

Sick Man

Twiztid

Cover my eyes with the cloak of night
Till the darkness and shadows consume everything in sight
Mute my voice from the screams of pain
In blood curdling terror till my words fade away
Bond my wrist with a spool of twine
Collect me and keep me safe and confined
Cover my head with a burlap sack
I can hear where Im going but never find my way back
Dig me a hole with the shovel of death
And kick me done deep and take my last breath
Dead or unconscious assuming I passed
Awaiting to separate from my spirit and cross paths
Leave me to decompose my body petrifies
My corpse becomes skeletal insects and flies
Feeding on me and eating my body
And they think Im still missing but the sick man got me

Hes got his eye on you.
Sick man
He's in love with your death
Sick man
Your never safe cause hes out there
Sick man
Now your the victim in his gaze
There are no rules we don't play fair
Sick man

Im tied up
Dried blood covers my eyes
What have I got myself into tonight
Im alone in a room and Im feeling like i might
Just become somebody's victim the lights
Keep flickering off an on and Im trippin
I can't believe I got myself in this position
Somebody's coming I can hear them unlocking the dead bolt
It must be dawn and I all I can hear the threshold
Is knocking the floor and I can hear him getting closer
And im trying to ignore
The best hope is a joke
And I don't think that it is though
Its been about a week Ive been down here In limbo
And every time I speak I get stabbed with utensils
So I do my best to keep my motherfucking lips closed
All along I've been caught by a skitzo
It so out of the ordinary to live though

Put the lotion on my skin do it when Im told
Been locked inside the hole so long my beards full grown
Mental pain and chains that restrain and maintain
Make it cause real change in the brain its insane
How I pray every day to be free and never be
I can see myself giving up in his reality
Will it ever end?
Will I see my family and friends?
God take me out the clutches the one they call the sick man
Others he has captured not to long after their dead
If they could comprehend that he is master

Keeps the head as trophies cooks the rest neck to toe
Feeds it to me every night nothing left but bones
He bathes in the blood of the dead when he is well fed
He has conversations with the voices in his head.
I pray for my death hope its quick an painless
Only then would I be free as one of the nameless