

Hell's Forecast

Icp (insane Clown Posse)

Somethin' has woke my a thump on my roof
It was followed by crashin', more thumpin' ensued
I jumped out of my bed thinkin' I'd been invaded
Heard smashin', more poundin', the sound escalated
Looked out of my window, blood dripped down the glass
I see bodies lay twisted and mangled on grass
I ran into thy main room and Shaggy was dead
So was Nate the Mac, Jumpsteady and ABK
Bolted out of thy house to see if it's a joke
I heard hundreds of car alarms, saw flames and smoke
And the sky above red, I see dead bodies fallin'
It's rainin' with corpses the blood is appallin'
Mama told me when it rains it pours
But never mentioned dead bodies, dead bodies
Mama told me when it rains it pours
La de da da de la da de, dead bodies
I never seen so many horrified looks on people's faces
(The blood is appallin')
I hope I never see what all them people saw
And put them in there places layed down
(The blood is appallin')
The sun was so hot, so hot I was burnin'
Dead bodies lay randomly some stack in piles
On all of there faces pour horror, no smiles
I see children and elders and ninjas my age
All lay naked and mangled, most withered for days
I found safety a shelter I'm under a tree
Only fingers and organs come fallin' on me
I lay sleepless for days as the rainin' continued
The heat of thy sun bakin' corpses like food
Then it finally stopped I walk knee deep in blood
Over piles of bodies threw what was my hood
It was right at that moment the wraith had appeared
And thy message it left me might sound kind of weird
But take all that I'm seein' and opposite that
Truth is I'm thy one dead and this is my Hell's pit

Lyrics provided by

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