

Evil Dead

"A Cool Breeze"

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[Man Talking]

"And here's another hi-fi collectors item with a heart warming story"

[Verse 1: Approach, Mac Lethal]

The vibe of the vibrant, read'em when my eyes met
I'm complex with content but compliment the
consciousness
What's common sense?
My kinda current condiments carry up from ???
From all the venom you spit...

With indigo flames I'm supposed to sear the tips end
My ultra proteus associate is close to disappearing
(WHOOO!!)
To a labyrinth where ? can spit flows and
FREEZE the tongues of backpackers and hip clones...

I miss those wonderous times and glorious rhymes
when young shaun only had to ponder which pond to
skip a rock on
Days were long indeed but I sit back relax and enjoy
the cool breeze...

FOOL PLEASE!! life is more than holstered gats
If I'm supposed to fear death God is smokin crack
Plugged to deftone
Put me in your rock band and I might pierce my tongue
through the headphones
red phone...

The M die, eeehhhhhh
The mission excel to spell the riddle
Stupid tales and riddles
I was delivered to the middle
To add a little fizzle to the chicken on the grittle
Seasoned bright in the thick of the night...

Chisel with a pen full of coin flipped wit
Impale my body on a skyscrapers pointed tip
At cold angles

I feel right to lay down designs like snow angels...

[Chorus: girl singing - repeat 2X]

A cool breeze flows in my new wasp
Some get stung it's worth the cost

[Man talking again]

"If your record player has come this far without visible
damage,
you've got yourself a wonderful piece of equipment.
And all kidding
aside, you're entitled to hear some of the truly
amazing things that
your hi-fi phonograph can do."

[Verse 2: Mac Lethal, Approach]

Like, hairy hand Approach to beat little girls up, with
large ??

Mother nature is a manic depressive
And father time is a dead beat dad with excessive
drinking problems
Now he's lost and swerve and talk and slur
and slipping on the earths frosting surface
But I'm walking perfectly
Shiiiiit those are like the two perfect words for me
But if I'm a waste that you never felt
Then I'ma hang your vivid dreams with my leather
belt...

Coughing gets ridiculous
So many men are envious before I even drop the disc
I hear the silent hissss
Approach feels he's better than us man he's stuck up
Marked for death if I dare to compete
I just move to a different beat
Kick it with schemes see
To post streets for the homies can eat
It's really not that weak but for me theres nothin better
The warmth of the rhythm is protection from the
weather...

Yeeap, and we don't even want the retribution man
We're laughing at attempts of your public execution
Acting all bitter with your frostbitten souls that's it case
closed
You're gettin pigeon-holed...

And it's silly though
Cuz we came from the same womb
The rush of emotion put your soul in the dark tomb

What's left to loom
Is negative air but your forgiven bro
Cuz there is a heaven up there...

[Chorus] - repeat 2X

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