

Mark Owen**"Decayed Thoughts"**

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(Some of you people listen to this music like this shit is
funny
Man this shit ain't funny
I have a problem
And I need help
I mean goddamn look at me
Just look at me)

Godamn, look at me, I'm a mess
I mean, what the hell is happening these days
I don't want to hurt people it's just my mind
I can't control myself
Argh

Sitting by a dumpster on a dark and rainy night
I'm killing in a alie ain't a soul in site
Theres rain pouring down on my blood stained clothes
Trembling and shaking cause I just don't know
What's going on with the feeling right inside me
Body parts are rotting in the dumpster right beside me
I don't know who I killed or even why I did it
The last thing I remember I was sitting in my kitchen
Now I'm more covered in blood and I'm fucking
soaking wet
I got a human heart on a chain around my neck
My mind is rotting and my thoughts are decayed
A sick imagination in a blood stained brain
So I stand up rain beats off my face
So I get my hatchet and I put it on my waist
Take off my mask and I put it on to place
There ain't no time to waist its blood I wanna taste
I walk into a diner that's open all night
There ain't nobody in there but the cook and his wife
Walked to the place and they're scared as hell
I jump over the counter and they start to yell
I tell the bitch to shut her mouth
And stay the fuck still
Grab the cook's head
Plant his face on the grill
And as I press harder I can smell flesh burnin
Took a hatchet to his neck the blood starts squirtin

Bbody hits the floor, his heads still fryin
His wife lays on the headless body and shes cryin
grabbed her by the hair bit out her throat
She gasps for air and the bitch starts to choke
I leave her to die while I grab the cooks head
I slice off his cheek and I put it in some bread
Cut off their fingers put em in the deep fryer
I ate em' on the counter while I light the place on fire
Leave the burning building
In search of more victims
If anybody steps into my path I'm gonna kill em
Got a pocket full of bibles in my trench coat
A bloody lunchbox filled with noses and throats
Hacked up fragments of brain stuck in my hair
A mayonnais jar filled with bit off ears
man I'm in tears

(Chorus - repeat 4X)

My mind is rotting and my thoughts are decayed
A sick imagination in a blood stained brain

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