

Walking After Midnight

Boondox

out after midnight searching lurking hurtin howling
at the fucking moon
i watch the nieghbors close they curtains
turning out they porch lights
and i don't even know why
on the strole all alone
and like nobodie's gonna die
i'm just looking for the answers to the questions that i'm asking
we're all lost and when i started thought that means
that time is passing
barely grasping to the moment an irrational thought
and this prescription got me feeling distraught
it's just a matter of time i feel my brain growing
vacant
what the fuck is going on i'm like an alzhiemers'
patient
and this situation it seems like de ja vu
i wish i had an explanation and i pray i knew
how i got to where i'm going what i'm trying to find
looking for my sanity but i lost my fucking mind
no where to be found i think i need some fuckinf help
walking after midnight and i'm searching for myself

i'm out here walking
out here by myself
out in the moon light
through the darkness
after midnight- hey
searching for you
i'm trying to find you

right foot over left left foot over right
i let my dog out to piss in the middle of the night
in my back yard illuminated by the moon light
is a woman in a haze from the back she's looking tight
worry not he don't bite but why are you in my yard miss
she waved me on to follow and then ran into the darkness
all i had on was slippers still i gave chase
following an angel and i've yet to see her face
with ease she passes through trees
her gown blows in the breeze
i'm stomping through puddles and scratching up my knees
please tell me your name and where the hell we're headed
to the cemetary where the answers are embedded
on her tomb stone she's home she stopped running
i finally caught up and was about to ask something
when she turned around a demon a snake for a tounge
and it bit me food for the dead i've become

i'm out here walking
out here by myself
out in the moon light
through the darkness
after midnight- hey
searching for you
i'm trying to find you

what's dingalinging nothin in my droors
chasing after that dragon but not the hairy boy
it's big and shiney and dripping with blood
why'd i do it 'cause i said that i could
now my only problem i'm looking for that tool
when i hid it all i seen was it was drippin with drool
but i put it some where. where? we can all guess
the simple fact is i blacked out and slit her neck
back to the problem at hand
memories of mother fucker waitin looking for that murder weapon
if i had recollection i wouldn't have to sweat police
now my pores are open sweatin tryin to find this piece
i can't miss it if i see it wooden handle shiney edge
seraded around every angle i'm bout to jump off a ledge
picking through the leaves digging through the dirt
with every breathe i'm taking i'ma make this shit work

i'm out here walking
out here by myself
out in the moon light
through the darkness
after midnight- hey
searching for you
i'm trying to find you