

# The Number Twelve Looks Like You "If They Holler, Don't Let Go"

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It's been a few years  
And I still carry many fears  
The game has been opened back up  
So now it's time to play catch up  
The rats are caught and thrown into their playground  
Upon consciousness a letter is to be found

"Tag you're it, time to go seek  
Listen to my directions and don't miss a beat  
Your four buddies are hiding, wanting to be found  
Combine the different body parts in the outline on the  
ground  
Arms from #10, legs from #24, torso from #3  
Last but not least, head from #12, then you're almost  
set free  
Dress your friend on the ground with the nice clothes  
on your back  
Yell "Tag you're it" and give him a nice big loud smack  
A door will open that will let you go  
And you just played the game you ruined for me a long  
time ago"

The letter drops as he runs towards the yells  
Found tied and blindfolded is #10  
Legs chained up so he doesn't walk away ever again  
Our compassionless friend doesn't even think twice  
"Please, please stop"

My childish games rattle on like a tick tock clock  
My childish games rattle on like a tick tock clock  
You never foresee danger when you're ready to play  
My childish games rattle on like, rattle on like...

He's laid down and gets his arms untied  
Friend sits down, putting a foot to #10s ribs  
With the other foot against his head  
He grips his buddies arm tightly which is sitting  
between his legs  
The arm is tugged and twisted  
With all of his might  
With all of his might  
Shredded off like the wing of a bird

Who will never take flight

With the arms thrown over his shoulders  
The blood dripping down his back makes him feel  
colder

Placing his findings in the outline on the ground  
It's time for more meat to be found  
"I can see why, I can see the light  
My insides have finally caught daylight  
He showed the real me, a torture machine  
Mom don't wait up, or you'll be another cleanup"

"You're a world of light" - She told me  
"I'm darker than black" - I replied  
I'm tripping on my hundredth excuse  
And I don't intend to turn back now  
With the leaves in my hair  
I climb towards the clouds

How will I ever find my way home  
Our victims deserved a last meal (a last meal)

My childish games rattle on like a tick tock clock  
Rattle on like, rattle on like a tick tock clock  
My childish games rattle on like a tick tock clock  
Rattle on like, rattle on like a tick tock clock

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