

Pass The Ax

Dark Lotus

We would like to invite you on a journey
A tale of an instrument of death
Watch us as we pass the axe. I took the axe off the shelf in the tool shed
It's telling me I gotta fuckin' bloody the misled
My victim approached
Cut her head off at the throat
She was a hooker with AIDS
Spreading disease like it was dope
Cut the head off her pimp
Before he started to trash talk
Two bodies in my trunk and police on a manhunt
I'm on the noose again
They chasing me for blocks
Seen a homie on the street
So I passed the axe to Madrox I took the axe
What the fuck am I supposed to do with that?
It's all bloody
And it looks like its been in and out of someone's back
Gristle on the handle, blood dripping down the neck
So I grabbed that bitch like back
Who want to get half fed up by the half with
Who got a gang of problems
And don't give half a shit, bitch
You can fall victim to the double headed fury
Don't be scared, be worried, man. Pass me something sharp and wicked
And I'll pass it back
Don't worry I'll pass it back (I'll hack you)
It's raining, the rain is dark and wicked
And I'll pass it back
Don't worry I'll pass it back. (I'll hack you) I took the axe back to the shed where I stay
Cleaned off the blood and then sharpened up the blade
Waited 'til dark and then ran through the hood
And chopped up drunk bums like they're blocks of wood
I can't see myself stopping, if I do then I'm dead
And the only way I'm dying is if I sever my own head
Grip on the tip, so my nub won't slip
And I'm about to fuckin' pass it to the hands of 2 Dope bitch I took the axe and swung it through like butter
When I cut ya back you better run, duck, and cover.
You know your jugular well, it's gone

I blacked out last night, realized in the morning
Gotta dig another hole in the backyard
Run get me a shovel, it ain't that hard
Understand I got a hairpin trigger wrist
When I squeeze it off, haha, you get the gist. Pass me something sharp and wicked (Pass it over here)
And I'll pass it back
Don't worry I'll pass it back ('ll hack you)
It's raining, the rain is dark and wicked (Pass it over here)
And I'll pass it back
Don't worry I'll pass it back ('ll hack you) I took the axe
Perhaps I had a relapse
I seen a pretty pretty neck
And I couldn't relax
I cut through it
I throw knives with precision
But it's nothing like the feeling
Of committing the incision
Flip it over, a radio programmer
Pound his head into a bloody pizza
With a hammer
Threw it into the sky and let it stick in my back
And passed out at Monoxide's front porch like that. I took the axe and lost my fucking mind
On this cop who pulled up behind me
I handcuffed him on the side of the street
And started smacking em with it like I was making a beat
Oh God!
Another cop pulled up
So I grabbed the same axe and planted it in his forehead
Two more dead, bloody and dismembered
Now it's back in the shed and that's all I remember. Pass me something sharp and wicked
And I'll pass it back
Don't worry I'll pass it back ('ll hack you)
It's raining, the rain is dark and wicked (I'll throw it right back to you)
And I'll pass it back
Don't worry I'll pass it back ('ll hack you) The axe that split so many backs
Its back to the tool shed to relax
Peep that
So many failed with no tale to tell.
And it's only remembered by the stain that they left
On the axe

Songwriters

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