

# Halls of Illusions

Insane Clown Posse

Ticket please, thanks, walk through the doors  
Into the Halls of Illusion and visit yours  
To see what could've, and should've and would've been real  
But you had to fuck up the whole deal

Let's take a walk down the hallway  
It's a long way, it takes all day  
And when we get to the end, ya find a chair  
With straps and chains, we slap you in there

Lock you down tight, so you can't move a thread  
And pull your eyelids up over your head  
'Cuz you're about to witness an illusionary dream  
It's just too bad, it ain't worth seeing

You walk in and see two kids on the floor  
They're playin' Nintendo and he's got the high score  
And sittin' behind them chillin' in the chair  
Is your wife and you look, oh, you ain't there

It's some other man and they're hand in hand  
How she looks so happy, ya don't understand  
See this is an illusion, it never came true  
All because of you

Back to reality and what you're about  
Your wife can't smile, 'cuz you knocked her teeth out  
And she can't see straight from gettin' hit  
'Cuz you're a fat fuckin' drunk piece of shit

But it's all good here, come have a beer  
I'll break the top off and, and shove it in your ear  
And your death comes wicked, painful and slow  
At the hands of Milenko

Great Milenko, wave your wand  
Don't look now, your life is gone  
This is all because of you  
What you got yourself into

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Look who's next, it's Mr. Clark  
The dirty old man from the trailer park  
Ya got your ticket? Thanks, take your coat off  
And later on, why not? I'll rip your throat off

Let's take a walk down the hallway  
It's a long way, it takes all day  
And when ya get to the end, ya find a chair  
Ya see all the blood? Yeah, ya boy was just here

We get all different kind of people comin' through  
Richies, chickens, and bitches just like you

In the halls, everybody gets a turn  
To sit and witness your illusion before ya burn

What do we have here? Oh dear  
No way? It looks like ya kids' in the okay  
Ya daughter's chillin' up in college, top grade  
And your son's a fuckin' doctor, phat pay

They got family, the kids and it's all good  
They even coach Little League in the neighborhood  
Is this true? Have ya really seen the Holy Ghost?  
Naw, bitch! Not even close

Back to reality, your son's on crack  
And your daughter's got nut stains on her back  
And they both fuckin' smell like shit  
And live in the gutter and sell crack to each other

When they were kids, you'd beat 'em and leave 'em home  
And even whip 'em with the cord of the telephone  
And that reminds me, man, hey you got a call  
Watch your step to Hell, it's a long fall

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It's time to pack up and move to the next town  
But we forgot Mr. Bigot, okay dig it  
We can't show ya an illusion, 'cuz we're all packed  
But I'll still cut your neck out, how's that?

Great Milenko, wave your wand  
Don't look now, your life is gone  
This is all because of you  
What you got yourself into

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