

## Warcloud

### "Dark City Choozer"

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[Intro: Warcloud] Welcome to Smuggling Booze in the Graveyard While the little boy had a toy pistol and cotton for a beard While the little girl cut clothes for her doll out of cloth scrap And the old woman collected buttons, bows and buckles Which she kept in bottles And the old man who has lost something He looks through his pockets, in his hat Even under the seats of the people watching the show... [Warcloud] ..and sidewinders Unique and authentic, simple but mesmerizing My oceanic-portioned ideas were dead surprising Penmanship calligraphy, dash while feds arriving Colliding, the ghastly arithmetic settles slugs With a large stiff feather, write epics in devil's blood Shovels dug three-sixty feet deep, mining for diamonds Effortlessly shining, outlandish power refinement Spotlight on top of grandfather clock, erase the decorative Thirty-fourth consecutive, Palaeolithic perfectionist [Chorus 2X: Warcloud] One standard lesson, my weapon concealed in hooks Add my work to a binder, horror novels and children's books Paperback or hardcover, rock candy and peppermint Green or purple grapes while blasting shots through your residence [Warcloud] Disciplined apocalypse status, Architectonic Thoughts monopolistic, ironic, multisymbolic Sonic verbal illustrations of foreign words and phrases Literary journals, papyrus, climatic pages Obviously astonished, neurotic from pleasant tear gas Syllables of clear glass should of worn engineer mask Butcher like career last eons, bow with broke knees Authority of the Jaws, to crush the plants and broke trees Vivid fluorescent soaked leaves, eloquent neon smoke screens Deciduous anonymous columnist, how I wrote these Explanatory notes prescribed, sublime your costume Or bury you under a lighthouse reading while in the watch room Vintage typewriter a coffee mug full of fire ants Incalculatable, acquires amp clocked, before my pliers clamped Time dismantle the tangle of broken wires Monumental captain, you dangle in open fires High truth there's choking liars, wilful and permanent crippling You die invertebrates and I skilfully exterminate siblings These

elements of style fade out like gleaming horns Type to  
misshape in chaos, of well-seeming forms Being born,  
purple scorpion creep across sandy land Hand me  
grams 'cause I stay off the hook like Candyman  
[Chorus 2X] [Warcloud] Earwax melts, production of  
written works Out the darkness, hidden first, pocket  
watchers, forbidden dirt Mention worse 'cause I'm  
knowledge pictorial directions and signs Order  
international soups and extensive selections of wine  
Grind ox blood, data town red, transcend desire And  
obliterate any town with more nuclear force than  
required Out the ashes of war, spring elegance,  
phantom like The synchronized slither, organically  
grant them light Archetype, architectural mind,  
renowned thinker Last eminent composer, theatrics  
surround speaker Acoustic, immeasurably deep, white  
liquid marble Fiji water, swig and gargle, conspiring to  
hit your cargo Metacarpals pop orchestras, violently  
scribble novels Choreographically grovel, the  
phonograph record wobbles Pistachios and cashews,  
mastering can be difficult Move counter centrifugal,  
flow to nowhere is typical Aquatic plants, architect  
starving as green sharks Granted rare stamp  
collections and marvellous theme parks The award  
winning pen, you fumble hustles and scams Rusty  
tugboats, drains, foghorns, muscles and clams Whistle  
through your speaker, elections for neighbourhoods at  
a sequel Collision course inscription, the end of all that  
is evil [Chorus 3X] [Outro: Warcloud] Now run along to  
Hell...

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