

Halls Of Illusion

Insane Clown Posse

Ticket please, thanks, walk through the door
Into the Halls Of Illusions, visit yours
And see what coulda and shoulda and woulda been real
But you had to fuck up tha whole deal

"Lets take a walk down the hallway
It's a long way it, it takes all day!"

And when you get to tha end, you'll find a chair
With straps and chains, we slap you in there
Lock you down tight so you can't move a thread
And pull your eyelids up over your head
Cuz you're about to witness an illusionary dream
It's just to bad it ain't what it seems

You walk in and see two kids on the floor
They playin Nintendo and he's got tha high score
And sittin behind them chillin in a chair
Is your wife, when ya look, oh, you ain't there
It's some other man in the hand in hand
Now she looks so happy you don't understand
See this is an illusion, it never came true
All because of you!

Back to reality and what you're about
Your wife can't smile cuz ya knocked her teeth out
And she can't see straight from gettin hit
Cuz you're a fat fuckin drunk piece of shit
But it's all good here, come have a beer
I'll break the top off it and shove it in ya ear
And you're death comes wicked painful and slow
At tha hands of MILENKO!

Great Milenko, wave your wand
Don't look now, your life is gone
This is all because of you
What you got yourself into

Look who's next it's Mr. Clark
The dirty old man from the trailer park
You got your ticket? Thanks take your coat off
And later on, why not, I'll rip your throat off

"Lets take a walk down the hallway
It's a long way it, it takes all day"

And when you get to the end you'll find a chair
You see all the blood, yeah your boy was just here
We get all different kind of people comin through
Richies, chickens and bitches just like you
In the Halls everybody gets a turn
To sit and witness your illusion before you burn

What do we have here, oh yeah, no way
It looks like your kids and they okay
Your daughter's chillin up in college top grade
And your son's a fuckin doctor, phat paid
They got families and kids and it's all good
They even coach little league in the neighborhood
Is this true have ya really seen tha holy ghost?
Nah, bitch, not even close!

Back to reality your son's on crack
And your daughter's got nut stains on her back
And they both fuckin smell like shit
And live in the gutter and sell crack to each other
When they were kids you'd beat em and leave em home
And even whip em with the cord on the telephone
And that reminds me man hey ya gotta call
Watch your step to Hell...it's a long fall!

Ah, it's time to pack up and move to the next town
But we forgot Mr. Bigot, okay, dig it
We can't show you an illusion cuz we're all packed
But I'll still cut ya neck out, hows that?