Hell's Winter

Cage

Somethin' in the way not for Dr. Zummer
Hot the tumor in the lugee and left it in Montezuma
Swam back to the US after Russian roulette
No deal on the table give me a label to suplex

Came to fill them with pain, take a print of my brain
Flash it on the screen you won't leave the Cinema sane
Had a followin' fondlin' that wouldn't let go
'Till I spiked the easy football into the Def Jux end zone
And when it hit the grass it covered the crowd with mud
Mom slipped my bare-ass out, I covered the ground with blood
Then she wiped it on my face like war paint
Then slapped me, I cry, might die with a hardcore brain
Cracked the doors frame when I open the world around it
Exhale the hinges in the air where denounces
My frontal-lobe bounces off the wall, then it rise from
The picture that it painted like suicide with a shotgun

I'm tryin' to pick up the pieces
Keep cuttin' my hands
When I put it back together, it's feces
In a permanent Hell I find tranquility teaches
We had to design perfect mass for our new Preacher
We're going too far, nobody could reach us
I'm startin' to drown and I'm covered with leeches
Until my last breath they'll be screamin' from the bleachers
Then I'll be dead like all my teachers

Despite all my rage, I'm a rat in a cage for skies
Communicate your love injecting bleach in my eyes
The dubiously demented dented to dependant cradles
Slipped through a grasp on the broken glass, highly unstable
I left that label unable to keep my master's
No whip, broke as shit, chick left me a week after
Over-dosage of mushrooms, no ugly obstacles
Hid the hamster boy record scene dance at the hospital
In the club I don't dance, I stand with a glass of Vodka
Come to terms, I'm just like my bastard Father
Left my Mother with a kid that flipped her lid
When I started to look like him, she threw me out the crib
And I was only two, my Grandmother was a Hitler Jew
Just dropped Agent Orange and ain't got no dough to fix this tooth
I'm thinkin' out loud "I hate life" like that matters
Lettin' shit out that happened to fit into wack pattern

I'm tryin' to pick up the pieces
But each motherfucker that fucked my Mother over would leave me to be this
Drug addicted menace, ain't shit to do in this place
No longer flinchin' from Step-dad's punches to the face
Blind to the drug, calm to the tub
Filled to the top with warm water to sink in
Two arms full of blood
Not even thirteen, lookin' to exit, left for mess
Could care less about life, just keep my pool as fresh
Until the worms eat my flesh I guess they better burn me
These are the thoughts of a child I keep 'till thirty
I lack patience 'till I was packed with patients

In the mental facility forced on all the wrong medications
Prozac genie pig, I don't feel bipolar
But got a folder that claims I am in a stack that reaches my shoulder
Music, my only savior in every instance
Makes each one of you a prophet to my existence

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