

Train Song

Johnossi

I grew up as an orphan in a big old house
I had no mother and no father, they had left me out
Confused was the word for me, the confusion
It planted a seed, in me

And I was placed in this home as a five year old
I was presented to my forster mother, she was so old
She took advantage of my company
It was nothing but slavery, slavery

She's dead in the house
She's dead in the house
She's dead in the house

You grow up under pressure and psychic terror
Then eventually your brain will just flip out and go "error"
The satisfaction of a murder for a little boy
Is so unhealthy, but it helped me on my journey to joy

And I prepared for a sweet revenge
No regrets ever since, ever since

Dead in the house
Oh she's dead in the house
She's dead, dead in the house
Oh she's dead
Spread out she's all over the place in the house
And she's dead

A chainsaw is nice it's a healthy tool
Or perhaps a good old fashioned drowning in the garden pool
Or a brick in the head for all the stuff she said
A machete-massacre, I'll shred her up in my head
There's a blood thirsty killer and a caterpillar
It would crush her into pieces, I would gladly drill her
A big hole in the skull to fill with gasoline
Light a match and watch the fire sprinkle out what a scene
I would be happy oh so happy, by the time I'm done
I would be running around the house with a taser gun
And tase all the different body parts, electrifying
This must be the greatest day ever, no I ain't lying

As happy as a boy can be
On his way to puberty, puberty

Dead in the house
Oh she's dead, dead in the house
She's dead, dead in the house
Oh she's dead
Spread out she's all over the place in the house
And she's dead