

Painted In Exile "Skylines"

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Nigga, you know who the fuck it is
It's 3.14 gettin' wild on this shit
I like a bad beat like I like a bad bitch,
But a motha fucka runs his mouth and a motha fucka
get a stitch.
And you're coming to the show, you take your pants off
'Cause it's gonna be a pants off dance off
Come into your city, bitches call me Gandalf
Shoot off like a missile motha fucka watch me blast off
And this shits gonna drop we gettin crazy
Shits gonna drop soon like the pants on these ladies
See us in the paper, nigga see us in the Newsday
P.I.E, bitch now you see us on the front page.

You will bow to me
Your lips will kiss my feet or blood will fill your streets
These are not empty words I speak this is a promise I
will keep
Sun light blocked by eternal night
Hold reigns so tight
Blood spilled for spite
You cannot hold back the sea
But you can change how long you will live by giving
everything that you've taken back to me.
Clocks tick. Run quick 'cause now I am the bringer of
your doom
It clicks, feel sick? Didn't think that we would be here so
soon

We've come for nothing more than to make what is
yours - Ours.
We've come for nothing more

Skylines they change, but I stay the same
Streets run red with the blood of their dead
I'll bring you death on black wings
You hear the song that my blade sings

Whether you raise your arms or hide, you face defeat
and lashings tear you of your flesh
Whether you raise your arms or hide, you face defeat
In hollow graves you will now rest.

I will put knives in the hands of your children and tell
them it's your life or theirs, so you will now choose.

Soothsayers become part of the place that they once
called home
Uncivilized marauders scowl as
They take control and crumble everything in their paths
They will reign
They take control and crumble everything in their paths
They will reign
Destroy them

Series of chapel bells ring
Blood we drink from your fallen god

The lives of thousands in my hands
I've come to take back what's rightfully mine and now
you're damned.
The lights grow dark in their homes,
But our road is lit by fire from the sky,
So we push forward

You hear the song that my blade sings
'Cause you're the only one left listening.

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