

God Machine

"Circle of Tyrants"

Visit "[Circle of Tyrants](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Necro]

I'm like a dead corpse
Crawling out the dirt, on some zombie shit
Aiming for your neck to bite the flesh where the veins
connect
My brains incorrect, traumatize you in a sec
My raps like cracks in a decksotenic intellect
Slaughters you, I got more for you
Gore for you, your flesh is sort of blue
You'll be begging someone to pull me off of you
When I'm stabbing you, I offered you a chance to leave
You'll only understand when you bleed
There's no talking to you
Just shoving a fork in you
Who the fuck you talking to?
Im pure death in a flesh, I'll arrange a coffin for you
My knife packing status, got you shook
A lot of crooks respect my rep
Step, kid I advise you not to look
Turn your head, or you'll turn up dead
Put you asleep inside a burning bed
Learn from what I said
Im mushing your peeps, and I'm squishing you deep
Beneath where the deceased, rest in peace

[Mr. Hyde]

I.. injure you with ninja crews
Contemplate what's in to do, negotiate with Satan
Cause it's his decision too
Hold a sword like ghost dog
Leaving blood and gross gore
So disgusting that your corpse is not allowed in most
morgues
So jagged and decrypted kid, that the maggots
rejected it
I dumped it in the sea and killed all life except for
squid
Walk the wrong path, deviated by demons
While you faggot mother fuckers were created by
semen
Lure you into my web check the code the boys is red

Then look for you to find you in the mortuary dead
Fill my clip with the leather put the biscuit to the head
After I ripped you up to shreds I'll take a sip of what you
bled
Don't ever try and hawk cause I don't wanna talk
Ill play the kind of sport the way you catch a
tommahawk
Open up your skull, fabrics falling to the ground
Take a toke and sniff a pull like your drawn to the
sound

[Goretex]

Thugs cry blood, supported by the hemp and the guns
Y'all tempt me to flip, so morbid when I empty the clip
It's awful how we decorate your coffin, send me the clit
We celebrate when enemy blood shakes, now render
me sick
Whatever ya fix, get fitted with a milli a chrome
Rap Vinny Jones, I dissatach, snatch from the bone
And ate the last witnesses
K-ed out on medicine
Health nut, crush up my wheat germ
Chase it with heroine
Guerilla biscuits, busting your windpipes into splinters
Another thing that causes pain is the frost in the winter
Circle of tyrants, rocking the verdict crossed iced-out
Blood from em, two in your face
Get erased, lights out
Spikes out for dish rags, keep em on the hip like shit
bags
You don't want it fag?
Be left in the bubble, covered mousing the fam
State bent, like breathing rubber
So be advised
Lucifer's rising the invocation of my demon brother

[Ill Bill]

Splattered in blood, rather my thoughts paddles in
drugs
Morbid visions cadavered ravaged by maggots and
bugs
Beetles crawling out of your eyes sockets
Puss pouring out of your mouth on top of dry vomit
Billions of body bags, blood drenched battle fields
Big butcher knives, you fucking faggits
Get your fucking face erased from your cabbage
Tangled and gored on top, half of you're body hanging
off the door
Spasm and splash your organs across the floor
Its death.. the slug hit the bullet proof vest
I took from the policeman after I blew off his head

We knights of Satan serving Satan's aiders
God is an atheist
You fucking idiots, your bitches give brain to us
Save yourself, the altar of sacrifice
We criminally insane, escape from Belthaw
Sniffing up cocaine
Don't even try it, it's Bill, the gourmet of violence
Donate my brain to science, vacation in insane asylums

[Captain Carnage]
Come on come all to my carnival of carnage
Where I'll.. slice and dice and peel off your shell like an
orange
I'm too precise not to be nice
I know you like Christ you'll pay twice the price
I'll put brains on ice
For preparation prepare for the separation
Of your foundation so come get your found basted
In hot sauce I roasted like hot dogs on an open fire
I'm a trig like Myer
But don't angle the entire picture
Because I hang you like fixture
So when you enter the mixture
Use extreme caution, because it only takes one portion
To perform an abortion with the steel that I force in
You feel lost when you get tossed in the bottomless
gorge
The heroin horde got guns and swords swords swords
swords

Visit [God Machine](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.