Thy Raven's Mirror

Insane Clown Posse

WE BE DOING MURDER EVERYDAY, WE BE GOOD ENOUGH TO GET AWAY, YOU WONT EVEN KNOW
A WICKED CLOWN HAS HIT THE DOOR, UNTIL YOUR MELON HIT THE FLOOR AND ROLL AWAYHow can i stop myself from murdering your neck, Methadone and Prozak only keep me in check, as soon as its gone, Im gonna KILL! And that was my last refill dog Dammit! I drink litium and I dont even know whut it is, only reason why you diss on me is because you want a sip! Every time I drink it, I piss out a laser, and cut holes in the wall with my dick phaser, Ima do time I asume, I bitch slapped the judge right out his own court room, then I took the bench, and sentenced myself, eternal happiness and good health mother fucko, mother fucko, mother fucko, I represent the Hatchet, I see you eye ball lookin' at me Ima snatch it, and whip it to the garbage can down the hall, then kick you in the ass as you search and crawl for itWE BE DOING MURDER EVERYDAY, WE BE GOOD ENOUGH TO GET AWAY, YOU WONT EVEN KNOW
A WICKED CLOWN HAS HIT THE DOOR, UNTIL YOUR MELON HIT THE FLOOR AND ROLL AWAYYou know Jamie Madrox rapped about something like this only I never really thought about how horrible it really is, laying in a coffin, in a pine black box, the only sign bein that of my heart if Im alive, But Ive got no pulse of every breath for days I remember the crash and after that its a haze, but I do recall the funeral, them lowering me in, it was about that time when my souls kicked back in, I tried to move my fingers or somethin', got nothin but dirt hittin' the top from them shoveling, Im fucked. Its been at least two weeks but I dont keep time, I just lay here motionless in this rotting body of mine, I tried fantasy reals and dreaming my way out, it only leads to mind panicking and torturing thoughts about running and breathing will it ever really happen again , please God, heaven or hell just let something begin

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