Icp (insane Clown Posse)

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

57 1 1:

You're gonna die

You're gonna die

You're gonna die

You're gonna die

You're gonna die You're gonna die 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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