

Heaven don't want me, and Hell ain't ready for me
You can blame it on my personality or backstory
Living death crazy, all guts, no glory
Fuck with us, we'll spill your fuckin' guts and leave you gory
If you fuck with us, we'll spill your fuckin' guts and leave you gory
Spill your fuckin' guts and leave you gory, if you fuck with
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I dream of death, swallowed by darkness
Falling apart and starting to dull sharpness
Minuscule life left inside of the carcass
These moods killing happiness regardless
Possessed and infested my heart is
Buried in a box underneath the garbage
Carnage on the mend, still of the heartless
Soul of the night like it's the darkest
Entity you probably, probably wanna part with
Deeper the wound, definitely leaving a scar, bitch
Fuck with us, we'll spill your guts where you are, bitch
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I've been diagnosed with a condition called fuck what you think
Where I do anything I want and give a fuck what you think
I said enough is not enough, I'll push my luck to the brink
And I'll rip out your fucking guts and give a fuck what you think
I'm at my wits end praying, 'bout to get to Charles Lee Rayin'
All this child's play just gettin' in the way
And it creates a situation that they wish that they didn't
Because I looked and saw my face, it says I'm pushed to my limit
You can ask the last guy who thought this shit was a gimmick
Oh wait, now that's a bad lie, he no longer existent
I hold it all by the throat
And I've been squeezin' so they know that I'm never lettin' it go
Believing we're the coming of something they can't control
They try to kill it, but they couldn't, now look at the family grow
I put all my blood and guts into everything, so you know
Get in my way, you'll do the same, except it's all over the floor

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