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Mixed and Produced by Cremulator, Kevin Srednep. Vocals by Kevin Srednep. Mastered by Cremulator, Rob Fabrie. Artwork by Kevin Srednep. Copyright by Kevin Srednep.

## PSYCHOTIC EPISODE

1. Trigger B!Tch
2. Nightmare
3. Voices
4. Smoke and Mirrors (ft. Sean Zatorsky)
5. Stalker Boy
6. Lost and Found
7. Swipe Right



# TRIGGER BITCH

Every single day,  
my brain feels more erased.  
I'm not feeling the same,  
as the day before yesterday.  
I'm suffering, I'm battling,  
leave me alone.  
I promise you assholes I'm fine on my own.  
Nothing to root for, nothing to choke on.  
Face the mirror you fucking assholes.  
Classification, hoping for suffocation.  
Watching you choke, your eyes are turning.  
Die you fucking piece of shit,  
I wouldn't mind seeing it.

Why are you triggering me?  
Who do you want me to be?  
Me? You? Me? You? Me? You? Me?  
Why are you triggering me?  
Who do you want me to be?  
Me? You? Me? You? Me? You? Me?  
This world seems so grey,  
darkness surrounds me.  
Trigger, ey, ey, suffocate.  
It's all just a game,  
you assholes have been played.  
Have been played.

All of you have been played,  
and I fucking liked it.  
You thought you pulled the strings,  
and you fucking liked it.  
It was just a silly game,  
and I fucking liked it.

Every single day,  
my brain feels more erased.  
I'm not feeling the same,  
as the day before yesterday.  
I'm suffering, I'm battling,  
leave me alone.

I promise you assholes I'm fine on my own.  
Nothing to root for, nothing to choke on.  
Face the mirror you fucking assholes.  
Classification, hoping for suffocation.  
Watching you choke, your eyes are turning.  
Die you fucking piece of shit,  
I wouldn't mind seeing it.  
Fuck!

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Who do you want me to be?  
Me? You? Me? You? Me? You? Me?  
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# NIGHTMARE

Okay, here we go.  
Fuck you.

Hang you upside down, suffer, suffer, suffer, suffer.  
Look into your eyes, suffer, suffer, suffer, suffer.  
Gash you fucking neck, harder, harder, harder,  
harder.  
Stab your fucking chest, harder, harder, harder,  
harder.

The way you look at me, the way you make me  
feel.  
Like a nightmare, like a nightmare, bitch.  
Like a nightmare, like a nightmare.

You feel pretty now? You still feel like your  
everything.  
With you rapist best friend? Go fuck yourselves.  
Your best bitch friend, I will cut off her head.  
Remove her face, wear it as I fall asleep.

The way you look at me, the way you make me  
feel.  
Like a nightmare, like a nightmare, bitch.  
Like a nightmare, like a nightmare.  
Like a nightmare, like a nightmare.

# VOICES

This one is to the voices in my head, so don't give me shit for it.

You can't just expect me to swallow it, when you attack me for shit that doesn't exist.

But it's all just in my head ey bitch.

Reverse, the voices disperse, reality from fiction.

I have no clue, at least that's how I'm acting, you're so foolish it's so everlasting. The voices are insane, so fucking selfish, for them it's just a stupid little game.

A battle I've fighting all of my life, in my head it's fucking frightening.

Reality and fiction, conspiracies, narcissistic interaction.

It's time for you to leave me alone.

To me you're fucking nothing, so don't even bother.

Bipolar and all that shit, paranoia, I can't stop it.

Depression, I've spend my entire life with it, when will this ever fucking end.

Fuck all of you, to me your fucking nothing, your childish games, you can suck it.

Go fuck yourselves, you are nothing, leave me alone, you're fucking lifeless.

What did I do to deserve this, do you seriously think you interest me that much,

that I dedicated a bunch of songs to you.

The world doesn't revolve around you, bitch.

You lowered yourself to such a level that you enjoy pain.

So what makes you so different from the image you have of me?

I'm an alcoholic wife beater, have small dick, I'm jealous, I'm a junkie, bisexual and all that shit, only quite the opposite.

Jep it was me who spread those rumors just to show that I don't give a fucking shit you little hypocrite.

Your arrogance made me stronger, I could read you like a book, as I acted stupid you fuckinghypocrites.

Your record is based on a fictional character, you've been listening to the words of a narcissist with an own agenda.

But hey all of this was just in my head, fuck the voices in my head.

Hey I don't have any lyrics left, I'll just rhyme something, I'll just make a freestyle.

Fuck you, and fuck everybody who shares your fucking opinion, bitch.

# STALKER BOY

I'm insecure, jealous, ugly, have no life or hobbies.

I can't get a girl the normal way.

I'm bitter and have no personality, what?

All of you think you know me ey.

The voices think they know me ey.

They look as I walk by ey.

They think they can read me ey, ey.

But leave that shit up to me ey.

Fuck all your little mind games ey.

