

Unaware

Sadistik

Dead to rights, pinheads get ends of spikes
I'm pegged Poe, Simon says, I Edgar Wright
Over-heads and set for flight
I feel bugged, a kill-buzz, like pesticide
Anesthetized, testify next to die
Lay me down to rest then we'll X the eyes
Exorcised, Linda Blair, lend a pair
Double tap like Fred Astaire when I get a stare
Stairway to hell, I'll put a shiv into their chivalry
Dr. Decker on a killing spree
Last night I had a dream I was in a dream
And every living thing I saw died in my vicinity
Cold, Minnetonka ice, so Minnesota nice
Home is Seattle so I roam with the poltergeists
So deprived, sold souls, a lower price
Vented, the sins since are so defiant

Yeah, shock the globe before the bloggers try and stop the glory
Sopped in codeine, stuck inside the net like soccer goalies
Mobster stories turned the homies into Monster Cody's
Half the squad's parolees eating mostaccioli
Burning swishers never burning bridges, learn the business
Born to lurk the village, forced to work the system
Plotting on the block for a pocket full of slave owners
Pitching satchels trying to profit off the chain smokers
Deacon Frost amongst the daywalkers, wave choppers
Remain conscious of the Blade's watching, grave robbers
Fake postures, snake charmers, Jake Roberts
I'll put them coons on your head like Dave Crockett

I aim, brains out, maim
The thing about a rain drought it brings out pain
I'm sippin' moonshine 'till the moon shine
Then keep sippin' moonshine 'till it's noontime
Until the darkness unfolds upon me
Like origami, or a cold tsunami
Cold cuts my skin like cold salami
Mankind preying on me like an old swami
I wear pain like a leopard skin, nah
I wear pain like a leper's skin
Someone once told me death was the end
I guess this is where we begin, 'till then

(Let's go in)
Skill level high like a man that once fought God
The Guinness book of world records is my kindergarten report card
They said that I would never make it this far
Drunk and dyslexic, I spit in any bars tips jar
Rebel Armz, Psycho Realm, my alliance
With more main pride than the hair on a male in a pack of lions
Chino the bringer of terrible dreams of unbearable beings
And mechanical fiends that have planted evil botanical seeds
I'm that hideous pollination from trees
My words vomit abomination of hate and disease
Brought forth from dark satanical deeds, my conceived scenes
Are written on the inside of a skinned mythical Minotaurs fleece
The alphabet bleeds from my pen when I roll up my sleeves

MC's pray to me 'till they're developing leathery knees
My brain and breath perforated slicing and shredded your pathetic spleen
Green fluid spilling out, the streets need to be chemically cleaned
Poet aesthetically mean, male witch or warlock, which one am I more like?
I spit historic grim literature is horror I'm quickest to carve y'all up
Thus my moniker is synonymous with Chuck Norris and Boris Karloff
Sin Minister, word blisterer, here to purge and finish you all off
I've got that miraculous tongue for that actual anarchist fun
I've been known to drag Dracula's acidic blood through a scalding cauldron
The Spanish grammatic hulk like that of Bruce Banner son
I'm feeling like 11 living primitive relatives of Attila the Hun
The thunder that eclipse the sun on the tundra when I spit that grunge
The menace hunger for this Renaissance warmonger that once hung
Until he slumbered and woke up inside of a psychiatric group home
I'll unplug your life-support machine just to charge my phone