

# Johnossi, Train Song

I grew up as an orphan in a big old house  
I had no mother and no father, they had left me out  
Confused was the word for me, the confusion  
It planted a seed, in me

And I was placed in this home as a five year old  
I was presented to my forster mother, she was so old  
She took advantage of my company  
It was nothing but slavery, slavery

She's dead in the house  
She's dead in the house  
She's dead in the house

You grow up under pressure and psychic terror  
Then eventually your brain will just flip out and go "error";  
The satisfaction of a murder for a little boy  
Is so unhealthy, but it helped me on my journey to joy

And I prepared for a sweet revenge  
No regrets ever since, ever since

Dead in the house  
Oh she's dead in the house  
She's dead, dead in the house  
Oh she's dead  
Spread out she's all over the place in the house  
And she's dead

A chainsaw is nice it's a healthy tool  
Or perhaps a good old fashioned drowning in the garden pool  
Or a brick in the head for all the stuff she said  
A machete-massacre, I'll shred her up in my head  
There's a blood thirsty killer and a caterpillar  
It would crush her into pieces, I would gladly drill her  
A big hole in the skull to fill with gasoline  
Light a match and watch the fire sprinkle out what a scene  
I would be happy oh so happy, by the time I'm done  
I would be running around the house with a taser gun  
And tase all the different body parts, electrifying  
This must be the greatest day ever, no I ain't lying

As happy as a boy can be  
On his way to puberty, puberty

Dead in the house  
Oh she's dead, dead in the house  
She's dead, dead in the house  
Oh she's dead  
Spread out she's all over the place in the house  
And she's dead