

Dead Man Walking

Madchild

Gucci rollerskates and a pink beeper
Louis V, D-cup, think seka
Mad Child sleep deep like I breathe ether
The Mad Child hold heat like The Grim Reaper
She tastes like a peach, sacred now vagrant so hatred is deep
Vagrants and snakes take her out to the beach
Have nightmare sweat, work it out in my sleep
I used to mask pain with cocaine and oxys
Now the pain still feel real on Suboxone
Pain is by caused this very bad posture
Feeling bad really sad in a clown costume
If life is a game I am so losing
Life filled with depression and no movement
We make choices, I hear yours loud and clear
Strange voices, get the fuck out of here
Pretty good pretending that I don't care
As I battle with adult fear
Olympics in Whistler with Adolph Hitler
The devil and his misfits were there for Christmas
The dinner was delicious, smashing dishes
I come back clean more brash and vicious
Irrational thoughts make myself look ugly, the passion is lost
Trying to change my ways, still stashing the Glock
Trying to keep love locked, start smashing the box
Fuck everyone, I am never done
Mad Child love God like Reverend Run
Back at level 1 tears filling up my eyes like the Seventh Son
That's all she gets, three packs of cigarettes now I'm past regret
I'm a dead man walking, head plant often
Keep on talking, tin can coughing
Codename Terror, cocaine nearer
Stopped drug binge just to see things clearer
I'll hit em with the thunderous clap
I've been driving five hours with a gun on my lap
I'm feeling like I'm under attack
You can tell em' that the old head hunter is back
Shane's existence is pain inflicted
They're saying he's different, insane and twisted