

Blaze ya Dead Homie "Children Of The Wasteland"

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help me!
in the casket, buried six feet deep
help me!!
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C'mon a journey with me into the land of the dead
Through the voices and mangled bodies and severed
heads
Children all there pray together, seeking out the light
After death will there be suffocating, self inflicted
torture, severe pain
Why does everybody think that when you die you go to
Heaven
When you die you go to Hell or when you die your
system fails
I'm living proof the dead can walk the Juggalo to party
store
Body mutilated, lined in chalk, 'cause I sit before I talk
Nevermind the consequences, 11 years I had no
fences
Here we go with no remorse, fans come with deadly
force
After, check the course, we the dead, we roam the
earth
the wasteland, now we burnt, I told ya bitch I can't be
hurt
So what, you're comin in my direction, frontin' there is
no protection
Say it's not makin sense, is it? And you know you fall a
victim
Guaranteed the same - eternity without end
Children roam this place forever - Children of the
wasteland
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Hallowicked, October 31st, is back again
With all the special freaks roaming, you're forgiven for
your sins
All the dead are resurrected, juggalos equally
protected
Follow the path of the lotus just to see where your life is
headed
Still watch out for all the children, rising up from
wasted land
Come one, come all, we all together with a hatchet in
our hand
Never understood the difference between life or death
'cause when we livin', we trippin, but when we gone, we
at rest
Woken up from the dead because I'm always in a panic
Runnin' through the neighborhood steady yellin'
Psychopathic
Uncontrollable state of mind, look in my eyes and you
will find
That the world's goin crazy 'cause the underground's
alive
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Every year at Hallowicked, dead walk amongst us
Children, tortured souls only get to feel reflect upon
the livin'
Every year I start the urgin, no reason to have to burn
the blood
Til the Lotus made the save and brought me back up
out my grave
Now your homey walk forever, lookin for a head to
sever
'cause our hatred never ends, even when I do you in
So you throw your home away, sacrifice and scratch
your wife
Demons from the elder's grave, when you blink, you
see your fate
Target chosen pull the trigger, in ya chest the bullets
enter
Out ya back, lungs explode and your brutal body falls

Now the's time out yo pockets, takin cash and goin for
watches
No time to argue, you might be rich, but where you
headed, you ain't shit
Once inside the gates you'll see all the pain and
suffering
Caused by you upon the earth, only six feet deep is
yours
All the killings and the crimes comin; back a thousand
times
You gon pay for all your crimes
Ain't no preachin til it's over
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