

Here I Go Again

Body Count

Another night I sit alone in the dark
I can't remember my name, I stalk streets and parks
Shame on the victims whose lives intersect with mine
[?] rivers of crimson wine
Dismemberments is all that I'm remembering
Bloodstains, pieces of brains under my fingernails
Screams, kicks, fights, bruises, and yells
Nobody lives so nobody tells
I wake up in my house all alone
Bloody sheets, mud on my feet
Next to me, utensils of death, I can't front sun
Knives, razor blades, axes, and guns
Look in my chest, I got this ill ass cut
I get the needle and thread and sew it up
Raise the shades and it's night again
You'll hear the shouts

Here I go again, check me out
Here I go again, check me out
Here I go again, check me out
Here I go again, check me out

Two ladies out late walking their dogs
They're old, the city is damned from the fault
I approach from the back with the speed of a shark
Cloaked by dark, I rip their backs apart
The violence is incredibly sexual to me
I'm a blood fiend, makes me bust nuts in my jeans
Yeah, I think I want to keep their heads
I love to peel off their faces and wear their dead skin to bed
The dogs bark and bite at my feet
As I leave they drag their headless bodies down the street
I make it home, take a bath
The water turns red in the aftermath
I wake again and it's night
I passed out, no doubt

Here I go again, check me out
Here I go again, check me out
Here I go again, check me out
Here I go again, check me out

Make it stop
Make the voices stop
Make it stop, please
Stop

My mind echoes with voices of terror
My next victim is in the mirror
Seems like I've seen him before, I can't quite recollect
All I know is that the voices say "Slice his neck"
I cut off his hand, the blood sprayed from his wrist
And burst, it felt warm when it quenched my thirst
I stabbed him in the eye with my knife made of surgical steel
Oh what a feel
Electrical shocks ripped my brain
Pain like I never felt before, sweet pain

I love it, I love it and I want more
Pulled out my straight razor blade in his jugular
I'm looking at the ceiling now
I wonder where he went and how
He couldn't escape, not in that state
I transcended through the gates of hell and met my soulmate
South of heaven and the devil is my final vouch
You'll hear the shouts

Here I go again, check me out
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