How Does It Feel?

Twiztid

[Chorus 1x]How does it feel to be you?
How does it feel to feel the way you do?
Its so decessive.
And I dont care if you like or you hate me.
I know you motherfuckers bound to underrate me.
[Jamie Maddrox]Lookin through the window as the moon strikes the ground.
Wind blowin into the trees makin irriating sounds.
Like the boys in the back of my head, but im immune.
To the confined, but dragulous tune.
Night grave man made ?
Childs of the night sendin shocks through your body.
Fatter than papperazzi
Speak softly or back up of me.
? before I gaze in your eyes and blow your mind.
Sickness!
What I depicted is ? and addicted.
Frequently being described as being twiztid.
Or wicked.
Predicted many sites scene happenings alikes.
Perform on a daily in disguise.
Sinister tell the minister.
To bless my soul.
Momma maybe mine broke and went outta control.
Smash the remote control.
Through television screens.
Blame it on a movie or a dream.
Its all the same.
Mind games even apologies paralyzed.
Swollen little brain mismerized.
Then he dies.
Left only in a world full of hate.
Body rots away, what is mine incubates.
[Chorus 1x][Monoxide Child]They label me a paranoid schizophrenic.
Known on this planet.
For two things, talkin shit and automatic.

Mind gets tragical a little walk through the woods.
Bury you alive if I could.
Mobbin through the hood.

With a body in the trunk.
Unidentified cause he's known as a chump.
I hear him keep talkin junk.
In my ear.
But nobody else can hear.
I look around and Im feelin weird.
Palms are sweaty im bout to black out.
Last chance, but nothin can stop this twiztid sprout.
Im all about, mad cussin.
Fuck you and you the red ?
Me goin mack on the school crush.
Turnin bitches to dust.
And when I recite your fucks die.
Like I'm ? the night I let your soul fly.
So high, that I never touch ground.
Make it so your bodies never found.
Another unsolved mystery.
Lookin for some nobody.
Every single night on T.V.
Tryin to get me to see.
My eyes closed and rolled back.
Holdin in thoughts deep in my mind bout a carjack.
Another great found layin in the street.
People just kept movin they feet.
Treated like a freak, so how am I suppose to act?
So when you see me mother fucker be prepared for the ax.
[Chorus 1x][Jamie Maddrox]There go a vampire hung with a 9 millameter.
Are souls are blessed by Mary ? and St. Peter.
It'll be the place, but I call it the host.
Am I dead or alive, or just a ghost.
??? midrange.
Two dollars and some change.
But for future insanity.
But im feelin so insane.
Got a migraine, headache.
My stomach.....

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/