

# Killing Season

Twiztid

Divided he stands, inhuman to the core  
He lashes away at life 'cause he feels he deserves a little more  
Than the ordinary every day caged angels and freaks

Listen in his voice when he speaks  
Hear it like the anger in the roar of the thundering storm cloud  
But wicked is the weather that continues to rain down upon him  
Light watered on him in a bad way and all that that hate is doing to me

And now he sits in the dead of the night thinking of two ways to die  
But he can't get it right, he's still alive  
Killer by design, he took the long road home  
But the road was closed, no way home I suppose

On the last hunt for the youth and the runaways  
Killed his blood relatives and then murdered his first grades  
Long gone, any moments when the heart is suppose to beat  
And there's no one home behind the walls of vacancy of his mind

No matter what they do to me, no matter what they say  
I can't do right, I always go the other way  
They can't reach me, I refuse to reason  
I am lost in my wicked mind and it's killing season

It's been a wash ever since he was born  
And so he sits at home alone  
Just trying to weather the storm  
Hoping that the clouds will quit taking the form  
Of a demon or a devil or an angel free fall

He's like the spawn of a million hated souls  
In a downward spiral so out of control  
He lost the battle of life and couldn't have any kids with his wife  
And so he fucked her with a butcher knife

There's nothing left but he stays alive to spite  
All the people that just wish he was down by sunlight  
But he ain't going nowhere until they're coming to get him  
So it's better to forget and just act like you never met him

If the chance comes, walk on the other side of the street  
Because he just might be the last man you ever meet  
And if you let him he would do some of the vilest deeds  
And let your mind wander just for a second and you can see

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Confused she is given this little gift of life corrupted inside  
Trackted by every guy she bites  
Every force in her path she feels wrong  
But inside insinuation couldn't be more wrong

She presses on through the world every day with more rage  
And the day is like a book and it's written across her face

And the anger in her voice when she's letting the demons speak  
In a fit with herself after words of her being weak, losing control

Tied to whatever little soul she retains  
Minusing all of the portions she gave away  
To this point everything in her life has been pointless  
She's well in tune with feeling of disappointments

She killed her true self back in the day  
And have never been the same since that selfish rage  
Long gone, any moments when the heart is suppose to beat  
And there's no one home behind the walls of vacancy of her mind

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