

All I keep seeing is that goddamn pumpkin
I remember being locked inside my head and telling myself
Just let go you don't have to let this person control you
And it keeps looking at me with that goddamn face
It's a fucking pumpkin, it keeps looking at me, you motherfucker
I can't stop seeing his goddamn face, looking at me

Got a smile that's as big as a jack-o'-lantern
It's on halloween eve once again
You could feel it in the atmosphere
And the wind and blood underneath the skin
Why is this happening? butterflies in the stomach like attraction
Pull that I can't win, head over heels
In the fields for a chance to be dead again
They be calling me Messi, friend
The one with the meat soup, one that fits most spirit to the T
In the zone like a reboot
I take you to the spirit world as it's controlling me
And I'm supposed to be, conscious aware
Left with the memories and fuck little cats
Trying to be helpful, call me a portal
Long as I return, it all seems fair

Now I don't want nobody listening to be confused
You can put that on the pumpkins and everything that we do
If you let a ghost take control and get all inside of you
There's no telling what you remember or what they'll make you do

That said, I remember becoming myself again
Energy low, feeling my skull caved in
Telephone pole, and wrapped around the metal
Damn must've been in an accident
Back in an ambulance
Doing a 100 on the way to the hospital
That's when I became possessed with another ghost
The darker soul, that was way more outta control

Now every Halloween, it's not a green
Evil spirits go and take possession of me
I believe I may need an exorcism just to make 'em leave
And soon as everything is better
Another spirit bout to enter
All I have are memories
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I feel like I am being controlled
Through my mind and my eyes
People indulge inside of what's in my head
Anything goes, like a time giving a try then
It could get violent, if shit goes flyin'
Up all on my eyes, start crying, a little bit of blood
Don't think that I'm dying, it's just me getting that blood

To the other side, and I can't remember enough
To say that I found 'em, how can I get construed?
It's such a condiment, like when everytime I come to
I just start vomiting, end up feeling confused
The room won't stop spiraling
It feels like the deepest depression that I'm mired in
If I can just remember once, like I smoked a hundred blunts
Every time I help somebody find somebody that was lost
Every time I help someone, a little more of me it costs
I guess that's just the price I pay, fuck it then I take the loss

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