

Insane Clown Posse, Wax Museum

Greetings

Welcome to the gypsy of fortunes
Your coin was very much appreciated
And now I shall grant you your future
It seems my cards of tarot have dealt you a very odd hand
A hand of six jokers card, this is very rare
And suggest something neusant is approaching
You should be visited by a dark circus
A circus that holds pain and anguish
This travelling mass of evil will leave you corpse to rot
While entrapping your soul to displayed at future stops
Oh yes, you should also be aware that it is your own evil doings
That have brought about this carnival's visit
All of the sins and hatred you have cast during your life
Have whipped and spun into form, the form of one
One who leads this gruesome parade of pain into your life
One sinister beast, one known only as RINGMASTER
Welcome ladies and gentlemen to the museum, the wax museum
Thousands of dead souls covered in wax
All of the rare exhibits you are about to encounter
Are strange and wonderous creations of the one and the only
Leader of them all
So both dead and undead please welcome the R-r-r-ringmaster

"Purpose, question, kill"

The ICP is of the Ringmaster
And the Ringmaster's of the attutes of mankind
G-ya, motherfucker, now you gotta face your worst enemy
And that's yourself
Every wicked thing you've ever done
Has come back now
And it's gonna whip your little ass, bitchboy

Us, we're just clowns
We just work for the Ringmaster
With the wave of his magic wand
I step forward, wind back
And swing this battle axe
Upside your motherfucking head
Hoooo!!!

So step right up cause the R-r-r-ringmaster
Takes you on the ride of your life
Horror and fear, smiles and tears
And oh everso over do
The Ringmaster rises up and lifts across the sky
Through the forest and down the river
Along the valley, over the hill
And down the trail and up the sidewalk
Only to surprise you and yours
At your very front door

Let's go, motherfuckers!!!