

Buckets of Blood

Twiztid

Bloody body
Laughing like an old man
Only lovely amongst the ruins and waste lands
Vision of hell
Skin so splattered
Rampage with a staff like wizard of old days
Blood and thorns
Pray for a quick death
The sick world reborn and left in front of your doorstep
Kill the killer
Retribution
Climb aboard
See what faith's hand has in store for your brutal massacre
Better sign a death note
As the wicked man fear make a bargain for your soul
In a portrait of a serial killer living or dead
Try to muffle many screams of anguish within his head

In the blood inside (I'm bleeding through every cut)
How many buckets of blood? How many buckets of blood?
In the blood inside (I'm bleeding through every cut)
How many buckets of blood? How many buckets of blood?
More blood, more death, less peace in the streets
What they scream as they hover over me in my dreams
More blood, more death, less peace in the streets
What they scream as they hover over me in my dreams

Now I'm a psycho killer with no mask on
Personality change disorder your whole faction
Fractions of the pieces I let 'em find
And captions written in blood inscribed behind
Refrigerators in the new temple describe the climb
And the video of me doing it to fuck up your mind
Better retreat while you can or render in my axes
The evil with open hands of the unspeakable man
And now I own your evil growing
Your DNA has been stolen, cloned,
And frozen and placed inside of the Chosen
Your guns are nothing
Better run from something
That can summon you to your knees and end all of your suffering

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Sick to death capture what's left
Of a killer on a rampage leaving a bloody mess
No one can stop this evil that transcends
In my brain and ends in blood stains of your family and your
Friends ain't no hostages
You can die the same way all your partners did

Let the sun break
Shed skin like a snake
How they picture me
Visions of my enemies beheading me
Fantasy, say I'm living in the clouds
Talk a lot of shit and make sure every bit of it's loud
Evil's coming in the form of the twins
Bringing hell to devour all your horrible sins
'Cause the judgmental devil wanna make you bite your tongue
And push you to the point where you truly don't give a fuck.

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