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Miusha

Awake awake awake awake Revenge is mine Twelve people will die tonight Guilty guilty guilty Guilty guilty guilty Guilty guilty guilty Now I've woken, been reborn Though I have just until dawn I remember every face Spirits show me every place First one sleeps inside his bed Place my fingers on his head To each temple, push and smother Till my fingers touch each other Next one makes love to his wife Only wish to take his life For his family's done no wrong Place his children on the lawn Tell the Mrs. leave the room Lest she wish to witness doom Grab the squirmy, filthy goat And shove the dresser down his throat I must quickly use my gift Next to work the midnight shift Drinking coffee in the back I will listen to them chat Hear them speaking of my death Hear the laughter in their breath But the laughter quickly died When their heads collide You're gonna die You're gonna die

You're gonna die You're gonna die You're gonna die You're gonna die You're gonna die You're gonna die You're gonna die Now my anger's growing worse Next one's working as a nurse Have to make a doctor's call Drag my body down the hall Grab a scalpel and a blade Time to play the nurse's aid Operate, then strap her down Carve her face into a clown Killed another, then three more Now we're down to only four This man drives a taxi cab 'Nother wicked life to grab Screaming that he thought I'd died Let's go for a taxi ride In the wreck of twisted steel The steering wheel becomes his meal This man watches his TV Scanning channels endlessly Stops at station fourty four It's the wicked clown show Watch me juggle, watch me dance In 3D watch me enhance Watch me crawl out from the screen And squeeze your neck until you're green You're gonna die You're gonna die

You're gonna die You're gonna die Time time time Time time time Time time time Even though there's just one left I feel my bones becoming stiff And now I wander endlessly The spirits have abandoned me My limbs are falling piece by piece My ears and fingers in the street But still you see no morning sun And here's my victim's early run Quickly grab him from behind Round his neck with fishing twine Keep him still and pull the string Watch his head go bobbling Listen to my riddle song Even though my crime was wrong Murder me just for your law And I'll be back for all of y'all You're gonna die And I'll be back for all a y'all

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