

# Family Tree

Boondox

Intoxication, filled with the medications  
Sedation powder made from hate just  
Put me in this fuckin situation  
My lungs are cold and feelin like they explodin  
I'm loaded, wrote it all down  
I'm givin you this invitation  
To come and visit me, come into my mind  
And sit a minute, join the spirits  
To take the time to unwind and you'll find  
The DNA ain't fallin far from the tree  
Come from a long line of the murderous kind  
So don't be fuckin with me  
You wanna check the history  
Just pull the newspaper clippin's  
And find the trailer where it happened  
I bet the blood is still drippin  
And I'm sippin on Kerosene, and it's just to make me enabled  
To let the world know that my family is more than unstable  
And I might be the black sheep for the secrets that I'm tellin  
More than half my bloodline is layin dead on a felon  
And I ain't sellin no lies, my last name is a curse  
I'm hopin that I survive yeah, just to finish this verse  
I see the hearse

Kerosene, go get the matches  
Light this thing and burn the branches  
End the pain and suffering  
Burn it up and kill my family tree

From way back, I remember my father's expression  
When the telephone ring at 3am you didn't have to stop and question  
Cause we knew that dark cloud was hangin just like a noose  
The only thing on our mind was death and who did he choose  
The time my cousin ate a bullet and my other cousin followed  
When they sister heard the news, that's when the Drano got swallowed  
Seen my first closed-casket just before I could talk  
And I almost met the same fate just before I could walk  
I lost my aunt to a pistol with her husband on the other end  
Nine years old and already noticed a trend  
So many friends dead and buried  
Many coffins been carried  
On a first name basis with too many cemeteries  
And I'm weary of my fate, scared for the kin to me,  
Cursed like the Von Erichs, somethin like the Kennedy's  
Say a prayer for me, if you're down on a knee  
And pray to God you ain't branches on my dyin family tree

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Chop, chop, chop it down  
When a dead tree fall, does it make a sound  
Chop, chop, chop it down  
When a dead tree fall, does it make a sound  
Chop, chop, chop it down

When a dead tree fall, does it make a sound  
Chop, chop, chop it down  
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