# 12

## Brian Tracy

Awake awake awake awake
Revenge is mine
Twelve people will die tonight
Guilty guilty guilty
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Guilty guilty guilty
Now I've woken, been reborn
Though I have just until dawn
I remember every face
Spirits show me every place
First one sleeps inside his bed
Place my fingers on his head
To each temple, push and smother
Till my fingers touch each other
Next one makes love to his wife
Only wish to take his life
For his family's done no wrong
Place his children on the lawn
Tell the Mrs. leave the room
Lest she wish to witness doom
Grab the squirmy, filthy goat
And shove the dresser down his throat
I must quickly use my gift
Next to work the midnight shift
Drinking coffee in the back
I will listen to them chat
Hear them speaking of my death
Hear the laughter in their breath
But the laughter quickly died
When their heads collide
You're gonna die
You're gonna die
You're gonna die
You're gonna die
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You're gonna die
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You're gonna die
You're gonna die

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You're gonna die
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Now my anger's growing worse
Next one's working as a nurse
Have to make a doctor's call
Drag my body down the hall
Grab a scalpel and a blade
Time to play the nurse's aid
Operate, then strap her down
Carve her face into a clown
Killed another, then three more
Now we're down to only four
This man drives a taxi cab
'Nother wicked life to grab
Screaming that he thought I'd died
Let's go for a taxi ride
In the wreck of twisted steel
The steering wheel becomes his meal
This man watches his TV
Scanning channels endlessly
Stops at station fourty four
It's the wicked clown show
Watch me juggle, watch me dance
In 3D watch me enhance
Watch me crawl out from the screen
And squeeze your neck until you're green
You're gonna die
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You're gonna die
You're gonna die
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You're gonna die
You're gonna die
Time time time time
Time time time time
Time time time time
Even though there's just one left
I feel my bones becoming stiff
And now I wander endlessly
The spirits have abandoned me
My limbs are falling piece by piece
My ears and fingers in the street
But still you see no morning sun
And here's my victim's early run
Quickly grab him from behind
Round his neck with fishing twine
Keep him still and pull the string
Watch his head go bobbling
Listen to my riddle song
Even though my crime was wrong
Murder me just for your law
And I'll be back for all of y'all
You're gonna die
You're gonna die
You're gonna die
You're gonna die
You're gonna die
You're gonna die
And I'll be back for all a y'all
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