

Swollen Members, Dark Riders

Buc Fifty:

Born in fire built in this Empire
Cant get no higher or stop my desire
Dark Riders, we be pullin all nighters
Never see us perspire building this Empire

Mad Child :

Order the launch, blow the fuck out the insubordinate
Blow the court at the plan can't change the coordinates
On course threatened by force, passed the limit
Mutilate the meak, terrorize the timid
Murder in a minute then its mission accomplished
Corner the confused then stomp with my accomplice
Vigorously we disfigure at random
And still remain the most vain in this chain of commandments
Branded its the beast this is Madchild unleashed
God bless the masterpiece one sinner within the peace
Release the hounds, sound with a demented twist
Bent but the insentive is inventiveness
Pay dues, man? Come on I spent the went on this
Rid the whirlwind of these experimentalists
No time for gentleness, Ive got moves to make
Have fun ridin the same bus that I used to take
Chemical weapons specialist is here to diffuse
This shit you call the bomb because thats yesterdays news
Word Up

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Prevail :

The superficial, metamorphin their bodies to pixel
Tryna lose me cuz they know I go for gristle
This will eventually run its natural course
And the weasels who ram-skin in the house of the lords
Us, the cannon-ball crushin misguided angel
Bent on performance in the symbol of our label
It's simple, the cradle to the grave and so fourth
You've heard other speaches by those breaching the default
Sea-Salt, Eye of Newt, Horn of Bison
I've sworn allegiance to the league of striking lightning
We fall when we choose and confuse you with patterns
The legend of the two who induced you like Dragons
We strike like swooping Gargoyles of Saint Catherine
Im taking parts of hard earned parts unimagined
It happens, when lacking a variety of guidance
The good ones die young and dive in to the silence

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Prevail :

The torment, of getting caught up in the moment
And having to be on the recieving end of my orbit
This axis, acts as light and dark passage
And guides me passed the sticks, river floating caskets
Promoting collasping lungs and charcoal tablets
The howling wolfpack who dwells in outgoing maddness

Cage driven in rage livin in vains of access
Engage the driven and incisions are the process

Mad Child :

Check the flipside of the coin, Dark Riders preform
Words rip right through ya skull tucked inside the storm
Its hard to hide if your warm, blooded, we sense heat
Predators that feed off flesh to make ends meat
Here's a garuntee, Death is instantaneous
Mercilously, me maim the miscelanous
Conquer all my challenges by reaching within
Then mad child leaves with the screech of the wind

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