

# 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 day  
Walking 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 flops  
I'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 choke  
And 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 mess  
About 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 fields  
What 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 written  
You 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 bar  
As 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 ripped  
So 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 self  
Now 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 flames  
Victims 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 men  
And 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 me  
All 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 fields  
You'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 hell  
Come, come on down, down  
Come, come on down, down  
Come, come on down, down  
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