

# The Whus

Dark Lotus

I sit up at night, it's at least three or four.  
Blood drippin' down my knuckles from knockin' skin on drywall.  
I see a face like flashlights under chins,  
The more I blink the more it happens again.  
Damn, victims from like '89,  
Floatin' their faces on the wall like it's the last time.  
I'ma see 'em again the same time everynight.  
The wall gets bigger with every passin' daylight.

Are they closin' in on me?  
Walls confinin' me  
Inside of me  
There's an emptiness that won't go away.

Yeah, I never said that I was right inside my mind,  
But I'm sure over time  
I learned to climb the walls  
I'm sure that over time I learned to right all of my wrongs.  
Sure it's right,  
Four walls reflectin' my life  
Every night  
That I sit and watch the replay.

Surrounding me,  
These walls ain't holding me back.  
They can't tell me where we at.  
I'm uncontainable.

Surrounding me,  
These walls ain't holding me back.  
They can't tell me where we at.  
I remain in control.

Tell 'em...  
I can feel 'em looking at me.  
I can even hear 'em talkin' when I'm trying to sleep.  
Sometimes they start spinning they're just closing in  
And it's just too much to beat, I can't win.  
Don't grin, it ain't funny I just set it ablaze  
I had to burn the whole house to escape that maze  
I was burned from my neck to my feet but it was worth it  
Until I went back, I didn't even hurt.

One wall surrounds me, no roof no floor.  
I started fallin' as soon as I stepped through the door.  
Plain walls, don't let me see a crack in the paint  
Or I'm focusing in, and focused I ain't.  
Clang-bang, I bloody the walls and leave stains  
So the next man falling at least can see thangs.  
I think of my life relivin' every memory  
Staring into the walls of my epitome.

Nothin' but walls, but it's alright.  
My back to the room in the corner all night. (Even in the darkness)  
Nothin' but walls, but it's alright.  
My back to the room in the corner all night. (These walls keep watchin' me.)  
Nothin' but walls, but it's alright.

My back to the room in the corner all night. (Even in the darkness.)  
Nothin' but walls, but it's alright.  
My back to the room in the corner all night.

I always catch myself starin' into a dark daze,  
Same place, new age, holes punched with rage.  
If they could talk they probably wouldn't say much  
Because I always keep myself locked away and such.  
Just a sheltered life being wasted away  
Like four walls on a casket being put in a grave.  
So many hours spent looking at nothing,  
But I keep on glaring, steady hoping for something.

I stare in this maze through my cell gate.  
For eighty years I been known as inmate 1-4-2-7-8.  
Walls can't confine me, on the noose every weekend.  
When the guards take me for my shock treatment,  
I be leavin', out the space in my head  
To control the minds and unearth the undead.  
The problem is, I'm only out for two days  
And I return to my coma and these walls and bars around me.

Surrounding me,  
These walls ain't holding me back.  
They can't tell me where we at.  
I'm uncontainable.

Surrounding me,  
These walls ain't holding me back.  
They can't tell me where we at.  
I remain in control.

Surrounding me.  
Holding me back.  
Holding me back.  
In control.

Surrounding me.  
Holding me back.  
Holding me back.  
In control.

Surrounding me,  
These walls ain't holding me back.  
They can't tell me where we at.  
I remain in control.