

Asylum

Twiztid

They found me layin' in a bath tub
Covered in blood
Cuttin' my calves up
Hovered above
Is where the staff was

I know that I can not remember
That much
Cold to the touch like December
Sack lunch

I could see there were people
All over when I back up
None of them alive
Blood running like it's a track stud

I like to dabble in the majik
Yeah the black stuff
And I got somethin for all the bitches
Who wanna act tough

So many stitches it's not
Even worth it to patch up
I don't need a reason to act up
When I mask up

Gimme the season of the pumpkin
And let me stab stuff
Ain't nobody breathing
Before I'm leavin the patch what

Gives you the muthafuckin right
To come here and ask us
We are the diabolical madness

Paint you a picture
Better get you a bloody canvas
We are the underground
The bloodiest bandits outlandish

You don't call
You don't visit
It's so lonely in this padded cell
All I have is time
Padded walls medicine
Daily therapy inside this
Straight jacket in my mind

The more the merrier
Each line will bury ya
House of Krazees never trust or follow your inferior
Complex we left when the planet seemed to knock us off
Balance came back with a task full of malice no
Challenge from you orderlies
Never can you board with me
This flight into this latnem place
We head shrinking sorcery

Trapped like lab rats
Always fought back
Against the opposition
Risen from your prison of decisions
Ain't no killings gotta let you feel
Seeing all the best we give
Who can test the Crest we build
Shit can't hold us down will live
Howling at the moon
No room for the weak
We seek our turn to speak
Here's a reef
But no way will you mourn the 3
Heads of the dead
No heat no leash
Say your prayers for peace
We so deep (deep)
In the brain cell
Chillin' in my padded cell
Never will we go to hell
Cause we won't follow
So go tell

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Born with the sickness
They say they can treat me
Feel they only wanna
Document me then delete me
When I don't comply
Here come restraints
They won't release me
Locked inside this House of Krazees
No one will believe me
Straight jacket soft room
And dim lit therapy
They know I'm a monster
I'm indifferent they're aware of me
Telling me recite the recipe
In perfect clarity
And if I don't
They'll keep my pumpkin mask
Until they bury me
I don't recite the wicked words
Upon command
And fuck you and that mask
I'll make a new one understand
I'll carve a jack-o-lantern
Outta your face with my bare hands
You can tell the other patients
I saved one of the damned
Paint me in blood just like a Saint
And I can read between the lines
Of what you are and what you ain't
And with your head upon my plate
I guess I'm a nutcase
That belongs inside the walls

In this fucked up place

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You don't visit

It's so lonely in this padded cell

All I have is time

Padded walls medicine

Daily therapy inside this

Straight jacket in my mind