

Anatomy 1:3

King 810

A few men have had to die for that line right there
Me, I just have to live with it
Cause I've seen a few dead and a few killed
And I've spent my life trying to forget it
I let no substance free me from reality
I sit alone with your ghost and your memory
And I face it
And I take it
And it takes me to that place where pain lives
And it takes me to numbness and indifference
Gets to the point where I can't identify faces
But I see scales like a snake of every color imaginable
Ram horns, cat eyes and it's mouth is a blackhole
And I see white and gold hues and indescribable glow
Angelwings on strange beings
And they don't walk, they float
Saint Peter hold the gate for me
I've talked to God and I pray it ain't too late for me
But times have been hard I had to use that gun you gave to me
My eyes are blurry and I just wanna know who's taking me
(Who's taking me) Saint Peter Ladidadida
Eyes wide open I see beings like Set and Ra
And I'm travelling on planes most will never go
Inside the Giza Pyramid before I come back home
And to my body and I look around when I'm alone
Still got my gun on and I go out and I'm hunting'em
My cousin's killer and although I am a peaceful man
My aunt's unhappy there's only one way I can deal with that
Kill'em all body for body leaves the world empty
I'm alright with that
I have more loved ones in hell than where I'm at
So keep poking at me
My fire will only grow and I will turn this fucking earth into a blackhole
But you should know
The weight of a body's more than a couple hundred pounds
And you carry that weight with you til you go in the ground
I feel like it's dragging me down so I get stronger
There's no animal on earth with the same hunger
They wanna look at my plate to see what I'm eating
That's the catch
I haven't eaten, I'm starving
So start retreating
They wanna see me on a stretcher
Father forgive them for they don't know better
But I've been doing this forever
And they're all trying to make hits and trying to grow bigger
While I'm in trenches with the killers and my skin's getting thicker
Know the day you go against me is the day you meet God
Cocksuckers still think it's a facade
Bow your heads and close your eyes
Maybe we'll be friends on the other side
Or you can find a place in hell to hide
Cause I'm gonna die
Where I was born
So just bury me on the northend
So I can sleep with that gunfire
That soothing conversation

And when it's my turn to sit down
I'll sit down til I'm done
And when it's my turn to lay down
Well boys it's been fun
As bad as I've been
Is as good as I can be
Say that an play my songs when you go to bury me
Until then it's orchestras played by AK-47s
And it's get right with God you're going to heaven
The devil don't want anyone who fucked with me in his presence
And when you play these words you can feel my essence in the room with you right now
And I bet you're wondering how?
It's the motherfucking Boogeyman
I possess gifts that weren't meant for humans and words can not describe them
And I can not describe her
You've gotta numb every nerve to feel how I feel
You've gotta kill your own kind and steal from the blind
And be willing to do anything if you land in a bind with no bond
And you just sit and have to do the time
Doing life locked in my mind
Take a number and come suffer
I haven't sat with my mother in the better parts of a decade
How cold you think that makes a motherfucker?
Sometimes when the wind blows I wish I could climb inside it
And let it take me where it will and just close my eyes and ride it
And ask for it to drop me in the ocean
And I'll sink so I can be around things that don't think

Hey son
Sorry I'm calling so late...
Hey I was thinking of y'all making these songs all about killing
And you know what I've always thought you
About keeping things in the existence
(Can't make out words...)
... All of you daily
... I'm just gonna leave you with...
(Can't make out words...)
I love you