

## **Rhyme Asylum**

### **"Poison Penmanship"**

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I'm an angel I kill first borns while their mamas watch I  
turn cities into salt I even, when I feel like it, rip the  
souls from little girls and from now till kingdom come  
the only thing you can count on in your existince is  
never understanding why

Thief in the night fangs in your jugular  
Bleeding you dry I live in a glass house  
Throwing Meteorites  
Appeased the gods in a previous life  
And I slice the throat of Sweeney Todd  
For get my piece of the pie  
I'm the angel of death  
Outpacing olympic swimmers  
Wit the titanics anchors chained to my legs  
All without breaking a sweat  
From the underground  
And I'm craving the taste of your flesh  
Like the day of the dead  
Here for gaining respect  
Enforce the laws of gravity  
And draw the sword of Democles  
To the nape of your neck  
Communist Marxist  
Sharpshooter locked on my target  
I was breast feed cancer and bottles of Arsenic  
Blind swordsman wandering darkness  
I'll drop the queen's severed head in the offering  
basket  
I'm eating outta coffins and caskets  
And everyone in my field of vision  
Just crops to the harvest  
I'm a hell-born Seraphim  
Four faces with torned feather wings  
Spawning forth the four Nephilim  
Burying peace pipes  
Diggin up the hatchet  
Depthroat my dick till it singes in your stomach acid  
We unattractive ferocious creatures  
I got master degree burns  
After a heatstroke of genius  
Rush the doors from dusk till dawn

My entourage plot on top of Scotland yard  
Cause we above the law  
Withstand the force of a juggernaut  
We're the recipe for disaster  
And the beats cooking up a storm  
All powerful being during hours of sleeping  
I levitate between the ground and the ceiling  
Advance lifeform found in my semen  
Haven't started to rap yet this is  
Just the sound of my breathing  
A mental plane like Eynola Gay  
I'm slashing open throats of backstabbers  
Wit my shoulder blade  
Step off the planet it would float away  
Tormented by growing pains  
Of my ever evolving brain  
I sever ties wit heaven skies  
And wage wars that makes Armageddon  
Resemble a training exercise  
Third eye blessed with second sight  
A centerbite I've survived the new mexico desert  
testing sites  
If I do start to smoke weed I'll take two tokes  
And won't breathe after a whole week and OD  
Battling me you wont get cold feet  
The meer thought of facing Possessed  
Will freeze the fluid in both knees  
Product of a Warlock and a Witch knock you for six  
Piledrive you down a bottomless pit  
Push my luck over the top of a cliff  
I don't bite the hand that feeds me  
I chew it off at the wrist  
I forge a sword from a thundabolt  
And I'll rub in salt into bullet wounds  
Just to the make the slug dissolve

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