

Welcome To Camp Nightmare

Dr. Acula

Run, run, run for your life my friend. Obvious this is
wrong on all ends. It's
getting worse they've been dispersed. It's a nightmare.
This is not my idea
of a getaway. Oh no! It's full blown. This is a battle
zone, what once was
home. So, as regret starts to overflow and the doubt
grows, it all goes to
show. I regret this decision completely. Somehow we've
all been separated. I
get the feeling I'm not out here alone. I get the
feeling, that there's no
place left to go. I can't see, running blindly.
Starting to accept my
unavoidable end. Cabin fever puts that gleam, in my
eye. Slit your throat,
watch you curl up and die. Saw your bones at your
shoulders and thighs. Just
getting started as I remove the eyes. Pull these teeth
out for this necklace of
mine. Inside the chest, rip the heart from inside. Cut
out the rest so my
hunger can die. Skin your bones in a box by the
riverside. This is now how it's
supposed to end. This is now how it's supposed to end.
This is now how it's
supposed to end. This is now how it's supposed to end.
All, that's inside
yourself is now coming out. You'll never go home again.
So, don't regret what
you did this year. Just concentrate what you do right
now, very well could be
your first and very last move. This is not how its
supposed to end.