

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 chocked 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