

Insane Clown Posse, Feels So Right

Purged up like a gargoyle waiting up in a tree
Dropped down upon a victim falls so silently
Clown paint with a hoodie my face glows at night
Lurking through shadows all feels so right
Bloodshed on my arms warm as the feeling
Fresh killings never cold but felt so appealin
Death in ones eyes illuminates in moon lights
I stand here a monster and it all feels so right!

And it all feels so right!
And it all feels so right!

Round goes the marrys
Scary am i watching her jogging moon in the sky
Like a spider i wait for my sacrifice
I hate what im doing but it all feels so right!
I sleep with the bats and they tell me storys
We both feed on death and much hated forrests
Sometimes i resist but the urge is to tight
Murders committed and it all feels so right!

And it all feels so right!
And it all feels so right!

One stab to the hungry one
Stab for the we
One stab for the forgotten
One stab for the free
One stab for the laughter
One stab for the strife
Bullets rippin through my body
And it all feels so right!!!

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And it all feels so right!!!