

Twisted Tower Dire

"How Does It Feel?"

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This old time radio program was originally aired live
Long before the advent of high fidelity
As a result you may detect an occasional surface noise
or volume drop
Due to transmission problems so common to old radio.
We hope however that any variants in audio quality
Will not take away from your pleasure in listening to
this,
One of the all time favorites....
How does it feel to be you
How does it feel to feel the way you do
It's so decisive
And I don't care if you like or you hate me
I know you muthafuckas bout to underrate me
Looking through your window
As a thunder bolt strikes the ground
Wind blowing through the trees making irritating
sounds
Like the voice in the back of my head when I'm immune
To the confines of Dracula's tomb
9th rate man made Nosferata
Child of the night sending shocks through your body
Fatter than Poveratti
Speak softly
Or back up off me
Feline before I gaze in your eyes and blow your mind
Sickness what I depicted is ordered and evicted
Frequently described as being Twiztid or wicked
Predicted many sights seen happening to lives
Perform on the daily in disguise
Sinister
Tell the minister to bless my soul
Momma made me mind broken and went outta control
Smash the remote control through television screen
Blame it on the movie or a dream, it's all the same
Mind games, little prodigies paralyzed
Swollen little brain mesmerized
Then he dies
Left alone in a world full of hate
Body rots away while his mind incubates
How does it feel to be you

How does it feel to feel the way you do
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How does it feel to be you
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And I don't care if you like or you hate me
I know you muthafuckas bout to underrate me
You label me a paranoid schizophrenic
Known on this planet for 2 things
Talkin shit and automatic
Mind gets transferred in little walks through the woods
Bury you alive if I could
Robin through the hood with a body in the trunk
Unidentified because he's known as a chump
I hear him keep talking junk in my ear
But nobody else can hear
I look around and I'm feeling weird
Palms are sweaty I'm about to black out
Last chance but nothing could stop this Twiztid sprout.
I'm all about mad cussing
Fuck you and the red Martian
Peon wrecking and skull crushing
Turning bitches to dust and when I recite you folks die
Like I creep in the night, I let your soul fly
So high that I never touch ground
Make it so your bodies never found
Another Unsolved Mystery
Looking for some nobody
Every single night on TV
Try to get me to see .
My eyes closed and rolled back
Holdin a thought deep in my mind about a car jack
Another brake down in the middle of the street
People just kept moving they feet
Treat me like a freak, so how am supposed to act
So when you see me muthafucka be prepared for the
axe
How does it feel to be you
How does it feel to feel the way you do
It's so decisive
And I don't care if you like or you hate me
I know you muthafuckas bout to underrate me
How does it feel to be you
How does it feel to feel the way you do
It's so decisive
And I don't care if you like or you hate me
I know you motherfuckas bout to underrate me
We're going vampire hunting with a 9 millimeter
Our souls our blessed by Mary Magdalene and Saint

Peter
Eat a bit of flesh but I call it the host
Am I dead, alive, or just a ghost
Comatose midrange, 2 dollars and some change
Hoping, picturing sanity but I'm feeling so insane
Got a migraine headache, my stomach hurts...

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