

Holocaust

"We All Are Well Known"

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[Holocaust]

The Indian Chief's name was Spirit, made of fire and
mystic
And depicted in red, like sea of angels, and
hieroglyphics
Alcatraz zone, Al Capone, Chicago Valentine Day's
Massacre
Shotgun spectacular, I fought a crusade like a Dracula
A Wrinkle in Time, they knew the law before they wrote
the crime
The dark alien from Andromeda, that kept a skull and
spine
You'll sound is dull, I recline, lantern
In place, a river church, the Highlander, find a violent
kind
The sun rewinds, a drunken kitten chasing a butterfly
Sword to the eye, I disable and plate a nail down to the
table
From dark realms and worlds, in the forest, I hover
above you others blind
I'm the mutant Cable, I keep a gun you'll discover, my
discography is butter
Chinese wine, leave you lost like Swiss Family Robinson
But some after time, missiles, rifles and shotgun
A cannon invented by Richard J. Gatling, my verbal
obstacle
Is a gun shot abnormality, big, I dash like an athlete
Beware M.C., I have come to attack thee
Bad tragic king, another angel play a harpstring
The man of kung-fu or a gat spree, in fact, now come
to attack me
Cherokee Vietnam tomahawk red, bash ya head dead
Like a frozen daquiri, shot by a hundred arrows
Stabbed by four spears, I die, standing up laughing

[Chorus 2X: Holocaust]

We all are well known, a mountaneous microphone
An apple that came from Rome, might bite, and snap
your bones
I'm The Holocaust, leak of losses, now the Apocalypse
Back from the territories of darkness, with a gun

heartless

[Holocaust]

Down in the valley they are machines, they are Indians
Because I move a stone, you'll jar get swollen, I'm
friendly like a Roman

Don blocks, I never blend in, when I rhyme, you looking
at a pirate's emblem

The ghost of Humphrey Bogart, William Sattire in a oil
drag world

I run water in my eyes to cry, my button on the side,
Long John shirt from 1805

I'm live, there is a woman she kills a rat, she lives in a
house on the hill side

Jesse James was a desperado, he was shot in the back
of his head

A five o'clock shadow, dirty face clown, leaves you
dead

In the gothic metropolis of the west, is Holocaustl, look,
I'm the best

As far as dropping it, toxic neurologist, now the
Apocalypse

Tore a gun, some kind of a man, who tried to civilize
the human family

Thorough out, the populas, this is Warcraft, the Green
Lantern box, outlandish jar

With a gun, I wander the mountain side, star map

One time, my spine was broken in half like Batman

The headless horsemen, you flat stabbed

And you find yourself in a blue world and die again
from a gun in my hand

You all burst into water like a bubble, a Hawaiian katana
blade

Slaughters book binder toddler, fire, there's an enemy
below in the water

[Chorus 2X]

[Holocaust]

The Egyptian beetle each you scandalous, or in lethal
ice planet

There is a praying mantis, rap bastard shit, scenes of
Atlantis

Punch you, and bust your fucking bandages

I came from the dark city of Los Angeles

Actually, a city built under Jack Sprat, dark monarch

Thundercat

Spray you for the taylor's valor, Dracula spear, this
impaler

Red/white/blue Indian paint light saber

Clever the man, he is a barbarian, he lives in the

hillside

He thinks he will live forever, feathers in the hood
And aircraft bomber jacket made of leather
From the nether world, a bullet hurled putrid
A gun in the alternate future, is my weapon that severs
But at nine, you can never get your varsity letter
Never the less, dark side, inner stellar
The arsonist, who has become a patriarch in the dark
from arsoning
To steal a book from the market, and later burn a barn
down in August
The redeemer and a marksmen, you walk, Johnny talk
with a gun in your back often
Or outlined in chalk wind, like a Mexican wind chime
The Holocaust to the lost, begs your pardon
My rhyme orbits and torches a small orphanage
He robbed the white feathers, bitch, it was written on
his coffin
With no oxygen, I leap from a coffin and throw your
corpses to the orphans

[Chorus 4X]

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