

## Insane Clown Posse

### "Killing Feilds"

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Laying in my bed, I think of many horror tales  
Yet I barely move, my bed is made of nails  
I try to roll, my skin slowly tears away  
My flesh is stuck to my bed as I begin my day  
Walking out the house, this morning, the sky is red  
The streets are crowded with the bodies of the living  
dead  
They're trying to die, they're leaping off of roof tops  
Uh, they only scream in pain as their body flops  
I'd rather stay inside my home and only pray to die  
But my house is been on fire since like '85  
I can only stand a night of the fatal smoke  
But see you never die, you only burn and choke  
So I leave out the house and walk the land  
Wild pigs run and feed off the dying man  
And look around you, there's bodies hanging from the  
trees  
But they're not dying, they're only crying "please"  
I hear the thunder in the sky, so I run in hide  
The deadly rain may soon come down, you got to get  
inside  
The lunatics see the lightning, they're screaming, yes  
It's raining blood, the streets are a bloody mess  
About once or twice a week though it thunder storms  
That's when giant heavy red and black clouds form  
It's raining blood, livers, and kidneys from the sky  
Prepare cause when you die, you're coming to the  
killing fields

"What shall that be? What shall that be? When that fine  
moment  
comes. When the curtains are drawn, the windows are  
shut, the  
doors close, and you've written what you've written,  
you said  
it, that's it. What will you look to be? What about it,  
mister,  
when you've had your last beer. You laughed at family  
and  
laughed at your little wife. She begged you not to go  
out to

that bar."

As I feed off a dead pig, I'm thinking back  
To when I had a heart beat, and how I would act  
I would steal from the poor, I'd laugh at the sick  
But in the killing fields, you get your fucking neck  
ripped  
So as I walk along, I meet a lot of strange folks  
Some people with no eyes, and gashed open throats  
And if they notice your eyeballs are working well  
They try to dig them out your skull, and go for self  
Now in the summertime, it's like a whole another realm  
Water victims, fire, and oceans overwhelm  
To walk outside, the heat will surely cook your brains  
Try to run across the street your hair will burst in  
flames  
Victims in a panic run from the heated light  
Underneath the city, into the sewer pipes  
Into the fire storm this becomes your new land  
But there's no food, so you feed off the other men  
And now it's been seven months, I'm barely fed  
I chase a Billy Billy goat with a human's head  
He's steady screaming "Let me be! Let me be!"  
But while I chase him there's another demon chasing  
me  
All of time moves backwards, I'm growing old  
And the clouds are burning fire, and so I'm told  
That there's a lot of living souls such as the rich  
That choose to live like a bitch, I'll see you in the Killing  
Fields

"You've had your big time of lust and sin and filth.  
What is  
the end going to be when you realize that time is up?  
You've  
crossed the finish line going in the wrong direction.  
What  
shall it be? What about it, ya man? When you spent  
your life  
in a few years time? You're burned out shell at 25 years  
of  
age. What shall it be? What about it?

You could go to hell (what shall it be?)

Come, come on down, down (you're going to the killing  
fields)

