

Gloria Sisters

"Insaneology"

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[John Tardy]

Praise me, oh god, things I have done
Raise the introspect, wars I have won
Rise me, oh god, stand still the end
Send in the solace one, wars never end

[Necro]

My black magic creates tragic fates like back fractures
upon magistrates
that disagreed with what Necro advocates
If you know thugs for 4 G's you could be coked up
Involved in orgies on top of pentagrams soaked in
goats blood
With innocent maidens, reciting rituals in a menacing
cadence
I'm blatantly a sadist, making me Satan's acquaintance
My sepulchral corporals disobeyin' court rules, assault
bishops
Burn 'em with liquid from the cauldron on the altar with
chickens

[Necro]

These verses are satanic like Salmon Rushdie
Reading Talmud on embalming fluid next to
Muhammad, the devil told him to do it
Music made for thrashers and gay bashers
We slay fascists, while I parlay puffin' LaVey's ashes
You're enslaved to Mephisto's imprisonment
Piss on Monroe's grave and christen it when I piss in it
Blasphemous like Baphomet's tits, evil like African ticks
Make the female sacrifice and suck the Capricorn's
dick
You got pulmonary edema
You'll soon be buried like Gary Coleman's career, but
your skull recovered by FEMA
Attackin' the mental, walkin' backwards into temple
Gold inverted pentacle, fang platinum dental
Magically create tragedy internally
Similiar to Merlin so your fragile anatomy burns in Hell
Your permanent murder's a travesty
Sincerely and personally I'm eternally HIM, his infernal

majesty

[John Tardy]

It comes to me
I feel insane
I write the book of corpse
I feel the strain
Killing it comes to me
It's what I do

[Necro]

This shit's heavy, like the illustrations of Eliphas L  vi
Should've left you forever celibate at your Briss with a
machete
Sick, demented women prance, centered in the
pentagram
Enter the pit, kill a divine being like Glen Benton's band
Importing to Miami beach, no law in the streets
I don't wait for the lord to preach, 'cause God is dead,
according to nietzsche
Shit on Christ while the beat rocks
Blasting King Diamond during the Equinox, sacrificin'
peacocks
A black Bar Mitzvah, rabinical satanis
A clinically sick cynical clique with banana clips and
bandanas
If your career was killin' for Satan and now you're
locked up
It's clear as day you were decieved like Ramirez
I have no physical address, I just spiritually manifest
Like mystical hat tricks, split in two in a casket and
switch backwards
Sammy Davis Jr. was satanic no less
Recruiting many actors and actresses in to the C.O.S

[Necro]

L. Ron Hubbard thought he was Satan, you wish you
were me
The scientologist gynecologist doin' abortions ritually
Free Masonry's why Michael flipped
Tom Cruise's brain is microchipped, they cleared his
mind completely then recycled it
Travolta's been trapped since '75
Before "Welcome Back, Carter!" they soddered his
brain open with blotters
Politician occultists hexin' humans with complex
infections
That bludgeon, 'cause they hold grudges like Stryker
from X-Men
It be the God like Marquis de Sade, the priesthood of
Mendez

Sacrificing chicks like Lizzette Melendez
Like Trevor Perez and Sean Martin on Fenders
We're rugged thuggin' shout to my Insaneology
members, DIE!!!!!!!!!!

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