

The Evil Within

Dan Bull

Dead if you try, you dead if you try
Mother fuckers dead in the streets

I woke up from unconsciousness, my fellow officers
All slaughtered, my God what the fuck is this?
Not gonna lie, I'm quite scared, colleagues are lying right the
re
I'm either off my tits or I'm having a nightmare
I enter the site of the mental asylum
Armed with the intention to find whatever the heck is messing m
y mind up
This best be a wind up, a prank in poor taste
If this is you, Sam Pepper, you've landed a court case
How does a corpse taste? What does it feel like to kill?
To go insane in the brain like you're Cypress Hill?
I can't find my pills, I'm going through withdrawal
Ruined thoughts of doing all sorts of stuff that's truly awful
Mortal wounds and torture scenes, debauchery
The sort of thing that no lawful being ought to see
Proceed with caution, what you see's a distortion
The proportions of reality have been reapportioned
Backstreet abortions, meat, bleeding orphans weep
It's even more nauseous than a rerun of Dawson's Creek
Look that the people you're with, beneath all the grins
Take a deeper peak and see the evil within
Now flash back to sunflowers and a country house (Ah)
It looks as if somebody must have let Ted Bundy out
Sebastian Castellanos, crouched and casting shadows
Between the splash damaged couch and the smashed piano
Just give me the chance to vamos and I'll be out of this place
Cause now my trousers are stained, I doubt it helps with the ca
se
I don't remember seeing this in Goat Simulator
Look, I think I better get my coat and go, see you later...

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