

## Heinous

Dark Lotus

I step 1, (ahh) 2, (ahh) across the creaky floor  
Spill some fuckin' blood then I'm out the back door  
Takin' little trinkets, fingernails and pieces of skin  
It's all for my rituals of cold milk mixed with gin  
Stir it together gulp it down my eyes roll back  
I'm chasin' that dragon but it's more like a hatchet attack  
I'm peekin' through windows pickin' out the next clueless one  
My fingers dig into her throat what have I done

I sleep on a bed of sharpened knives and toss and turn until I bleed  
I eat from the bread of chosen life a thousand ghosts alive in me  
Wickedly I'm heinous everything I do is odious  
I'm tired of the normalcy total terror's my focus  
I notice that the knife wounds are spellin out a name  
To the average mother fucker I can be a little extreme  
So I take the bloody corset and then light it for the emphasis  
Try to call me sick but I'm seein' a horror specialist

So you wanna murder this ya'll  
That's right  
And you wanna murder them  
That's right  
You should take a hit of this ya'll  
Why? Once they're dead they're not comin' back

Death is imminent when you on the other end  
With ya skull bein by the wrong side of the bull pit  
Blood pours out from a splint up to my ankles in it  
All over hammer and grip and so it slips  
Discarded for the use of a rusty crowbar  
To the horror of the courier who is forever scarred  
The terror I inflict is often described as heinous  
My history about it spreads out to leave them nameless

Now ya shell shocked from all the blood that ya saw  
Stainin' the walls and does surround you and it spreads to the halls  
It's even drippin' from the ceiling inside  
You get this feeling that the criminal's still creepin'  
That's because I'm right behind you  
Groin to gullet from your stomach to your mullet  
Split ya clean like cantaloupe and let ya neighbors know what done it  
America's most wanted for crimes against humanity  
Heinous and the evil is formin the insanity

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Oooo ooo ooo  
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The shit you callin' wicked is for kids and cheerleaders  
This heinous shit right here is for demonous flesh eaters  
It's rainin' blood in my bedroom a wet and bloody red  
Snakes slither through my earholes in and out of my head  
Got dent in this back a violent panick attack  
Skitsofrantic and demonacclly I'm manic depressed  
I'll stick an axe in yo chest  
I'll kick some cracks in yo neck  
I'll beat you into chunks like you was in a plane wreck heinously

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