

# Insane Clown Posse, Echoside

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Imagine a place that exists beyond, a place that's seldom seen  
A place that even the wickedest souls that burn have never been  
There was a soul named Damion he was nothin heaven to say  
Instead he was cast to the flames of hell to serve an eternal grave  
Even in the after life things don't always go as planned  
Satan's realm see's through, it's hectic and over jammed  
Damion earned his spot in hell right until his dieing day  
So the wagons took his sorry soul and taunted him all the way  
They finally reached that resting place and endless pit of fire  
But Damion had escaped through the back door of Satan's lair  
Out the back entrance of hell with no were else to hide  
His time is just a tomb resting in the Echoside

Echoside Echoside not without my echoside (4x)  
Take me to the shadows on the other side of time  
If there is a hell then there must be a behind  
Take me from the nethervoid and bury me in black  
Take me from the echoside and never bring me back

Damion ran as far as he could before his legs began decaying  
There were many dead trees of blood red skies and headless children playing  
A wicked man with a long black tongue saw Damion's legs were dead  
So he laid on top of Damion and then licked the back of his neck and said  
Backwards talking saying: Fuck the Devil Fuck That Shit We Believe in life legit  
If you diggin what we say  
Why you throw your soul away?

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Backwards: Fuck The Devil Fuck That Shit  
We Believe in life, legit  
If you diggin what we say  
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Damion crawled for many hours in puddles of blood he lay  
Totured by everything he saw yet wishin along the way His arms decayed and fell off his body as h  
Still trying not too look back, as if something else were in store  
The clouds above were dark and hot yet dripping with blood rain  
The ground infested with rodents that crawled throughout his veins  
As Damion laid in Echoside, hells screams could still be heard  
Blood red sky would flicker with the toturing that occurred  
Thinking that he had escaped every scream he heard he laughed  
With the headless children pointing and urinating in his lap  
He finally saw some fortress gates so he quickly rolled into it  
These red gates were the front doors of hell, he never knew it, he he

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(repeat)