

The Graveyard Boulevard "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, its 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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