

Shredhead "Dead Eyes"

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Dreams are getting ever so violent
Sleep is getting so hard to do
Screams are getting ever so loud
The pills I take are not any good
How to erase the blood on my face
How can I run away?
How to control my thoughts thatâ€™s my role
Create what's never been done

The carpet is sprayed with trickling blood
Dead eyes stare at the floor
Who gets killed makes no difference to me
Even if them I adore

One hit and two hits and three hits and more
Scratch marks and blood stains all over the door
Open the fridge and see what's to eat
Eyeballs in glass jars and spleen on a spit
The stench is escaping, people will know
I'll have to create to put on a show
Dispose of the bodies and clean yourself up
Start drinking a lot and piss in a cup

The carpet is sprayed with trickling blood
Dead eyes stare at the floor
Who gets killed makes no difference to me
Even if them I adore

Slashing throats and cutting toes and shit, I'm insane!

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