

Here Be Dragons

JJ Demon

From the gate, the mouth of the abyss
If it's me inside that coffin, I'm gonna be really pissed
Kick the bucket up under the spilling wrist
All you need to leave is the want and the willingness

Breathing the killing mist on the Philly bricks
We howl at moons
Like the word "fire" shouted in a crowded room

"How are you"?
Me? I'm getting by, minus the medicine
Day and night I spend 'em in the bed, pad and pengelam

Not to mention all my friends are dead.

My sacrificial offering, I'm offering myself
You ain't thought to sell your soul?
Don't fuckin' talk to me

Walk into the boss' office awkwardly, such as life
You think there's somebody behind that door?
Yeah fuckin' right

I would love to be a believer, man, what's it like?
Genocide justified, "trust in Christ"

I'm here to get you dusted, like rusty pipes
I'm rap's rust cold
It's getting dark a little earlier, rush home

Just know, don't look in the mirror for Miramax or that Touchstone
See if you're Dreamworks in this cutthroat business
Man, isn't this swell?
Given that we're all animals indigenous to Hell?

Given that we're all prisoners, come visit us in jail
Saw Christ when he risen up
He said he's goin' back down

Now, Dom loved the needle. Shit, I loved the needle, too.
Paramedics brought me back to life, but he has seen it through

Cause see, Dom had a demon, too...
What the FUCK was there for me to do?

Being a fuckin' junkie trainwreck's a job
No friends, no family, no lovers, no God
(Agh,) Help, our hearts are Hellbound
Helladelphia's cellars is where we're dwellin'
And you wonder why we ain't well-rounded

Pills pounded to dust, dollar bills rolled for the noses
I'm wearin' the crown of thorns, feeling like I'm covered in roses
Kiss the casket of my brother as they close it

I arose to walk this road alone, frozen
Comatose, body's still cold from overdosing

Prob notes his broken home
Dom's mom's convinced that he was chosen
Whatever takes the omen out the moment

It's not that I condone it, but I have seen the blackest nights
Ghosts floatin' over me, I'm hopin' to see an afterlife
But I was shaken, I know those were only just hallucinations
Sickness heart sanity as a sacrifice

My appetite for pain never goes away
My life is like dyin' in a slow decay
Skeleton behind the glass in Beaujolais
Follow me into the ocean, I know the way

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