Wax Museum

Icp (insane Clown Posse)

Greeting, welcome to the gypsy of fortunes Your coin was very much appreciated And now I shall grant you your future It seems my cards of Tarot have dealt you a very odd hand A hand of six jokers card, this is very rare And suggest something neusant is approaching You should be visited by a dark circus A circus that holds pain and anguish This traveling mass of evil will leave your corpse to rot While entrapping your soul to displayed at future stops Oh, yes, you should also be aware that it is your own evil doings That have brought about this carnival's visit All of the sins and hatred you have cast during your life Have whipped and spun into form, the form of one One who leads this gruesome parade of pain into your life One sinister beast, one known only as Ringmaster Welcome ladies and gentlemen to the museum, the wax museum Thousands of dead souls covered in wax All of the rare exhibits you are about to encounter Are strange and wondrous creations of the one And the only leader of them all So both dead and undead, please welcome the Ringmaster Purpose, question, kill

The ICP is of the Ringmaster
And the Ringmaster's of the attunes of mankind
Gya, motherfucker, now you gotta face your worst enemy
And that's yourself
Every wicked thing you've ever done has come back now
And it's gonna whip your little ass, bitchboy
Us, we're just clowns
We just work for the Ringmaster
With the wave of his magic wand
I step forward, wind back
And swing this battle axe
Upside your motherfucking head, ooh
So step right up 'cause the Ringmaster
Takes you on the ride of your life
Horror and fear, smiles and tears

And oh, ever so over do
The Ringmaster rises up and lifts across the sky
Through the forest and down the river
Along the valley, over the hill
And down the trail and up the sidewalk
Only to surprise you and yours
At your very front door, let's go, motherfuckers

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