

All of the Above

Twiztid

Sometimes when they visit
I wonder 'Can they hear me? '
I'm scratching at the box and screaming out quite clearly
I'm so lonely. My one and only probably took another
That means new daddy and same mother

For my babies
Before they grown ladies, I hope they remember me when they old ladies
With their own babies

Carry my memory until it fades away
My mother came to visit me, yesterday on my birthday
She laid a single rose on my head stone and said
"It ain't been easy trying to get along since you've passed on"
I hear it momma. It's been real turmoil
I've been scratching all month, trying to hit topsoil;

I've been working real hard, but my body feels weak
But I can't die!
Just too awake to fall asleep
Tell them all that I miss 'em and send it with all my love
Sincerely from the underground to all of the above

Shed tears for me
How long
Have they been praying for me
Also, I'm sending love to all of the above

They gotta whisper to me
I'm all alone in the place of underground
And I'm surrounded by grace
And all the faith in my existence see
Lives on and the face of my seed
And I can see it when he visits me
But I'm a father of the ground now
Family to the earth and I'm sorry that I'm gone now

Kiss your mother on the cheek
And tell her I understand why she still don't speak
Even though I'm in this coffin I get haunted by the streets
And the sounds of bloody murder roam the night
And I'm freaked out
Now it's peace out
Cause I pulled the piece out
Put it in my mouth and blew my motherfucking teeth out!

I reached out
But nobody reached back
And no that's not an excuse, for it's the reason that I'm trapped
(inside here)
And everything is black and hard to breathe
Exactly like the life that I was trying to leave

You know I hate to see a grown man cry
Sometimes my homies stop by
And smoke joints to get me high in spirit
If they could only know that I hear it when they cough

Hear it when they talk, and scream for them to stay every time they get ready to take off

Peace you all. Bring a shovel next time
Cause it's cold down here and this dirt is a thick line between life and death
It appears I have nothing left
But the person never forgets just like a ghost in transit

I watch 'em move like bandits when they rob my corpse
And then they left me on the porch as a prep for the divorced
And now I'm back in a black bag on a gurney at the morgue
And I'm on a flat slab, hoping the journey will bring me home
Isn't that sad

Then I won't say no more
And let you think about me every time you hear this flow
They put me back in my coffin and they lowered me down
And ever since then, it seems like nobody come around

[Chorus x2]