

# Buckets of Blood

## Twiztid

Madrox:  
Bloody body  
Laughing like an old man  
Only lovely amongst the ruins and waste lands  
Vision of hell  
Skin so splattered  
Rampage with a staff like wizard of old days  
Blood and thorns  
Pray for a quick death  
The sick world reborn and left in front of your doorstep  
Kill the killer  
Retribution  
Climb aboard  
See what faith's hand has in store for your brutal massacre  
Better sign a death note  
As the wicked man fear make a bargain for your soul  
In a portrait of a serial killer living or dead  
Try to muffle many screams of anguish within his headChorus:  
In the blood inside (I'm bleeding through every cut)  
How many buckets of blood? How many buckets of blood?  
In the blood inside (I'm bleeding through every cut)  
How many buckets of blood? How many buckets of blood?  
More blood, more death, less peace in the streets  
What they scream as they hover over me in my dreams  
More blood, more death, less peace in the streets  
What they scream as they hover over me in my dreamsMonoxide:  
Now I'm a psycho killer with no mask on  
Personality change disorder your whole faction  
Fractions of the pieces I let 'em find  
And captions written in blood inscribed behind  
Refrigerators in the new temple describe the climb  
And the video of me doing it to fuck up your mind  
Better retreat while you can or render in my axes  
The evil with open hands of the unspeakable man  
And now I own your evil growing  
Your DNA has been stolen, cloned,  
And frozen and placed inside of the Chosen  
Your guns are nothing  
Better run from something

That can summon you to your knees and end all of your sufferingChorus:

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How many buckets of blood? How many buckets of blood?  
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How many buckets of blood? How many buckets of blood?  
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More blood, more death, less peace in the streets  
What they scream as they hover over me in my dreamsMonoxide:  
Sick to death capture what's left  
Of a killer on a rampage leaving a bloody mess  
No one can stop this evil that transcends  
In my brain and ends in blood stains of your family and your  
Friends ain't no hostages  
You can die the same way all your partners didMadrox:  
Let the sun break  
Shed skin like a snake  
How they picture me  
Visions of my enemies beheading me  
Fantasy, say I'm living in the clouds  
Talk a lot of shit and make sure every bit of it's loud  
Evil's coming in the form of the twins  
Bringing hell to devour all your horrible sins  
'Cause the judgmental devil wanna make you bite your tongue  
And push you to the point where you truly don't give a fuck.Chorus:  
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How many buckets of blood? How many buckets of blood?  
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