

# 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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