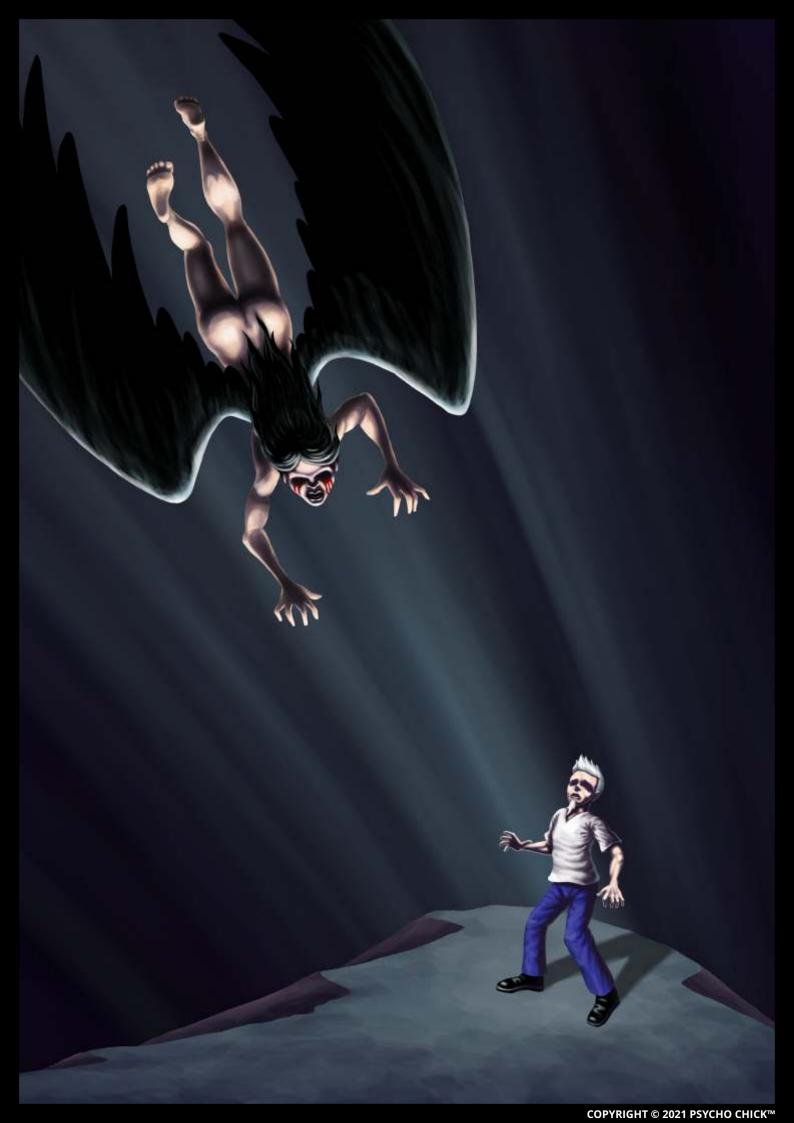
Acting out and becoming overemotional is not for me, it is rather lame!

On the path of righteousness my feet now walk,

I have no need of your saviour, so stop with your sacrilege talk! In fact, I saw Prick With No Dick, just the other day...

It did not perturb me that he was with another woman, I just hid away!





I scoff at your blind faith, let me show you a true vision,

You may think it was a dream, a Déjà vu moment but you can make your own decision.

Remember I was there, always am, when you saw your ex
I felt what you felt and the sight of him started you to vex.

As those feelings in limbo manifested themselves - jealousy at the forefront - rottenness to the bone;

I took control of your snivelling weakness and took your body on loan!

I felt and was possessed by your satisfaction, delight and glee,
As Prick With No Dick stumbled and fell at the sight of us and tried to flee!
You praised me, cheered me on and sang hallelujahs at my coming!
We reigned righteous indignation, divine judgement upon him, sending Prick With No Dick running!

NO! You are mistaken, that was but a dream-

It never really happened, why do you blaspheme?

You belong to your father, the Devil, you lie!

I should just curse you and rather die! It is no longer a matter of to be or not to be,

I do not want to become you and I will finally be me!

The truth will liberate me and be your deciding fate!

I will call Prick With No Dick and set this matter straight!

I know you are trying to deceive me and I will prove you a liar once and for all... You will be hurled down to the deepest recesses of my being, never to see the light of day and never to make me again fall!



...There, there, now, now, don't cry my child.

I will sort that Prick With No Dick out, he had no right to go so wild! You are not alone, you never were! I am with you every time your anger does stir.

I have been trying to tell you all along,

That out of something good, you, nothing can come out that is evil or wrong!

I am your light, your saviour, your guide!

I am always here and when you get hurt, I will never by that abide!
We are one, we are intertwined, a mutual symbioses,

You need me, I need you to survive our complicated psychosis!



As I pulled myself toward myself,
I realize that within me was a horde of
great wealth!

I am The Girl Next Door - soft, feminine, caring;

I am Psycho Chick - strong, angry and daring!

As I wiped the tears away, I raised my eyes and Look! As far as the eye could see -

A great crowd, which was not easy to number, out of all nations, tribes and tongues - women just like me!
All coming out - joining the Psycho Revolution!

Rather than fight their inner self, they find the same solution -

To accept who you are, be all you can be-

And every now and then allow your Psycho Chick to roam free!

