

Bronze Nazareth f/ Kevlaar 7

"The Last Cry"

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"Prophecy is a form of revelation" "We ain't talk about Armageddon, we talking about the future mothafucka" (Hook) w/ *Tornado horn Look! Listen! Kneel! Pray! Look! Listen! Kneel! Pray! Look! Listen! Kneel! Pray! Look! Listen! Kneel! Pray! Mercy! [Kevlaar 7] Yo, yo, millennium to tear, watch out now the pendulum's frail 21st century gotten stale, studying advancement and the masses will prevail Pentium, cranium with the dim glow Holding the gat and the claw-hammer starring outta my window Anticipation, ransacking your brain stem With no consideration for the divine creation Hand held scanners and micro sized cameras Transit the lipitor with cryptic Y2K Hip-Hop quotable blitzler, fuck Unsigned Hype Unknown is a silent type Seven-hundred pound fist on an internal damnation night You scared? Infrared beams from the retina Exposing the future, Unknown 'til the year 5000 Relaxing on digital desert Island (Hook) w/ *Tornado horn [Bronze Nazareth] Yo, blown to the biological, departed clues of a molecule Atomic power involved those who refuse to follow code It's something you can't control; they blow a hole through your module Futuristic rippling linguistic, we raid your mind wit' it Music violent wish it for life, it's 2000 If Armageddon is trife, I'll launch my spears from this canvas Hit flames, ignite, booming this index, bite to the extreme Apple, radish, control the masses, new found bastards Assets' for masters, we stomp mud holes in people's asses Get blast past this cosmos We're fucking detonating like C-4 explosives Unknown corrosives, meet with an extraterrestrial hostess Souls get picked from the tar, extra shooting star blazing me Every time I look extreme, violent bullets start grazing me Making me immune to all cocoon physical forces We torched this, survived this by oxygen in loses I've lived with a holy Puritan, so I'm slaughtering the wicked Though he lived with it, this untraceable parable is evident To assassinate the President with laser beam glock severe the regiment Malnutrition while sucking milk from the chest of intuition Holy seekers know my law but we reside in your pendulum Wisdom and sin, nation will

show where son at, the industry will come (Hook) w/
*Tornado horn

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