

House Of Krazees

"Dark Images"

Visit "[Dark Images](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

trippin,fuck it, the only heads i cant go, im goin down to
the cella token on the smoke,i got this pain in my heart
to my suprise,but im the killa im invisible to ya eyes,
high intenceity discharge, satanic cannablistic motha
fucka at large,runnin rapid bloodstains and brain cells
good or bad up or down heads or tails mind swells with
pollution and drug abuse retro horror music yo i gets
loose kill myself to live but i live to kill got the cross on
my heart so i guess i will who am i but then again who
are you who can explane all the things i do death is
calling i here the voice suicides the key theres no other
choice

parnoid fuck it expains my sentence to death but after
that its nothin left post mordom my bodys numb im
roamin by black shadows pass over graves and dark
mantals the wispers hear them off walls i can here
them comin motha fucka want me dead but i anit did
nothin deep thoughts and im greeve struck biograghy
horror feels you cant fuck with me bloodstains my
visions gone a grave walk my mind chit-chats with my
concence call it small talk cut me loose from this
maddness i cant take it the spirts told me hang in i cant
make it sands drippin from the hourglass i wait to
shake wether to change my mind escape from the
unknown thoughts givin to me somebody put me out
my misery

Visit [House Of Krazees](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.