

## Ill Bill

### "Paul Baloff"

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(Verse)

Disaster burst appetite  
The last massacre, fantastica, ambassador  
My castle's like Vlad Dracula's  
Back to blood, blast the snow, plastic gloves  
Laugh and love, my heart is pitch black  
Like a panther cub over cancer lung  
Call me acid tongue, hit hard like Black Sabbath drums  
Like an assassin does, big solids and massive guns  
Cooked in the mind, the first to blast and the last to run  
Look in my eyes, you think that Manson had a bastard  
son  
Cast decide, after dancing out a rancid cunt  
Thousand lines, got me frantic and crash aside a  
trance on drugs  
I shovel snow up to my dormant till my hands are numb  
Bundles of dope, I know my uncle would be after touch  
A smog is born of enormous horse and trashy slut  
Nasty acid junks happily jack me till I'm blast to come  
And stay swerving into murdering perversion  
Urgin when we inserted the subject in the virgin

Cadaveric, maverick, savages, ravage the average  
Of Angela's family, the famish cannibal sandwiches  
After a funeral, turn terrible to beautiful  
Sever dudes for food, several medical tools are  
suitable  
Horrible times, some will live, some will die  
Shoot out in the tomb found mummified  
Shoot out till it's summertime  
Pop a crime, devils might drive by genocide  
Centibite, rebels strike hard like a metal pipe  
Bark like a kennel fight, sharp like a venom bite  
Dark like an ocean filled with sharks in the dead of  
night  
Levitate them right, everything God except the Christ  
Hella bricks like Kepry King rocking metal spikes  
Like Paul Baloff in studio 54 live  
Alternate be things told, VHS all time,  
Greatest pray, death can shoot the lama from the  
elbow

Like James Heckfield produced the piranha demo.

(Outro)

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