

Rebellious With A Cause "Real Wicked"

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I'm raping black sheep to the sounds of hymns and
church bells
I'm a deadly motherfucker when I send you down to
hell
My clientelle consits of priests, virgins, raping babtist
cunts
I'm getting off to the site of nutting in your mangled
guts
I love the blood, drink it up, it feeds my full fuckin
desire
When your locked inside the crypt with bodies strung
up in the fire
Now retired, burning brighter, razor blades within your
mouth
Carving out your tounge forbidding you from
screaming to loud
I'm beating off to the sounds of your moaning pain and
pleasure
Locked forever in the crypt, where you soul escapes
never
Head is severed, as I'm takin several shits, on a baptist
Murderous ability to send you in a casket

Tell me are you evil? (Are you down with the
wickedshit?)
Do you see the light? (Are you confined in the depths of
this?)
Do you understand and comprehend your state of
mind, are you alive, can you die? (The wickedshit has
come to life.)

Are you locked inside a casket, frozen in your life line
Suicide is on your mind so can you sleep at night
Is there a silence to your screams, are you blind to your
suffering
Lock yourself away because your sights forever leaves
Can you see into the grim reality of your dwelling place
Hated in your life, as your thoughts are interlaced

And displaced on the masses in the death
Free yourself in the crypt, where fantasies are always
felt

Tell me are you evil? (Are you down with the wickedshit?)
Do you see the light? (Are you confined in the depths of this?)
Do you understand and comprehend your state of mind, are you alive, can you die? (The wickedshit has come to life.)

The world is placed into a state of lies, for this genocide
The only answer to your suffering is taking lives
No lie, satanic symbolism on your chest
Taking body parts, scatter ashes til theres nothing left
You have now felt the wrath, thats felt upon me
Suffering, dont refrain cause this is not an emo scream
When I bleed like a deviant upon the goats kiss
Be a good bitch, when I cut off both your fake tits
On some good shit, seeing things that heighten my desires
Wickedness straight from the crypt, burning out like white fire
Believe in the darkness of hell, where the demons lurk forever now to keep you in your cell.

Tell me are you evil? (Are you down with the wickedshit?)
Do you see the light? (Are you confined in the depths of this?)
Do you understand and comprehend your state of mind, are you alive, can you die? (The wickedshit has come to life.)

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