

Blaze Ya Dead Homie, Children Of The Wasteland

help me!

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C'mon a journey with me into the land of the dead

Through the voices and mangled bodies and severed heads

Children all there pray together, seeking out the light

After death will there be suffocating, self inflicted torture, severe pain

Why does everybody think that when you die you go to Heaven

When you die you go to Hell or when you die your system fails

I'm living proof the dead can walk the Juggalo to party store

Body mutilated, lined in chalk, 'cause I sit before I talk

Nevermind the consequences, 11 years I had no fences

Here we go with no remorse, fans come with deadly force

After, check the course, we the dead, we roam the earth

the wasteland, now we burnt, I told ya bitch I can't be hurt

So what, you're comin in my direction, frontin' there is no protection

Say it's not makin sense, is it? And you know you fall a victim

Guaranteed the same - eternity without end

Children roam this place forever - Children of the wasteland

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Hallowicked, October 31st, is back again

With all the special freaks roaming, you're forgiven for your sins

All the dead are resurrected, juggalos equally protected

Follow the path of the lotus just to see where your life is headed

Still watch out for all the children, rising up from wasted land

Come one, come all, we all together with a hatchet in our hand

Never understood the difference between life or death

'cause when we livin', we trippin, but when we gone, we at rest

Woken up from the dead because I'm always in a panic

Runnin' through the neighborhood steady yellin' Psychopathic

Uncontrollable state of mind, look in my eyes and you will find

That the world's goin crazy 'cause the underground's alive

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Every year at Hallowicked, dead walk amongst us

Children, tortured souls only get to feel reflect upon the livin'

Every year I start the urgin, no reason to have to burn the blood

Til the Lotus made the save and brought me back up out my grave

Now your homey walk forever, lookin for a head to sever

'cause our hatred never ends, even when I do you in

So you throw your home away, sacrifice and scratch your wife

Demons from the elder's grave, when you blink, you see your fate

Target chosen pull the trigger, in ya chest the bullets enter

Out ya back, lungs explode and your brutal body falls
Now the's time out yo pockets, takin cash and goin for watches
No time to argue, you might be rich, but where you headed, you ain't shit
Once inside the gates you'll see all the pain and suffering
Caused by you upon the earth, only six feet deep is yours
All the killings and the crimes comin; back a thousand times
You gon pay for all your crimes
Ain't no preachin til it's over
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