

## Swollen Members f/ Sick Jacken

### "Sinister"

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[Sample]

"What the fuck is going on?"

[Verse 1: Prevail]

Wreathe the whirlwind

Revisit the deep end

Ghost town, show down, diamond head creek bed

The fugitive pugilist

Luminous, anonymous

Doomsday is looming us, it's obvious

Heal like the hands of a medicine man

Decon feathers

Flesh on bone

Real vendettas

Steal cantines, at least two roam on wild plain

For my voice drain the gramophone, dance for rain

Cloak and spell

Choke on smoke from my broken quail

Pray from the padre when I take you from your madre

Bottom barrel rum, double-barrel light a Broadway

Derelects of dialect

Dangerous environment

Lone star, no law will ever slow my hand

So far, quick draw, quit while you can

Quicksand suffocates and draws out the breathing

Hallucinations follow

And then, loss of feeling

Chorus: Sick Jacken

Welcome to the darkside

With (??) counter-clockwise

You lookin' through the glass from the outside

Be safe when you come in

Cause death'll leave ya mouth wide

Soul, legs and the body

Spirit from me now, rise

I arrive to take lives and tell lives

I'm wanted dead or alive, cause when the needle cries

In your bloodstream

I'm the one drivin' this lush dream

Overdose an eye on you, so, don't ever trust me

[Verse 2: Madchild]

Hang the hang man  
Jesse James gang  
Guns drawn at sundown, fun starts from one pound  
The one pound of marijuana, new era  
Shame blue lightning in a Porsche Guerrera  
Still, I'm all heart  
This a mind true as dark  
To my dream team  
Til my death do us part  
Break bread with convict, real fucking killers  
Get clocked by cop with binoculars  
I'm unpopular  
But able to manipulate  
Your social circle  
You should just be careful  
I'm the Deer Hunter  
It's a tough winter  
Still, I'm inventive  
This a real friendship  
We ride under the moonlight, break of dawn  
Not actors, cowboy hat, mask and black horse  
Factor kicked in Commando Rambo  
Tahoe to Lambough  
That's when we gamble

Repeat Chorus

{\*clang\*}

(Verse 3)

[Madchild]

Eight bars of bravehearts  
Circle through your brain, I'm perfectly insane  
Who wanna challenge the birth of Christ on  
The calender  
You a Scorpio on the horoscope  
World's ugliest man, plus I'm adorable  
Oracle that can predict intentions  
Still filled with tention, drunk with revenge  
While my enemies have lunch with my friends

[Prevail]

Children of the twilight, born in primal fury  
The hammer on the strings plays a death song  
wickedly  
Prevail'll nail through your heart, sounds painful  
Trumpets welcome me like Gabriel The Archangel  
Hollow images  
Wavering echoes

Subtle differences, pinebox and shovel  
Barb wire, dynamite, switchblade advocates  
Starfire midnight full moon naturalist

Repeat Chorus

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