

## Hippos

### "I'm Not Happy '94"

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I'm getting between your nerves like leprosy  
Using mental salacity, my treachery trenches over  
centuries  
I never meant to be reincarnated  
Matter of fact if it was up to me I wish that I had never  
been created  
The twiggling swords hoards up in presto-boards  
walking through forbidden  
doors and then with inside of the walls  
People grimace when they witness business of the  
bloody instance  
So keep your distance, the smell of bodies is covered  
by incense  
I show no mercy blood splats up on my hockey jersey  
Similar to fuscions in rooms of emergency  
So fuck the gats I'll rather hit you with the axe  
Laugh while your skull cracks but I'm still not happy

(Chorus X2)

"All I really want is to be happy  
To find a love that's mine would be so sweet"

I'm turning red blood cells into dead blood cells  
Using microscopic utensils within your entrails  
Pushing the limit of your chromo sols  
Sitting on the throne made of human bones talking of  
mice up in a phone  
I walk alone into pandemonium diarising plutonium  
to build a bigger better stronger weapon  
I sense the presence of great evil  
so I erase and train every bit of the pabblesource  
conceivable  
Reading about the beginning of ending  
I'm sending the crucifier tending to your soul chrome  
accier  
Within the fire I eulogise planets term in demise  
Stealing energies and sending up, the planet dies  
And nothing could ever really make me give a fuck  
about  
Anything you care about so why even bother

The blood I spill could fill the entire New York harbour  
So hang the Holy Father and light the candle lava

(Chorus X2)

I'm still be killing myself to live right  
Could it even be it to explain the effects of the drugs on  
my brain?  
Nothing positive could influence the truth I take  
I'm dripping by the leg and dipody I instigate  
Without a doubt the bloody body count increases. It  
falls to pieces  
My mouth releases terminal diseases  
And everywhere you look there's another dead fucking  
schnook  
hanging from a bloody meat hook  
I always keep a smile on my face  
so I can hide what's really going on inside of my mind  
I feel nothing and therefore I am nothing  
I pry for on your suffering and there's nothing that  
makes you feel happy

(Chorus X2)

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