

Throne Of Chaos "Johnny B. Dead"

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Last night Johnny died in a blink of an eye
Under flickering moon with a sinister smile
After 23 years of constant unease
He thought a bullet would make 'em voices cease
Determined to taste ice-cold hard steel
While wondering how it would feel
To fall in his knees by his own hand
Conclusion... Hey, it must be grand!

At the age of thirteen, nerves slashed the unclean
Found himself in a maze, endless, unseen
Take left, take right, reason vanished from sight
Not a thing could make him feel alright
Pull, Pull, Pull, Pull!!!
The bullet brings peace and his peace was death

One move would take him far beyond
That is how Johnny took his final breath

With this calming thought I cleanse my entity
One gentle squeeze will finally set me free

Last night Johnny died in a blink of an eye
In a gunshot clad in a messiah's disguise
After 23 years of constant unease
He thought it was time for 'em voices to cease
At the end of that day one life slipped away
No one there to beg this one to stay
One shell now lies in a crimson bed
Would you take yours instead?

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