

Insane Clown Posse "The Killing Fields"

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Laying in my bed, I think of many horror tales.
Yet I better move, my bed is made of nails.
I try to roll off, my skin slowly tears away.
My flesh is stuck to the 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 tryin a die, they're jumping off a roof tops.
They only scream in pain as their body flops.
I rather stay inside my home and only pray to die.
But my house has 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.
And so I leave out the house, and walk the land.
Wild pigs run and feed off the dying men.
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 and hide.
The deli raymay soon come down, youve got to get
inside.
The lunatics see the lightning, they're screaming, yes!
Its raining blood, the streets are a bloody mess.
About once or twice a week, though, with
thunderstorms.
That's when giant, heavy, red and black clouds form.
Its raining blood, kidneys, and livers from the sky.
Prepare, cuz when you die, you're coming to the killing
fields.

(chorus):

(come, come on down, down.)

What shall they be? what shall they be? when that fine
moment comes.

(come, come on down, down.)

When the curtains are drawn, the windows are shut,
doors closed, and

Youve

Written

What youve written, youve said it, that's it! (coming to
the killing
Fields)

(come, come on down, down.)

What will they all be? what about it mister, when youve
had you're last
Beer?

(come, come on down, down.)

Youve laughed at you're family and laughed at you're
little wife. she
Begs you
Not to go
Out to that bar.
(end chorus)

As I feed off a dead pig, Im thinking back.
To when I had a heartbeat, and how I would act.
I would steal from the poor. I'd laugh at the sick.
But in the killing fields, you'd 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,
The try ta dig them out your skull, and go for self.
Now in the summertime, it's like a whole other realm.
Water becomes fire, and oceans overwhelm.
To walk outside, the heat will surely cook your brains
Try to run across the street, your hair will burst ta
flames.
Victims in a panic run from the heat and light,
Underneath the city, into the sewer pipes.
Until the fires gone this becomes your new land.
But, there's no food so you feed off the other men.
And now it's been seven months, Im barely fed.
I chase a baby billy goat with a humans head.
Its steady screamin lemme be, lemme be!
But while I chase it there's another demon chasin me.
All of time moves backwards, Im growing old.
And still the clouds are burning fire, and so Im told
That there's a lot of living souls such as the rich,
That choose to live like a bitch.
See you in the killing fields!

(chorus):

(come, come on down, down.)

Youve had your big time in lust, sin, and filth!

(come, come on down, down.)

What is it going to be when you realize the time is up?
youve crossed
The
Finish line!
Going in the wrong direction. (Ill see you in the killing
fields)

(come, come on down, down.)
What shall they all be? what about it gentlemen? when
youve spent your
Life
In a few
Years time?
(come, come on down, down.)
Your a burned up shell at 25 years of age. what shall
they all be? what
About it?
(end chorus)

You can go to hell hell hell hell hell
What shall they all be?
(repeat 5x)

Come, come on down, down.
Come, come on down, down. (youre coming to the
killing fields!) (w/
Echo)
Come, come on down, down.
Come, come on down, down.
(repeat w/ fade out)

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