PunkinHed

Boondox

You cannot even envision in the darkest cathoclisms
Of your fucking mind as its throws you into aneurysms
It's got your blood clotting and your fucking veins rotting
The very sound of my name has got you grave plotting
Cause I was brought into this wold up on a mission
And a voodoo ritual got my fucking ass up and kicking
And high stepping bout to turn this bitch red
Coming up out the ground just like the return of the living dead
I'm feigning for your brains and I'm as sick as the fever
Try to fuck with a monster you better leave it to beaver
Cause I'm coming for your life you been marked by the beast
I'm going to eat your fucking soul so be prepared to be deceasedChorus
Close your eyes turn around
And say my name
A drop of blood on the ground
For every drop of pain
No turning back now it's done
Everything is said
I am evil
I am pain
I am the PunkinHedThirty seven years cold and resting in the pieces
Skin falling off the bone and maggots stuck in the creases
Got me feeling pissed off and on some whole other level
Now I'm summoned from hell to do the work of the devil
A crucifix in my pocket from another place and time
I was found but now I'm lost
I could see but now I'm blind
Blinded to the fact I'll never walk inside the light
Now i wait inside the darkness til I'm called out by the night
I'm a fucking nursery rhyme on the school playground
Jumping rope throwing rocks little kids play round
Screaming out my name pray not to wake up dead
Put a cross on your front door to keep away the PunkinhedChorusCross my heart and hope to die
Please stick a needle in my eye
To keep me blinded to the sight
When PunkinHed appears tonightChorus

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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