

Cage

"Too Heavy For Cherubs"

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A cold day in hell I feel good
At least I feel as good as real feels if real even feels
good
I think back to being a kid and getting my ass kicked
And when I sold my soul to the devil to make me rap
sick
Page from cage's brain, angels dust off the un-godly
Riding through my child-hood to hear my six-year old
body
Black-out for second, pick my head up off the street
Little kid handle my face-its not me in the driver seat
Father comes out screaming drops the cigarettes and
lighter
Scoops me up with his left arm his right fist snuffed the
driver
Takes me in the house stops the blood from wandering
out
Is this a dream or time travel?
I ponder on the couch
Walks in with a black bag
Wrap my rubber snake around his arm and made me
pull it tight
Hit himself with a spike
Drew blood and pulled his mask down
My hands blue until he let my arm go and he passed
out

Erratic then gone, I go from manic to calm
Watching the yellow liquid dripping back out of his arm
No automatic alarm sounded
Trying to wrap my six year old brain around it
Went in his pockets took his money and couldn't count
it
Went to the front door but it locked observe it
Pulled up a chair to reach the dead bolt
But I'm too weak to turn it
Give it another try all the while still scoping him
Now I pan the room and see my escape in the open
window
Scurry the floor

Climb out hang then drop into the snow and

My captor snatches me back up
Pulls me back into hell
Starts shaking me to weaken me
To teachin me to be a man by repeatedly beatin me
I hope I grow up before I'm finished being strangled
I black out then wake up tied to the coffee table
With a jump rope cable to my ankle so I can't run
He walks back in the room

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