Saying her name, ey ,ey.

I can't eat or sleep ey.

Obsessed with her name and boyfriend ey.

Trigger, trigger, here we go ey.

Digging, digging, I joke about massacres ey, ey.

You take that shit serious ey.

What the fuck is up with you ey.

Trigger, trigger, say her name ey.

Sorry I called you stupid ey,

That's why you fucking do this ey!

I am a stalker boy.

I am a sociopath.

I am a psychopath.

I have a rapist mind.

I am a stalker boy.

I am a sociopath.

I am a psychopath.

I have a rapist mind.

Now I feel even worse ey.

The voices see me walking ey.

I'll stop by every day.

Maybe I'm not doing so well.

Maybe check how I'm doing ey?

That's what friends do ey.

Getting pissed over nothing ey.

Hallucinating ones again.

The voices are starting to anger me.

Trigger, trigger, here we go again.

Digging, digging, can't control my anger ey, ya, ya.

All of you are getting deluded ey.

What the fuck is up ey.

Trigger, trigger, say my dads name.

Sorry I called you stupid ey,

That's why you fucking do this ey!

I am a stalker boy.

I am a sociopath.

I am a psychopath.

I have a rapist mind.

I am a stalker boy.

I am a sociopath.

I am a psychopath.

I have a rapist mind.

Apparently I shoot heroine in the dick.

Uh, apparently I have a small dick.

This old weird guy tried to check my dick out ones, while I was showering, what the fuck (#metoo). Peace.

# LOST AND FOUND

I'm sorry for the pain I caused, I'm sorry for my behavior.  
Especially for my loved ones, and other people I hold dear to me.  
I'm sorry for the shit I caused, to the person I love most.  
I'm sorry for making your life a mess, I didn't mean to hurt you.  
But fuck all the others, you had that fucking shit coming.  
No sorry for all of you, just this fucking middle finger.  
I wish I could see my girl, family and friends one last time.  
Standing in the middle of nowhere, none of this will matter.

Apocalypse, apocalypse bitch.  
Apocalypse, apocalypse bitch.  
Apocalypse, apocalypse bitch.  
Apocalypse, apocalypse bitch.  
Apocalypse, apocalypse bitch.  
Apocalypse, apocalypse bitch.  
Apocalypse, apocalypse bitch.  
Apocalypse, apocalypse bitch.

Everything is burning down, the screams of the innocent,  
the stench of burning flesh fills the air, die in disspare.  
No fucking place to hide, people rain from the sky,  
committing suicide, scared of dying in an ocean off fire.  
Everybody's fucking down, no time for preservation,  
no great nation, equally we're all falling down.  
As everybody burns, we can't find our loved ones,  
where are you guys now, hope you're all alright, ashes fill the sky.

Apocalypse, apocalypse bitch.  
Apocalypse, apocalypse bitch.  
Apocalypse, apocalypse bitch.  
Apocalypse, apocalypse bitch.  
Apocalypse, apocalypse bitch.  
Apocalypse, apocalypse bitch.  
Apocalypse, apocalypse bitch.  
Apocalypse, apocalypse bitch.

As our memories flash by,  
watching peoples eyes turn up and cry,  
suffocating and slowly die.  
Memories of good times,  
when our everyday shitty little first world problems where just  
kind of small.  
As we all burn down to a crust, guys women and children,  
gaping wounds and splattered brains on cement.  
For the first time in human history,  
all of use get to suffer equally as one.

# SWIPE RIGHT

Swipe right bitch, swipe right ey  
Swipe right bitch, swipe right ey  
Swipe right bitch, swipe right ey  
Swipe right, ey, ey

I see you sitting there, with that smirk on you face.  
Kids, husband, house, and all that shit, but you're here.  
What's up with this bitch, soon I'll be killing her shit, bashing her  
brain, stabbing her face, with an ice pick, end that shit.  
I know you're a fat dyke, using suicide, keep her close, stay in her  
mind, downing her life ey.  
A couple of Xan's in your drink, you'll never wake up, puke it up,  
it's too late, you're dead ey, yo.  
Fuckboy has some ego problems, doesn't know how to stop 'm,  
dissolve them, you're nothing.  
You're being used, you're being abused, your ego blinds you.  
Psychopathic tendencies force you to keep your eye on  
everything, stick your dick in a random bitch to feel for filled.  
Searching for happiness, which you'll never find as long as you  
exist, ey, ya.  
High on life, your brain creates delusions in your favor.  
When you hit your lows, you wake up shorty.  
You open your eyes, you are the problem.

Swipe right bitch, swipe right ey  
Swipe right bitch, swipe right ey  
Swipe right bitch, swipe right ey  
Swipe right, ey, ey

Swipe right so I can bash your fucking head in, ey  
Swipe right so I can bash your fucking head in, ey  
Swipe right so I can bash your fucking head in, ey  
Swipe right so I can bash your fucking head in, ey

**LYRICS BY KEVIN SREDNEP**

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