

## Q-Strange "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  
There's 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 it's 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 she's 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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