

Twisted Tower Dire

"Why The Children"

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[Jamie Madrox]
Look at my eyes,
I'm about to dig up my little brother's body at the
graveyard
I'm tripping real hard
Hop the fence with a shovel in my hand
Walk silently, don't make a sound in the dead land
Shadows switched and become demons of hell
As I walk alone down the windy trail
Looking for the tombstone with his name
Hear the cries of a little girl in pain
Sitting alone by the grave, she screams and cries
But something was wrong with this bitch's eyes
She turned around and her eyes were a deep red
Blood stains matted her hair to her fucking head
Seeing the sight, I almost began to choke
I swung the shovel and the girl turned into smoke
What was happening, did I lose my mind?
Dug up a grave, let her breathe for the first time
Back on the move, I gots to find my kid
My little brother who died with mortal sin
Along the way, I dug up a couple of graves
Of some children who died at a young age
Why did life deal such a bad hand
Like my brother who got killed by a man
Man, and I never knew
Why I couldn't stop stabbing him when everybody told
me to
They said that I was a killer and a family disgrace
Cursed my name and smacked me in the face
Time to right my wrongs and correct my sins
Dig up my brother so I can be closer to him
Back down the trail of the winding path
I hear some voices behind me start to laugh
They were the souls of the children I'd released
From the grave a hole 6 feet deep
Down they go to earth with a smiling face
No more cries of pain in this evil place
There's my brother's gravesite just ahead
Time to dig a hole and wake the dead
Scratch the ground to reunite my family ties

My little brother, the product of my blood lines
Find the box, pull it out, put it in place
Open the casket and touch little Joey's face
Start to cry but remember what I had did
How could I have taken the life of such a little kid?
Hold him close and tell him everything's alright
Carry his body off into the moonlight
Back thru the graveyard, looking for the ones I missed
With my brother on my shoulder and he's lifeless
Down the streets on the way to my house
Bugs and insects keep falling out of his mouth
Got to my house and kicked open the door
Lay Joey's body on the cold floor
Now I'm tripping and I don't know what to do
Light some candles to brighten up the room
Standing over his body with my knife
Please God, give Joey back his fucking life
I slit his throat, maybe that'll help him breathe
Cut off his eyelids, maybe now he'll see

"Why did you do this to me, Jamie?
Why did you do this to me?
Why did you do this to me?
Why did you do this Jamie?
It's your turn to die now!
It's your turn to live in a graveyard!"

"This is why children shouldn't play with dead things..."

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