

Icp (Insane Clown Posse) "Halls Of Illusions"

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Ticket please, thanks, walk through the doors,
Into the Halls of Illusion and visit yours,
To see what could've, and should've, and would've
been real,
But you had to fuck up the whole deal.
Let's take a walk down the hallway,
It's a long way, it takes all day,
And when we get to the end, ya find a chair,
With straps and chains, we slap you in there!
Lock you down tight, so you can't move a thread,
And, pull your eyelids up over your head!
Cuz you're about to witness an Illusionary dream,
It's just too bad it ain't worth seeing.
You walk in and see two kids on the floor,
They're playin' nintendo, and he's got the high score,
And sittin behind them, chillin' in the chair,
Is your wife, and you look, oh, you ain't there!
It's some other man, and they're hand in hand,
How she looks so happy, ya don't understand,
See, this is an illusion, it never came true
All because of you!
Back to reality and what you're about,
Your wife can't smile, cuz you knocked her teeth out!
And she can't see straight from gettin' hit,
Cuz you're a fat fuckin' drunk piece of shit!
But it's all good, here, come have a beer,
I'll break the top off and, and shove it in your ear!
And your death comes wicked, painful, and slow
At the hands of Milenko!
(chorus:)
Great Milenko, wave your wand!
(Don't look now, your life is gone)
This is all because of you!
(What you got yourself into)
(end chorus)
(chorus)
Look who's next, it's Mr. Clark,
The dirty old man from the trailer park.
Ya got your ticket? Thanks, take your coat off,
And later on, why not? I'll rip your throat off.
Let's take a walk down the hallway,
It's a long way, it takes all day,

And when ya get to the end, ya find a chair,
Ya see all the blood? Yeah, ya boy was just here!
We get all different kind of people comin' through,
Richies, chickens, and bitches just like you!
In the halls, everybody gets a turn,
To sit and witness your illusion before ya burn!
What do we have here? Oh dear!
No way! It looks like ya kids' in the ok
Ya daughter's chillin' up in college, top grade,
And your son's a fuckin' doctor, phat pay!
They got family, the kids, and it's all good!
They even coach little league in the neighborhood!
Is this true? Have ya really seen the holy ghost?
Naw, bitch! Not even close!
Back to reality, your son's on crack!
And your daughter's got nut stains on her back!
And they both fuckin' smell like shit,
And live in the gutter,
And sell crack to each other.
When they were kids, you'd beat 'em and leave 'em
home!
And even whip 'em with the cord of the telephone!
And that reminds me man, hey you got a call!
Watch your step to hell, it's a long fall.
(chorus)
(chorus)
It's time to pack up and move to the next town.
But we forgot Mr. Bigot,
Okay, dig it,
We can't show ya an illusion, cuz we're all packed, but...
I'll still cut your neck out! How's that?
(chorus)
(chorus)
(chorus)
(chorus)

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