

Holocaust

"God Be With You"

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[Chorus 2X: Holocaust]

In the winter time, we go walking in the fields
We go to war like Apache and rebel indians with no
shields
I float like a white crow, explode like a missile
In the dark places of the wall, keep the truth and God
be with you

[Holocaust]

The impact'll rip your shoulders off
They're are soldiers in the dark side of the planet who
walk
He holds the key, to destroying the enemy
When and M.C. disappeared, by the beats people
feared
I'm stable to collide, you and your crew were tricked
Into sitting on a magic bench from which, they were
unable to rise
A misfortuned followed his family, because three years
later
They became disabled and died, I'm a tyrant far and
hazardous art
An M.C. wrestles with violence, his alter ego was
leveled in a riot
On his way to the war, he was bitten by a snake
Because the smell of his wound and his cries made
him offensive
His companions left him on a delosate island...
You're moving in a shadow of life and substance,
another M.C. got amped
Now I'm viciously dragging his body back to the camp
It looks like fire and an explosion, leave your back blew
in
Your whole state get ruined, a giant California bruin
You're just a broken machine, who thinks he's a
human...

[Chorus 4X]

[Holocaust]

The good Lazarus, I've been missing for 40 years,

battle us
The greatest story ever told, my catholic baters can't
taker us
A black dragon flying around two towers in a land
that's hazardous
You bite down on a bullet for a time, and after that,
return to dust
Like an idiot-dummy sitting in a chair with a smile on
his face there
To the evil monarch family, I bring despair
Inside my soul, is lions, tigers and bears
A ghost like the river, signs of the apocalypse
My gun occupants, above his service war is a
metropolis
But I'd rather live down here in the ridge, with a
tomahawk and head dress
Hoarding thousands of indians, braves, hostages
I'm like the vision in a eye of a giant great white shark
As he swims, or the hyenas in the desert glowing eyes
Making noise at noise, Seraphim, I was burned as a
witch
You are stuck on a ship, inside a bottle
You live inside a painting, and move, once a week
And near the cartage in the woods, and M.C. tries to
walk
And he can't move his feet, so he lifts his arms up to
pray to God
And he transform as you see, into an old stretched and
withered tree

[Chorus 2X]

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