

Mad House

Creature Feature

Where did all this begin, my malicious tale
So rife with loathing, despair, and revenge
Picture this, a home could grow aware
Would this explain why I now live in fear

Sometimes the razor's dull and doesn't cut enough
Sometimes it definitely cuts too much

All of this aggression and fury inside me
Has seeped into the bones of this old house
Year by year, the rage was building up
And my short fuse has turned against me now

Sometimes the razor's dull and doesn't cut enough
Sometimes it definitely cuts too much
Sometimes the anger doesn't always manifest
Sometimes the anger's like a hornet's nest

I don't know how much I can take
I simply must get out of this mad house
Nowhere to hide, I can't escape
I really think it's gunning for me now
You can't imagine how I ache to toss a match
And burn the whole thing down
I pray in time it's blown away
To nothing but a big hole in the ground

Would I get an answer if these walls could talk
Would they explain why they now want me dead
Was it me? Am I a wicked man?
Was this monster born of my own two hands?

Some days it's tame, doesn't spill too much blood
Some days it's crazed and can never get enough
Some days it's still like the calm before a storm
Some days I wish I was never born

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It's grown hungry, rather famished
Smelling blood and turning savage
Now it's learning, forming habits
Sentient and wreaking havoc
It is growing, gaining traction
Can't give up, I must take action
It is scheming, gaining reason
Making plans, becoming brazen
It is living, in existence
Cognizant without a conscience
Shaping tactics without lenience

Setting traps to restore balance now

Get me out of this mad house

I'll die in this mad house