

# Valentine's Day Massacre (1997 version)

## Swollen Members

Slightly schizophrenic borderline psychotic  
Sensational recreational narcotics  
I thought I lost it but I found it  
Temptation marches along till I'm surrounded  
Inspired by fire the sensual illusion  
Caught between the crossfire anger and confusion  
Howl at the moon black blanket that's starlit  
I'm rarely romantic plowing through tramps  
And harlots madchild prevails tails of the unwanted  
Not to be taken for granted  
My past has come back and haunted for real  
I've all ready danced with death. a dozen black roses  
I pose with babies breath  
Be afraid a place where magic is made  
I'll rain on your parade with silver razor blades  
I'm creepin' over the fence crawlin' through your back yard  
My mind states intense  
Savage penetration on the rocks with a twist  
Now scream and shake your fists  
Cause dreams are made of this For real the opposite transmit telepathic  
Roamin' the flats with automatics and back packs  
Doin' jacks for Big Macs, accumulatin' stacks to make G's  
Nigga please, you artificial You dropped somethin', it's your heart  
An' it's still pumpin', pumpin' you from this existence  
It seems to be absolutely mandatory, 'cause you be manipulin' skin  
But no way, because you fake I can trace out your image  
Even though you don't cast one, I smell a rat, I'm smellin' that  
Stay back at least 150 inches,  
You brew tea? an I know you know I can sense it  
With the nostrils innocently mixed with 6 hostile stenches  
Henceforth the elbow swings dinging, we bring whip to bleed scalps  
Swingin' sleep out your mouth  
How long you been hibernatin'? Too long!  
You're abiding and aiding a felon, to switch your melon  
Droppin' grammar like a judges hammer  
I feel you mark, feel me feel your chart  
You gotta be real an you gotta to have heart  
You gotta to be real an you gots to have heart Stir the blur, nuts and bolts whirl  
Stored in electric ports, 4 strong boxes of 10 floors

Shift the weight towards the door, in hopes of escape  
When hands on cord, the blazing roof Prev creates  
Sound break, concord, eye of the condor  
Hand skills of a saboteur, your in for  
A war that pours coarse of molten into cords  
Strung by the young ones, put me on tour  
No folk lore horsemen for poison, pour in skin pores

Songwriters

GUTTER, DAVE/ROODS, JON/MC NABOE, TONY/ALBEE, SPENCER  
Published by  
Lyrics © EMI Music Publishing Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnyrics.com/>