

Holocaust

"Crash"

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[Intro: Holocaust]

The Holocaust... Crash!

[Chorus: Holocaust]

Frequency modulation, Mephistopholis
Mi displace, over welm realm as thick as thieves
Half hazard ball and chain, the warrior king God
Whoever claim, this dismal drown you, bleed
Then squeeze, sound catastrophes
A kind, the loose gown worn by the Japanese
Crash, some prickly apple trees
Thanks alot and drops from you, who, went to nowhere
and forgot
I get the props, blacken flowers and glocks, crash
Frequency modulation, Mephistopholis
Thirty eights on shells, over welm realm as thick as
thieves
Half hazard ball and chain, the warrior king God
Whoever claim, this dismal drown you, bleed
Then squeeze, sound catastrophes
A kind, the loose gown worn by the Japanese
Crash, some prickly apple trees
Thanks alot and drops from you, who, went to nowhere
and forgot
I get the props, blacken flowers and glocks, crash

[Holocaust]

Undead creatures are immune to sleep spells, he hath
given to the poor
We clash driven to the core, surely he shall not be
moved forever
Clever, a samurai lost his eye, in a time
The giant object flashed across the sky
It exploded near the river, with a thunderous roar
The blast detroyed whole villages, a wonderous galore
And blackened the circle of ground, forty miles wide,
many years later
Some kept it alibi, unkind, the styles, comes and
challenge mine
It is still a mystery, mysteries of this type occur from
time to time

Who would believe it, you see a car scoping
approaching from the rear
But when you check your mirror again before changing
lanes
You no longer see it, from the sanitarium, a form of
malaria
Killed half of all the people who lived on Earth
Sick bed written curse, brick dead risen church
Ghost and spirits roam the world on the night of
October 31st
Some door gunner hearse, ophidiophobia is the fear of
snakes
My style is atmosphered and thanks, the devil may can
The warrior's prayer, that back to the future galorian
flare
From the duel edge deadpool, severed, never bled
Panamonium there, simply the radio was invented and
crashed

[Chorus]

[Holocaust]

By the crackly hillside, through the mosses bare
I have planted thorn trees for pleasure, here and there
Is any man so daring as to dig them up in spite
He shall find the sharpest thorns, in his bed at night
By the crackly hillside, through the loss of fear
I have planted thorn trees for pleasure, here and there
Is any man so daring as to dig them up in spite
He shall find the sharpest thorns, in his bed at night

[Chorus]

[Holocaust]

Aiyo chief, you bellyache before you go to sleep
A door gunner, honing heats, a night dynamite,
explode unique
You can't sledge or hurt me, my gun filthy blaze
You can't beg for mercy, for none will be saved
Vampire bats live in South and Central America
Gunmen armed and daring ya, I skitch, hit you hard
with left
Before you start a step, if Marcus slept
They route, part ecliped, can't go two nights
Without food, or they'll starve to death
You leave me marked, I intercept, I stab you in the eye
You die, no alibies, so I rise, to canyon's high
Yo, Holocaust laugh, a hippopotamus can bite an adult
male crocodile
In half, in France during the dance to the 16th Century
At night, the nightmare of the killer wolf of France

Where zombie ladies dance, where the antelopes
prance
There's a man with a long sword and lance
I left the chateau, with a mystery woman
Across the hall, a painted house, I am not scared easily
Behind the blind lady's blouse, house movies in the
afternoon
Or a old Mickey Mouse cartoon, I'm an intelligent
skeleton
Or a humangous, charging mad bull elephant
I'm fast advanced, you rap platoon of balloon goons,
crash, crash
A drifter down in Tokyo, roll over in dirty Pinocchio
Why my rhyme is opium, keep joking, yo
Think you who to battle me, is hard as established, and
the wicked shall see
I'm unstoppable, it was an obstacle
That's when you find out, that it's impossible
The river zombies worship a colossal fossil
Yo, we get hostile, a solemn festival like the
Pentecostal
A slugger like the Green Lantern, a thug
Dracula would have to drink his own weight in blood
Crash, to pass through the mud, it is a swamp scene
It is a thing, a green ring, a ring set with a pointed
circle gem bling
"The desire of the wicked shall perish", said the king

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