

Insane Clown Posse "Mental Warp"

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Staring at the ceiling, the roof has a face
It's telling me, I don't belong with the human race
He's asking me to join him, in eternal sleep
I give him my soul, my body, I can keep

Reaching just above me , I see my pillow's there
But yet I have no head, my head is on the chair
I'm staring at my body, I look as if I'm weak
So give me back my soul, my body you can keep

Sitting on the lawn, it's just before a dawn
I listen to the screaming, another life is gone
I'm playing with the children, children of the dead
My mother says their evil, my daddy gives a shit

Their eyeballs are bloody, their skin is ever pale
Their asking me to follow, I shall, I shall
They dress me as a clown, I'm screaming as a loon
We dance upon the cemetery, underneath the moon

Here I come, there I go, I'm a night walker
I'm staring at you, sleeping through your window like a
stalker
I'm taping on the glass, I lick it with my tongue
I notice that the house is vacant, I'm staring at no one

I must of fell asleep, I woke up on the floor
Underneath the carpet, underneath the boards
I'm gaged with a dead rat, I lay for many weeks
The rat comes back to life and is chewing on my
cheeks

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Coming with my helper, tangling my brain
Somethings very wrong, I can't describe this pain
I'm calling for my mother, I'm crawling up the stairs
My mothers laughing at me and she's been dead for
years

I'm falling down the stair case, tumble to the floor
I land up in the attic, next to the cellar door
I'm play with the pigeons, they tell me many lies
They tell me, I'll have wings if I let them peck my eyes

I hear a womans voice, calling from the dirt
I play my little seed and slowly she will spurt
And now she is a tree, I hear the heart pound
I take her in my arms and we make love to the sound

The wind is my ebony, blowing evil thoughts
Carrying the demons, soring with the hearts
I put it in my body, the wind will bring the rain
Only lay it's demon eggs, deep inside my brain

They're calling me a killer, I can't say that I'm not
My daddy's tried to kill me, ever since I was a tot
By poisoning my bottle, I feed it to my friend
'Cuz if he dies, my buddy, our friendship will never end

I'm sitting in the darkness, talking to the dark
It's singing lullabies and stringing on the harp
I notice that the floor is warm and rather sick
It's 'cuz I'm sitting in my stomach

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