

Insane Clown Posse "Amy In The Attic"

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Insane Clown Posse (ICP)

Amy In The Attic

Not another day of all the suffering and pain 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 coincidentally hit her head
Dumblin inside my brain, down came the wade
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 is best to die, 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 to
Should I walk the terror stairs, and savior all my
terror fears, no

Mr. Piser, I think you should come up here
Amy's in the attic and my brain has gone ecstatic

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 And
then I awake at the blink of an eye
Voices from the attic yellin, "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 in Amy of 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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Amy isn't dead...

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 won't
I pray it's just a figment, to see this carry 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!!!!

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