

Holocaust

"What Can the Matter Be"

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[Intro: Holocaust]

The Holocaust, The Holocaust, The Holocaust
The Holocaust...

[Holocaust]

A bat lives by hearing, the mother eats the moths and hats
He captures in full flight, I pull a knife or a gun, you're watching a bullfight
Can I strike in hooded knight, printed on the moon in gun heist
My gun is a revolver type, there is no other man as hype
As The Holocaust, despite hound, an Italian maidswoman
Dropped a pale to the ground, when she saw a bloody mess
As she heard a sharp sound, when the weight found
Then I escape the town, cyclone M.C.
Many bones are thrown for me, alot to eat
You rock to sleep, from the great caves I stalk in Greece
Piece by piece, God soldier alone, shown the feast
Going to sleep, heads flow the street, not by themselves
Some men retreat, love and distortion, bloody misfortune
Calmly swept off their feet
A phenomenon to natural science seek alone discrete
Known unweak, and grown physique
A phantom of a person living or dead, in a place
Where his body is known to be, from Los Angeles
To Manhattan, and back again

[Chorus 2X: Holocaust]

What can the matter be? What can the matter be?
I came from the Wu-Tang Academy, ain't no man mad at me

[Holocaust]

The night scroll wind keeper and his end, were most

You try to return and find both of which were ghosts
Headless heathen and heroic heroes, on the shoulder
of quote
The Undertaker is skillful, the makers of widows,
forsaker of the hills
Behold, nature's criminal, creator of riddles, to break
off windows
Got a weaker armadillo, your rhyme is next to zero
I bust your fucking head with a bat, in a table like
Robert De Niro
My throw game is for the fire walls, the rap population
plummet
American flag, a gun love it, a bird is warm blooded
And carrying for this gift from heaven, the dark
overlord was
I wield fire sitting on a pillar thrown, the fucking
warlock
Edgar Allen Poe died in Baltimore, was found lying
outside a boating place
Probably on October 3rd, my gunshot through your
shoulder hurt
Your progress seems very slow, your accomplishments
may not show
Journey into an untouchable world, of darkness, bro
I paralyze my pray, and take 'em to an underground
shaft
He who laughs best, laughs last, the smoke rises from
the hours
After a timid atomic blast, from Los Angeles
To Manhattan, and back again

[Chorus 4X]

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