

## Twiztid "Why The Children?"

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*[Jamie Madrox]*

Look at my eyes,  
I'm about to dig up my little brother's body at the  
graveyard  
I'm tripping real hard  
Hop the fence with a shovel in my hand  
Walk silently, don't make a sound in the dead land  
Shadows switched and become demons of hell  
As I walk alone down the windy trail  
Looking for the tombstone with his name  
Hear the cries of a little girl in pain  
Sitting alone by the grave, she screams and cries  
But something was wrong with this bitch's eyes  
She turned around and her eyes were a deep red  
Blood stains matted her hair to her fucking head  
Seeing the sight, I almost began to choke  
I swung the shovel and the girl turned into smoke  
What was happening, did I lose my mind?  
Dug up a grave, let her breathe for the first time  
Back on the move, I gotta find my kid  
My little brother who died with mortal sin  
Along the way, I dug up a couple of graves  
Of some children who died at a young age  
Why did life deal such a bad hand  
Like my brother who got killed by a man  
Man, and I never knew  
Why I couldn't stop stabbing him when everybody told  
me to  
They said that I was a killer and a family disgrace  
Cursed my name and smacked me in the face  
Time to right my wrongs and correct my sins  
Dig up my brother so I can be closer to him  
Back down the trail of the winding path  
I hear some voices behind me start to laugh  
They were the souls of the children I'd released

From the grave a hole 6 feet deep  
Down they go to earth with a smiling face  
No more cries of pain in this evil place  
There's my brother's gravesite just ahead  
Time to dig a hole and wake the dead  
Scratch the ground to reunite my family ties

My little brother, the product of my blood lines  
Find the box, pull it out, put it in place  
Open the casket and touch little Joey's face  
Start to cry but remember what I had did  
How could I have taken the life of such a little kid?  
Hold him close and tell him everything's alright  
Carry his body off into the moonlight  
Back thru the graveyard, looking for the ones I missed  
With my brother on my shoulder and he's lifeless  
Down the streets on the way to my house  
Bugs and insects keep falling out of his mouth  
Got to my house and kicked open the door  
Lay Joey's body on the cold floor  
Now I'm tripping and I don't know what to do  
Light some candles to brighten up the room  
Standing over his body with my knife  
Please God, give Joey back his fucking life  
I slit his throat, maybe that'll help him breathe  
Cut off his eyelids, maybe now he'll see

"Why did you do this to me, Jamie?  
Why did you do this to me?  
Why did you do this to me?  
Why did you do this Jamie?  
It's your turn to die now!  
It's your turn to live in a graveyard!"

"This is why children shouldn't play with dead things..."

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