

Icp (Insane Clown Posse) "Amy's In The Attic"

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Mr. Piser, I think you should come up here
I think you should come up here
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I think you should come up here
(Amy's in the attic and my brain has gone ecstatic)
Yet another day of all the suffering it gave
I was just a little boy ever so naive
Amy was my best friend, I never want to hurt her
I never wanna ever wanna think about her murder
On the playground, I chase her down the slide
I chase her cross the monkey bars
And she would run and hide
Jinglin and tumbling, I pushed her off the sled
Amy coincidently hit her head
Jumbling inside my brain, down came the rain
Amy isn't answering, who would get the blame?
Amy isn't laughing, Amy isn't crying
Amy isn't really breathing, God I think she's dying
Suddenly, the air is cold I must get her inside
Even though she died, Amy has to hide
Nobody must ever know that I made Amy sick
Lock her up forever in the attic
Maybe it's best they buy it, thinking did she really die
I'm thinking if it's really true
Then how come I am telling you
And if I really meant to do it
Should I be a victim too
Should I walk the terror stairs
And see if all my terror fails, no
Mr. Piser, I think you should come up here
Amy's in the attic and my brain has gone ecstatic
I think you should come up here
Mr. Piser, I think you should come up here
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Every day I suffer but eleven years have passed
How long will this keep and the nightmares last
Sitting in my living room, another strange feeling
I think I'm hearing tiny footsteps on the ceiling
Looking in my mirror, the image isn't clear
I feel as if a little girl is standing at my rear
Then I awake at the blink of an eye

Voices from the attic yelling, why?
What if Amy wasn't dead living in the box
Banging on the walls, rattling the locks
Feeding on the roaches, rodents, and filth
And when there's nothing left, she feeds off herself
Why do I think of Amy in this way?
She was once a lovely girl running out to play
Maybe it's all a dream insane fanatic
Maybe there's no Amy in the attic after all

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Should I walk the terror stairs
And see if all my terror fails
Amy isn't dead...

Maybe it's best they buy it, thinking did she really die
I'm thinking if it's really true
Then how come I am telling you
And if I really meant to do it
Should I be a victim too
Should I walk the terror stairs
And see if all my terror fails
Amy's in the attic and my brain has gone ecstatic
Barrels to my nugget semi glock automatic
Should I pull the trigger, would this break the chains
That keeps Amy locked in my brain
No, I must be starting to pray that I'm wrong
I pray it's just a fantasy that carried on too long
Amy isn't dead, I never knew an Amy
I was just a boy, how can you blame me?
Maybe that's okay, but she's tapping at the walls
I see a darling little girl is floating down the hall
Slowly coming toward me, her arms are spreading
wide

Opens up her mouth to show the maggots inside
Crying, whining, rotting is the feeling
Tiny drips of blood crowning from the ceiling
Landing on my head, I'm psycho-sick
I've finally had it
Amy, know I'm coming to the attic!

Maybe it's best they buy it, thinking did she really die
I'm thinking if it's really true
Then how come I am telling you
And if I really meant to do it
Should I be a victim too
Should I walk the terror stairs
And see if all my terror fairs yes
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I'm thinking if it's really true
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And if I really meant to do it
Should I be a victim too
Should I walk the terror stairs
And see if all my terror fairs
Your seat awaits you on the Terror Wheel

