

Rob Zombie "Watch Dees"

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[Thirstin Howl]

I hit harder than Foreman
landing both both gloves to a low blow
with no cup
leave you Speech-less like when Arrested Development
broke up
carry a crow bar for egos that won't budge
crack skulls through helmets
with the penetration of a screw nailed in
return like I was sending self addressed postage
throw bricks the size of the Stonehenge
before battles, we pour blood
and toast, death to wicked infants
found on the sorceress' doorsteps
slaughter lamb
and boar's head
every MC's cause of boredom
and mind bondage
bronchitis, lung failure
language unfam-i-liar
art through a flooded air brush
??? leave craft
sentences joined with words holding hands
it's a tight squeeze
from where your head will be landing
in exact time flight leaves

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