

Pat Maine "Drink The Beaker"

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A Monster

Album: Doomsday Charades

Written by: Pat Maine, Sleep, Dumb Luck and Ecid

Produced by: Vividend

Alive and Well Family

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(Chorus)

If its true what doesn't kill you only makes you stronger
then damn I must be a f***king monster REPEAT X4

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(Verse 1 Pat Maine)

Lightning bolt to the bolt in my neck, Its alive!

I made predator ready to find you

So if you would? just run while the running is good,

As a matter of fact you should stumble and could,

One of you just run in the woods, and trip on a root,
just like in one of them books, to hang in my dundee
hung on the hooks,

come in and look up under the roof, of the not so
wonderful nook,

chemicals bubble and cook but just one touch and then
poof turn a human to soot,

I really hope your ready but ready or not,

I've widdled the metal its ready to chop,

put your head on the block,

steady machete ya noodle til it is spaghetti and sauce,

mace you knot, till your face is off, a scene you'd hate
to watch,

till the place is washed with abrasive salt and all of the
yellow tape is it off,

they haven't made the law for me to break the law,

so pray the cops gotta cop to call or a squadron comes
with not just guns or somebody has gotta come and

save the cops,

looking at all of the mirrors on the wall, embrace all the
fears thats are called,

when you see i don't have an appearance at all,

just a set of eyes that'll peer through your soul,

a knife that'll sear through your gall,Â

listening close to the voice in your head but all your
hearing is AHHHH

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(Verse 2 Sleep)

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(Verse 3 Dumb Luck)

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I'm a beast trapped in a cage, treated like shit, slapped
in the face,
my captors afraid of the day I get my chance to escape
when I snap in a rage,
can't wait till I snack on their brain feel their bones
crack on my fangs,
feel their blood splash on my face,
it's fantastic when get your revenge and you massacre
every mother f**ker in your sight,
sucka's wanna fight yeah right you gone say
goodnight,
and you'll pay the price for f**kin with me everyday of
my life,
an I don't need a blade or a knife, Nahh I got fists I got
anger,
and you can get caught in the danger,
lost at the bottom of a creek with concrete Cleets on the
opposite side of a monsters revenga,
tried to warn ya, you gonna be another notch in the war
club,
I know that it's sick but I don't give a shit,
I look forward to being covered in your blood,
bath in the beauty of the blood shed, maybe even
make it a movie called f**khead, loses his life cause
he chooses to fight with a monster like dumb luck when
he's upset,
then I'll have a f**k fest with your wife just so I can rub
it in your face,
after I nut then I'm grabbing the club finishing the job
and I'm crushing in your face, nice guys might finish
last but we whip that ass when we get to the finish line,
hell brings me to your doorstep with a bell ring and I
think that it's dinner time.

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(Verse 4 Ecid)

I'm not an activist actively actually i'm an avid fan of
over activity
Deactivated from the pack happily basking in captivity
Attracted to chemically em balanced facsimilesÂ
That cant manage to give a fuck enough to Â adapt
willinglyÂ
My middle fingers been Willing me to victory since I
was old enough to finger fuck the holy shit out of
divinity

