

Ivens f/ 13th Son, Brass, Fame, Nick Sweepah "Brood of Five"

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[Verse 1: Fame]

We bombing on your sound system, late nights fuck it
up
Back alley trouncing in a bucket, yeah we back now
Melting through your speakers opeezy in a plastic cup
Keep your fist up in the air we never back down
Fill the strip, play the corners, dodge the bright lights
How she strip, fill your pockets and we right
Busted pool sticks caught you chilling in your whip
She out looking for sheila, swear to God I never seen
her
Sin city flashy, golden gutters big and bashy
Boot it up, who you now? Those pins looking shabby
By now the full moon and high tide got you crampy
And palms clammy, clean it up and then get at me
I skip the cracks when my boots stomp
I ain't caring who's on
Six million ways sucker, choose one
You payless trashy, man I'm lo savvy
City dweller so savvy, pick it up and then get at me

[Verse 2: Ivens]

Tibetan knot twisted around the neck
Apply pressure to play the wind pipes,
chords struck harmonious pirates of the smoke ship
Exhale onto barron landscapes, we the timelords of the
bronze age
Defenders of the grimuar take the pages if you're able
Desalt earth in preparation for the coming of eight
point atom blasts
Directionless sent back to the depths where man no
longer plays a part
Clutch to saviours frailty, holy harpoons stray off
course and miss
Seven daggers of Meggiddo shatter ply wood, truths
will split
Take this as fact when it hits you - not hermetic heretic
crack pot theories
Just horror genre attic, dissect the classics for some
meaning
Intrigued by the obscene teachings, praise to all dream

babble leaders

With pentangles on the elbows we smash what you may
have believed in

[Verse 3: 13th Son]

I keep one eye burning, pop the crawling chaos
Back to the wind mind loss call Azathoth
The name reigns breathe Logos supreme
Imaginal reality springs forth from dreams
I'm the Weaver Inktomi creating the web
Got my trickster face on now you fade with the blend
I'm the ferry man for the Living Dead it's said
(Got their) eye socket toll, eat the sins with the bread
The Earth's sparks gone dim to Gaia's chagrin
All souls soundblasted by the darkening wind
This ain't no win/lose paradigm rerun rehash
It's now ecology and balance, old ladders are smashed

[Verse 4: Nick Sweepah]

It's inspiration, intimidation then invocation
now you're inadvertently involved in all this shit by
implication
Insidious, insignificant, insects inflame elders
insane spells get uttered and in turn cause the
trepanation
Of your reality, check the veils torn from running with
scissors
Agnostic casualty gets a rain of thorns, sky thundering
vicious
We roll deep with Dee and get rowdy with Crowley
Plus we're going spare with Austin Osman those
postures can't drown the buzz
The crown's above so we keep on walking the crooked
Path not left or right but both
so pause, kneel, throw a look and laugh
Someone shook the past right up, fools line up to
canonize this
Hear them calling and hide, it's never boring inside the
paradigm shift

[Verse 5: Brass]

A crown of thorns point to prose, man o wire strung
supposed
The glimpse gone heron, the just a porcelain
pheromone
The shedding lies and wedding cries, babies mute to
sever cell
How this existential hell, cut a cancers threaded quills
Told to cold relationships and placed to tracement
appetites
The gypsy lung the banshee sear

The wood decay on concubines
Fatal as this plague of state, tainted to its silhouette
The state of glass and sharded hour cut to mute all
filament
Anointed by agnostic promise, prone to phantom
prophecies
The bland abandoned host, accosted trust to whoms
atrocities
Benevolent as the relic set and read by parisian
prophets
Built by bread of flesh
and wine of blood to summon conflict

[Hook]
And I'm wondering how
The end of the grip

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