Wax Museum

Insane Clown Posse

Greeting, welcome to the gypsy of fortunes
Your coin was very much appreciated
And now I shall grant you your futureIt seems my cards of Tarot have dealt you a very odd hand
A hand of six jokers card, this is very rare
And suggest something neusant is approaching
You should be visited by a dark circus
A circus that holds pain and anguishThis traveling mass of evil will leave your corpse to rot
While entrapping your soul to displayed at future stops
Oh, yes, you should also be aware that it is your own evil doings
That have brought about this carnival's visitAll of the sins and hatred you have cast during your life
Have whipped and spun into form, the form of one
One who leads this gruesome parade of pain into your life
One sinister beast, one known only as RingmasterWelcome ladies and gentlemen to the museum, the wax museum
Thousands of dead souls covered in wax
All of the rare exhibits you are about to encounter
Are strange and wondrous creations of the one
And the only leader of them all
So both dead and undead, please welcome the Ringmaster
Purpose, question, killThe ICP is of the Ringmaster
And the Ringmaster's of the attunes of mankind
Gya, motherfucker, now you gotta face your worst enemy
And that's yourself
Every wicked thing you've ever done has come back now
And it's gonna whip your little ass, bitchboyUs, we're just clowns
We just work for the Ringmaster
With the wave of his magic wand
I step forward, wind back
And swing this battle axe
Upside your motherfucking head, oohSo step right up 'cause the Ringmaster
Takes you on the ride of your life
Horror and fear, smiles and tears
And oh, ever so over doThe Ringmaster rises up and lifts across the sky
Through the forest and down the river
Along the valley, over the hill
And down the trail and up the sidewalk
Only to surprise you and yours
At your very front door, let's go, motherfuckers

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