

Seven

Boondox

A tisket, A tasket
The Skarecrows out his casket
Turn off the lights and lock the door
Prayin' that he passes

A vision of the dead in the Inbread im Backwoods
Motherfucker born inside a toolshead
Momma never loved me never gave me no attention
Daddy was a rapist 30 years up state Fulton County Prison
And I was raised by my own will
Surviving off of scrapes of bones, bear traps, and road kill
Spending my days and my nights all alone
And my mind is gone, there is something wrong with my dome
Should have put me in a tomb I didn't ask for this life
When they cut me out the womb with a dull pocket knife
Now I walk with a sight and a murderous ability
I'm a Corn-fed motherfucker filled with hostility
Cracked out and I'm gone off that moon shine
A 180 proof win made from a muskadine
Out in these cornfields
Learning all these wicked skills
Swinging, slicing, chopping, dicing
Country boy born to kill

A demon spawn
The child of a bastard son
Seven born of seven and the
Seventh child fathered one
A soul black full of pain
Bodies in the field
Blood pourin' like rain
(2x)

Don't get lost in the woods
In yo black expedition
On the dark dirt roads
So suspicious
Just Trees and Ditches
Headlights flicker and its got you turning switches
Now you so damn scarred you bout to shit in yo britches
You cant think straight all you hear is heavy breathing
All your eyes just deceiving what it is that you seeing
When I pull up on the '84
Pristol in their floorboard
Blast out ya back glass
Got you screaming "No No"
You fixing to know the reason and you about to find out
What it is to suffer with a rusty blade in your mouth
No where to run
No where to hide
Being stalked by the Skarecrow
The bloodline of Malaki
I hear these voices talking they wont leave me alone
Tell me snatch this bitch up by her hair and drag her home
Over my shoulder in the back of a pick up truck
Cant wait to get her home and hold her, bleed her, then chop her up

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