

## My 1st Time

Dark Lotus

The first time, I didn't even feel guilty  
Never washed off, stayed bloody and filthy  
Just laid there next to the kid all night  
Kind of soaking it all in, and feeling alright  
I wasn't even old enough to drive yet, it was hell  
I had to put him on my handlebars and dump him down a well  
I try to feed of that until I couldn't anymore  
By my sixteenth birthday, my total had grown to four.

I ain't afraid of you, but be afraid of me  
Cause when the lights go down, there ain't no stopping me  
Memories of my first real killing  
They found her all tied up, just hanging from the ceiling.  
What I was feeling was just so dark and twisted  
I couldn't believe I just did this.  
Now I'm stuck in my very own private Hell  
Will I ever do it again? Time will tell.

My first time  
I was in control until the blood  
It was my first time  
The bloody mess I had to clean up  
It was my first time  
I know this ain't right  
It was my first time  
I finally took someone else's life

Every time I lay my ass down to sleep  
I pray to fuck these memories seize  
Bloody face and final breaths taken  
But the first, uh, what was I thinking?  
Just a piece of rope and a pair of hands  
It was a man, but she kept talking man  
Suffocation, through the mouth breathing  
I choked her for the very first time for no reason.

It was eleven on my clock, I remember that much  
In the graveyard waiting for the dope man to show up  
Ten minuets pasts, and there's still no sign  
Just then off in the night, I see some headlights  
A car rolls by, driving slow and I don't know  
I thought it was my folk, I ain't pulled the .44  
They stopped the ride, started blasting  
The first time I didn't pull the heat  
Damn, this what happened

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First time my knife touched skin  
And the red blood started flowing so quick I just couldn't quit

Kept stabbing until everything that I seen was red  
The pillow, the blankets, the walls, and even the bed  
One color dominating everything like contemporary art  
Am I the killer or artist with bloody heart?  
Then I curled into a ball in the corner of the room  
Feeling like a creep in the light of the moon.

If I took this gun and put a hole in your chest  
It won't compare to the first time I put someone to rest  
Kind of like a dream, but on a nightmare level  
Every time I think about it I can still hear the shovel  
Diggin' deep into the dirt to try to hide the pain  
Knowing I got away with something I'll regret in the end  
I really shouldn't have never done it  
But fuck it, I did him in  
The first person that I killed was my first best friend

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Someone else's life first  
Someone else's life