

Warcloud

"The Last Hovering Castle"

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[Intro 1: Sleepy Hollow sample] Now, I will need to ask you many questions But first let me ask, is anyone suspected? How much have your superiors explained to you Constable? Only tha-that the three were slain in open ground Their heads found severed from their bodies Umm, their heads were not found severed Their heads were not found at all [Intro 2: Warcloud] Warcloud Phat shout out to Cilvaringz I'ma come see you up there in Amsterdam [Warcloud] I harvest bitter raps, this bitter harvest that's expert Eat open your brain network, bloody your sweatshirt Altars split a big heavy hitter the teeth gritter Rip into an eight-headed red werewolf tomorrow Throw you in transgression and sorrow, I ship the cargo Of blue tigers with black stripes to Key Largo Bone war with steel, something moved in the graveyard A biker in the closet, old furniture in the house Curse of the Mud Men caught in a mud dream She got through an inferno, spit kerosene and laugh Warcloud on a warpath is bloodbath Step up to the plate, my swing is beat story Sleep Georgy Porgy; bite a piece that's pasty Runs over both linebackers and a free safety Bedtime stories, museums, throw my fire axe Clip you with a tyre iron, cataclysmic desire raps I sent the canary, 135 Maple Drive And I blast that hospital ship out of the sky Sag my heavy trousers, sling shot and bust them Children everywhere, mad holidays and costumes Tooth Fairy sleeper hold, dark green and stay gun wise Wolf bite, falling tree, old 'Tequila Sunrise' Red taxi, couple of laps around the park, my thunder slap Bring your can opener rap, casket of maggots I polish old heirlooms on dark Shakespeare cliff Then pile up bodies on rafts, sent them adrift Burning, Warcloud institutes higher learning Lunatic preacher swamp Cyborg American Patriot *sounds of fighting* [kung fu sample] Tell them about the safe! [Warcloud] The creepy coin collector, old typewriter with fathom The little boy encountered the convict in a swamp Eight professors tied to polish that's made in Italy Old blue shoes from a gypsy out on a back road Fireflies lit up the darkness, cold and heartless Shredder mouth, motor brain, lounge in old

taverns Far, far away there's a planet, inside the planet
There is a great mountain, in the mountain there is a
lake And in this great lake there's an island that no one
knew And there in the giant island was an old castle
and ruins Deep in the castle, in the courtyard is a well
Shaped like a capital L, I shouldn't tell Ghostly echoes
of the screams of the child who once fell To break her
neck and soak up the gongs of the church bell Deep in
the bottom of the well, water that rots Is a little black
pyramid far down in the slot And inside that little black
pyramid on that planet I laugh in the dark for that
pyramid holds my heart [Warcloud] I took a giant's
head and buried it under his stone steps Put my axe
away to paint the stones steps red It took thirty horses
to drag his body for real Where I left his carcass, there
became a hill In Warcloud country, those hills are
everywhere Supreme sword from 'The Ocean', give
great armour a heavy tear Clash of the Goliath, ten
robo-Knights, didn't matter While the oldest evil
Pharaoh's in a battle with his own shadows Satellite
mic, galactic battalion, keep you irrelevant Mythical
swamp filled horrific creatures and their living
skeletons Keeper stuck White Owl back, cuckoo clocks
and whores Made from my broken mannequin stores,
bionic chords Blasting speedball behind nine doors I'll
bury you under your mother's floorboards Beg God for
more war Still explore the corridor, there's more in
store Dastardly dark, thirty bandit beggars in the best
place Crystallite armour chess plates And iron
sunflowers too shiny on the back of the hill Laughing,
attack and spill

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