

Heinous

Dark Lotus

I step 1, (ahh) 2, (ahh) across the creaky floor
Spill some fuckin' blood then I'm out the back door
Takin' little trinkets, fingernails and pieces of skin
It's all for my rituals of cold milk mixed with gin
Stir it together gulp it down my eyes roll back
I'm chasin' that dragon but it's more like a hatchet attack
I'm peekin' through windows pickin' out the next clueless one
My fingers dig into her throat what have I done

I sleep on a bed of sharpened knives and toss and turn until I bleed
I eat from the bread of chosen life a thousand ghosts alive in me
Wickedly I'm heinous everything I do is odious
I'm tired of the normalcy total terror's my focus
I notice that the knife wounds are spellin out a name
To the average mother fucker I can be a little extreme
So I take the bloody corset and then light it for the emphasis
Try to call me sick but I'm seein' a horror specialist

So you wanna murder this ya'll
That's right
And you wanna murder them
That's right
You should take a hit of this ya'll
Why? Once they're dead they're not comin' back

Death is imminent when you on the other end
With ya skull bein by the wrong side of the bull pit
Blood pours out from a splint up to my ankles in it
All over hammer and grip and so it slips
Discarded for the use of a rusty crowbar
To the horror of the courier who is forever scarred
The terror I inflict is often described as heinous
My history about it spreads out to leave them nameless

Now ya shell shocked from all the blood that ya saw
Stainin' the walls and does surround you and it spreads to the halls
It's even drippin' from the ceiling inside
You get this feeling that the criminal's still creepin'
That's because I'm right behind you
Groin to gullet from your stomach to your mullet
Split ya clean like cantaloupe and let ya neighbors know what done it
America's most wanted for crimes against humanity
Heinous and the evil is formin the insanity

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The shit you callin' wicked is for kids and cheerleaders
This heinous shit right here is for demonous flesh eaters
It's rainin' blood in my bedroom a wet and bloody red
Snakes slither through my earholes in and out of my head
Got dent in this back a violent panick attack
Skitsofrantic and demonacclly I'm manic depressed
I'll stick an axe in yo chest
I'll kick some cracks in yo neck
I'll beat you into chunks like you was in a plane wreck heinously

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