

## Twiztid "Bella Morte"

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I feel her touch like a cold breeze tickled my neck  
She here to show me more ways of the dark  
I would expect her to know by now, I won't bend or  
Be afraid of anything she shows me or anything she  
say

She want me to be scared 'cause she feeds on fear  
And show me horrible things so I don't see so clear  
My vision is so distorted and coming with new eyes  
That show me people covered in blood and ready to  
die

I'm afraid of my own self and it won't help me none  
To get a gun and put it to my dome  
I know that you're alone and I figured we could talk  
If she don't get under my head then I'm blowing my  
shit off

She's calling on me every night, she's scratching the  
walls  
To keep me afraid everyday, she keeps tearing at my  
sanity  
Unbarring now it's become so mundane  
Becoming insane, I won't be afraid

She didn't know I was use to it, flash backs  
Trigger my brain and shoot through it like fireworks  
again and again  
And if I'm going insane then I'm taking somebody with  
me  
Out the window of the glass house you been living

And if I'm just another page that you can turn and get  
away from  
Then please do me a favor and turn it before the day  
comes  
And hopefully it's sooner then later 'cause I'm feeling  
My patience growing thin in this relationship

And they'll cradle you in the grave all the hate into my  
mind state  
There's only one way to retaliate

Grab the thirty eight and hold it to my temple  
Waiting on the word and now it all seems so simple it's  
absurd

Maybe it'll stop when she sees me holding the gun  
Or a suicidalist is what I'm going to become

I'm hoping you can learn from my past and what I've  
done  
And in the long run maybe you gonna know how to use  
a gun

She's calling me (she keeps calling me)  
I'm afraid, I'm afraid, I'm afraid

Why are things so wicked when I sing of evil spells  
And hidden incognations to open the gates of hell  
What if style were wicked, would I wear human skin  
With magic tongue rings and cane, display the  
skeleton

What if hell were heaven and heaven were irreversed  
Would it really change the balance here on earth  
Care to think about it, I don't, got too many problems of  
my own  
Insanity it's a crypt that I'm trying to keep a hold on

I just want to be left alone  
So everybody please just go away  
Inside of my mind is where she calls home  
And I just can't take another word she say

What if the rose was wicked, would it have teeth  
Would it bite all who smelling it, leave a hole in they  
cheek  
What if blood was wicked, would it make me want to  
fight  
'Til I drew blood stained in my teeth like bliss white

What if art was wicked, would I paint with blood  
Would I sculpt with guts, would I mount human heads  
to the wall with love  
Probably all of the above and then some  
Spend a little time on these streets, son

She's calling me (she keeps calling me)  
I'm afraid, I'm afraid, I'm afraid

She's calling on me every night, she's scratching the  
walls  
To keep me afraid everyday, she keeps tearing at my

sanity  
Unbarring now it's become so mundane  
Becoming insane, I won't be afraid

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