

SKYND, Edmund Kemper

One of these days, gonna follow through
Zapple in a brain and I don't know what I'll do
Here's a little game, here's a déjà vu
Bury her on Harriet looking up at you

This is what you get, this is chemistry
A kettle on a stove's always gonna make a tea
A sticker on a hood, a chappie and a key

That's it, really?
Are you fucking kidding me?

I can't stop, a little isn't enough
It's like drugs, a little isn't enough
You want more, and more, and more
You want more, and more, and more

I can't stop, I keep whippin' them off
They go pop, I keep whippin' them off
You want more, and more, and more
You want more, and more, and more

Tick, tick, tick, tick...

Eeny, miney, mo
Kick a kid, watch him grow
Chicken or the egg?
Or I guess it's kinda slow

What about the kittens that I buried in the yard?
Should've seen it comin', should've known it from the start
Ship me out to granny like a leper to the sea
I'm a double whammy and I'm gonna make it three
Better take a test, better wait and see

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Tick, tick, tick, tick, boom!
Tick, tick, tick, tick
Tick, tick, tick, tick, boom!
Tick, tick, tick, tick

Six young women dead, six gallons of wine a week
I thought it would help, I'm an addict so to speak
Take your body from your head, you leave me without a choice
I thought it would help but I can still hear your voice

I will beat you, humiliate you, show you how inferior men are
I will hurt you and belittle you, show you how inferior men are
I will lock you into the basement, show you how inferior men are
I suppose you wanna sit up all night and talk now
No, good night

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