

Bella Morte

Twiztid

I feel her touch like a cold breeze tickled my neck
She here to show me more ways of the dark
I would expect her to know by now, I won't bend or
Be afraid of anything she shows me or anything she say

She want me to be scared 'cause she feeds on fear
And show me horrible things so I don't see so clear
My vision is so distorted and coming with new eyes
That show me people covered in blood and ready to die

I'm afraid of my own self and it won't help me none
To get a gun and put it to my dome
I know that you're alone and I figured we could talk
If she don't get under my head then I'm blowing my shit off

She's calling on me every night, she's scratching the walls
To keep me afraid everyday, she keeps tearing at my sanity
Unbarring now it's become so mundane
Becoming insane, I won't be afraid

She didn't know I was use to it, flash backs
Trigger my brain and shoot through it like fireworks again and again
And if I'm going insane then I'm taking somebody with me
Out the window of the glass house you been living

And if I'm just another page that you can turn and get away from
Then please do me a favor and turn it before the day comes
And hopefully it's sooner then later 'cause I'm feeling
My patience growing thin in this relationship

And they'll cradle you in the grave all the hate into my mind state
There's only one way to retaliate
Grab the thirty eight and hold it to my temple
Waiting on the word and now it all seems so simple it's absurd

Maybe it'll stop when she sees me holding the gun
Or a suicidalist is what I'm going to become
I'm hoping you can learn from my past and what I've done
And in the long run maybe you gonna know how to use a gun

She's calling me (she keeps calling me)
I'm afraid, I'm afraid, I'm afraid

Why are things so wicked when I sing of evil spells
And hidden incognations to open the gates of hell
What if style were wicked, would I wear human skin
With magic tongue rings and cane, display the skeleton

What if hell were heaven and heaven were irreversed
Would it really change the balance here on earth
Care to think about it, I don't, got too many problems of my own
Insanity it's a crypt that I'm trying to keep a hold on

I just want to be left alone
So everybody please just go away
Inside of my mind is where she calls home
And I just can't take another word she say

What if the rose was wicked, would it have teeth
Would it bite all who smelling it, leave a hole in they cheek
What if blood was wicked, would it make me want to fight
'Til I drew blood stained in my teeth like bliss white

What if art was wicked, would I paint with blood
Would I sculpt with guts, would I mount human heads to the wall with love
Probably all of the above and then some
Spend a little time on these streets, son

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