

Murder On My Mind

Chris Webby

Christian Webster?
Ayy, yeah, that's me, how you doin' Doc?
I'm fine but we're here to talk about you
How are you feeling?
Good, I guess
Uh, I mean I do have these dark thoughts sometimes
Some anger
Hmm, go on
I don't think it's somethin' I should really talk about
It's a safe space here, Chris
I'm sure it's nothing I haven't heard before
You sure about that?
Come on, how bad could it be?
Well, alright

I just really wanna murder some people, is that okay?
Only when I get the urge
I'm not sayin' like every day
But this Ka-Bar knife and this axe have been askin' when we could play
And I explain the consequences and laws that stand in the way
But if not for that, I guess I'd be stakin' out your address
For two weeks, just learnin' your routines and your habits
When you take your morning jog and when you take your kids to practice
So the night you got the house to yourself, I'ma grab the hatchet
Sneak around the side door
Looks like you forgot to latch it
Cut the phones and WiFi so you don't do anything drastic
Walk into your room
I'm sorry I startled you on that mattress
But baby, we got some plans
I already picked out the casket
When I choose my means of murder, better hope it's a gun
But I've got options, you've got nowhere to run
The type of guy playin' Grand Theft Auto
Just runnin' people over for fun
Give me a sec' this'll be over and done
Because

There's nowhere to run to
There's nowhere to hide
When I got murder on my mind
'Cause I'ma hunt you
And when I find where you been at, I'ma creep behind
And then when I catch you
I'll take my time
'Cause I got murder on my mind
There's no one to save you
So dont be surpris-
I think we need to be done here
One sec', Doc, just a couple more things

I think somewhere in my body I've got a caged demon
Creepin' into my psyche when I be day dreamin'
I hear them blades screamin'
Ready to grab somebody, stab somebody
Get my mask all bloody like a Jason scene
And I've just got them dark thoughts

And they creepin' into my purview
That little voice inside of me wants nothin' more than to hurt you
I'll turn a person to worm food
With a type of method that will certainly disturb you
Creepin' out around curfew
No skeletons in my closet, they buried 'em back
Next to my shack
Wrapped in carpets and tarps
I've got a map of where I marked the shallow graves in which I left 'em to rest
So I could go and visit 'em in case I ever forget
A serial killer who's scrapin' off the serial numbers
Of the murder weapon I'm wieldin' when appearin' from under the fuckin' bed
And at that point, I'm sorry, you're fuckin' dead
I think something's off in my fuckin' head
But bitch

There's nowhere to run to
There's nowhere to hide
When I got murder on my mind
'Cause I'ma hunt you
And when I find where you been at, I'ma creep behind
And then when I catch you
I'll take my time
'Cause I got murder on my mind
There's no one to save you
So dont be surprised
When I got murder on my mind

You okay, Doc? You look like you seen a ghost
I'm gonna need you to leave my office immediately
There's nothing, nothing I can do to help you
W-w-w-wait, but-but
Just please, please leave
I won't tell anyone about this
Just please don't hurt me
Hurt you? Doc, they're just thoughts
Get out, just please, get the fuck out
You said this was a safe space
Please get the fuck out, just get out
Man, fuck therapy
Just please, please
Tony Soprano was right
Fuckin' last time I ever talk about my goddamn feelings