

Halls of Illusions

Insane Clown Posse

Ticket please, thanks, walk through the doors
Into the Halls of Illusion and visit yours
To see what could've, and should've and would've been real
But you had to fuck up the whole deal

Let's take a walk down the hallway
It's a long way, it takes all day
And when we get to the end, ya 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 too bad, it ain't worth seeing

You walk in and see two kids on the floor
They're playin' Nintendo and he's got the high score
And sittin' behind them chillin' in the chair
Is your wife and you look, oh, you ain't there

It's some other man and they're hand in hand
How she looks so happy, ya 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 you 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 and, and shove it in your ear
And your death comes wicked, painful and slow
At the 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

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

Let's take a walk down the hallway
It's a long way, it takes all day
And when ya get to the end, ya find a chair
Ya see all the blood? Yeah, ya 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 ya burn

What do we have here? Oh dear
No way? It looks like ya kids' in the okay
Ya daughter's chillin' up in college, top grade
And your son's a fuckin' doctor, phat pay

They got family, the kids and it's all good
They even coach Little League in the neighborhood
Is this true? Have ya really seen the Holy Ghost?
Naw, 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 of the telephone
And that reminds me, man, hey you got a call
Watch your step to Hell, it's a long fall

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

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

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