The Killing Fields

Insane Clown Posse

Laying in my bed, I think of many horror tales
Yet I barely move, my bed is made of nails
I try to roll, my skin slowly tears away
My flesh is stuck to my bed as I begin my dayWalking out the house, this morning, the sky is red
The streets are crowded with the bodies of the living dead
They're trying to die, they're leaping off of roof tops
Uh, they only scream in pain as their body flopsI'd rather stay inside my home and only pray to die
But my house is been on fire since like '85
I can only stand a night of the fatal smoke
But see you never die, you only burn and chokeAnd so I leave out the house and walk the land
Wild pigs run and feed off the dying man
And look around you, there's bodies hanging from the trees
But they're not dying, they're only crying, "Please"I hear the thunder in the sky, so I run in hide
The deadly rain may soon come down, you got to get inside
The lunatics see the lightning, they're screaming, yes
It's raining blood, the streets are a bloody messAbout once or twice a week though it thunder storms
That's when giant heavy red and black clouds form
It's raining blood, livers, and kidneys from the sky
Prepare 'cause when you die, you're coming to the killing fieldsWhat shall that be? What shall that be?
When that fine moment comes
When the curtains are drawn, the windows are shut
The doors close and you've written what you've writtenYou said it, that's it, what will you look to be?
What about it, mister, when you've had your last beer
You laughed at family and laughed at your little wife
She begged you not to go out to that barAs I feed off a dead pig, I'm thinking back
To when I had a heart beat, and how I would act
I would steal from the poor, I'd laugh at the sick
But in the killing fields, you get your fucking neck rippedSo as I walk along, I meet a lot of strange folks
Some people with no eyes, and gashed open throats
And if they notice your eyeballs are working well
They try to dig 'em out your skull, and go for selfNow in the summertime, it's like a whole 'nother realm
Water victims, fire and oceans overwhelm
To walk outside, the heat will surely cook your brains
Try to run across the street your hair will burst in flamesVictims in a panic run from the heated light
Underneath the city, into the sewer pipes
Into the fire storm this becomes your new land
But there's no food, so you feed off the other menAnd now it's been seven months, I'm barely fed
I chase a billy, billy goat with a human's head
He's steady screaming, "Let me be! Let me be!"

But while I chase him there's another demon chasing meAll of time moves backwards, I'm growing old
And the clouds are burning fire, and so I'm told
That there's a lot of living souls such as the rich
That choose to live like a bitch, I'll see you in the killing fieldsYou've had your big time of lust and sin and filth
What is the end going to be when you realize that time is up?
You've crossed the finish line going in the wrong direction
What shall it be? What about it, ya man?
When you spent your life in a few years time?
You're burned out shell at 25 years of age
What shall it be? What about it?You could go to hell, what shall it be?
You could go to hell, what shall it be?
You could go to hell, what shall it be?
You could go to hell, what shall it be?
You could go to hellCome, come on down, down
Come, come on down, down
Come, come on down, down
Come, come on down, downCome, come on down, down
Come, come on down, down
Come, come on down, down
Come, come on down, down

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