

They Don't Understand

Boondox

My word's like vermin
Were certain to spread just like a plague
When I preach a sermon, determine to keep the flock afraid
My wicked conviction to piss in rythm on the system
When I speak of murder, evisions create fictional victims
I walk on the dark side, the shadows where monsters reside
We're so right and I choose Jekyll over Hyde, I provide
A different service in the purpose to divide on the side
Of a collective fascinated by suicide
The sex with broke necks, we are some complex rejects
Who are molded by the system with some complex effects
And we vex, that's why they fear us
And judge us before they hear us
And It's because we summon spirits
They ain't never coming near us

Maniac, monsters - all mad hate on that thinking
(But they don't understand)
About the darker side of life
Where shadows are home and the world knows our name
We all are the same here
So answer the whipser, they're calling your name
To welcome you home here tonight
So answer the whipser, they're calling your name
To welcome you home here tonight

Yeah we got a fetish for that redish fluid, keep us feedin'
Some got a playlist filled MP3s of bitches screamin'
Sometimes I fuck with demons, but then I have my reasons
Like I ain't sleeping, 'cause they lookin' in my dreams and
My lyrics in reverse can cast a spell and summon curses
I pawn straight from hell, that's why I put them in my verses
So call me evil but these people, they ain't got a clue
A sick connection that I got with everyone of you
The things I do to you, the things that I can make you do
I'm only playing but these motherfuckers think it's true
Subliminal discriminar like you ain't got a choice
Let me take control with just a sound of my voice

Maniac, monsters - all mad hate on that thinking
(But they don't understand)
I'm on the darker side of light
Where shadows are home and world knows our name
We're all out the same here
So answer the whipser, they're calling your name
To welcome you home here tonight
So answer the whipser, they're calling your name
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Blood and guts, bust nuts on dead sluts
Wrist cuts, out middle fingers, never givin' no fucks
We them fucking outcasts in caskets
It's just us against the world
We're unpredictable bastards who have mastered arts
Of throwing parents in hysterical panics
Posting paragraphs of hate while popping multiple xanax
Little frantic, worthless purpose they continue the curses

Heathens with the grievance and we're making them nervous

Maniac, monsters - all mad hate on that thinking

(But they don't understand)

I'm on the darker side of light

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