

## The Grates

### "Popcorn"

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Red eyed, hand tied, insane asylum certified  
Brain dead, tube fed, and nicely strapped down to the  
bed

Black hole, lost soul, let the film projectors role  
In case you didn't know, it is now your time to go

This is inside of me That you will never see  
I have some time to kill, Kill what's inside of me

You are possessed, you are possessed  
You are possessed, you are possessed  
Remove you face, and nothing less  
You are possessed, you are possessed

Love hate, dead weight, it's feeding time so celebrate  
Fake smile, ask me how, the stage is set I'm ready now  
Loud cries, family dies, accept the fate of genocide  
No truth in what you said, open the door come in my  
head

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