

Haunted Thoughts

Twiztid

Mentals ain't on parlay
Y'all better pray they stay away
All these voices in my head
Scrambled messages like my eggs
Let me see how I'm gone get out this mess today
One at time two shift my mind into 3rd gear 4 ever live wire
Sick thoughts just don't expire
Spilling out they so deceitful
Hold up wait they ain't all evil
But ever one is so lethal
Yeah the sequels intertwined
Leaves me fucked when I rewind
Rewind time I'm in a bind
Tangled webs see my grind
Holla to father
Please help I've swallowed
Lies upon lies from so called guides on life
What should I do yes I'm stuck
Head says I must act up
Strike quick like I'm lighting
Their weapons won't prosper
How many times
Will these dreams be up to no good
Never thinking like I should
You're in danger feel the flood
Pushing through this mental sludge
It's so deep up in my blood
Thoughts don't show me no love
Gotta get it out the mud
Haunts me

Sick minded
And haunted
Wicked rhymes
Hey
Spirit realm
This and the other side
Awe
Tortured souls
Dead even some alive
Thoughts
Hey
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Hey
Thoughts
Thoughts broken like confidence again
Hey
Falling fast
Watch as they all descend
Awe
Tortured souls alive some even dead
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Isolation
Imaginary boundaries set in place to wrangle and corral my fascinations
Anxiety at play
Like imaginary tidal waves to swallow up and drown out the day
Tired of feelings of apprehension
Days of unhappiness only measured by other people's perfection
Still ain't thinking sane thoughts or piece of mind
In the whereabouts of characteristics, I would define mine
Broken and nowhere above a c-5
Self-thinking never connected to any hive mind
Stuck feeling withered intertwined
Broke or undefined
Fuck dealing with feelings of your mine or any kind
I can hardly spend the time up in the sundial
No I don't need to know you walk in your shoes for one mile
I've already been you and been through them days a long while everything from
frantic to sheer panic or hog wild

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My brain's rotted Cobain got it
I'mma ill you full of metal like a change wallet

A fuckin' weirdo's what the strange call it
I don't give a fuck I'll stay the same you stay away from it

I feel the rage coming feel like I stay running
100 miles but it ain't nothing

You get outta line I go outta mind
Now your outta spine shoulda never tried

I'm in auto drive when the killers live
Every thought of mine so killer I'm
In awe sometimes, of the ties we bind
Like hands behind then zipped and tied

I'm 'a sick sick mind with an axe to grind
An I hope I find another throat so I can choke it 'til
There's no air to find

I blackout go blind and somebody gets murdered every time
I'm death with 2 eyes my evil is live

If left here to die I'll survive off the nigh

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