

# Warcloud, Angry Men From The Graveyard

Artist: Holocaust f/ Skarekrow, Vulgar  
Album: Smugglin' Booze in the Graveyard  
Song: Angry Men from the Graveyard  
Typed by: Knowledge God

(Intro: Vulgar)

Stomping tip-toe in the underground  
Vulgar and Warcloud put it down

(Vulgar)

Mysterious homes fly beneath surfaces  
My mentals are dead men dispersing psychological curses  
That's merciless, penetrating your bone vest  
In other words they're capturin', you really think you can handle this?  
Or can you battle this? Vandalize your mental  
You're a creepy fist in bandages  
Hunt your physical damages when the spider kicks  
It's an ill kick, a psychic couldn't fathom it  
Seven of a hardcore click, collabo' and Skarekrow music  
You not lose this, your useless  
Why don't you step on the track and give me your two cents  
I make dick heads, in the Skeletor housey, with your lyrie powny  
Like date powe drivey at the gay rape party

(Chorus 2X: Holocaust)

Vulgar and Warcloud stomping tiptoe through the underground  
Beats knock with Skarekrow's sounds

(Holocaust)

Cherokee white rose mixed with black garlic  
I met a Church woman named Charlotte who was a harlot  
She led the black Indian into a Spanish whore house  
I drank a few beers, it was late one Christmas Eve  
I carry a rotting skeleton load inside my truck wagon  
Trouble ahead my castle has gone from cinnamon stone  
My raps eat cannibal corpses so colonial  
The behaviour of certain systems is ceremonial  
Knock off tops, rare Galapagos, I'm doming homes  
Swordplay, broken bones, massacres shatters chromosomes  
Ultimate heavy cannon megaton blast  
Sharp metal molecules tatter and splatter you mathematical  
Stone bone nightmare crack like the San Andreas  
Kayos is also the discipline that studies chaos  
Heavy pin shoulders, Chinese fist boxing'  
Gun finger clamming, my Clan is obnoxious toxins  
Red cosmopolitan snake in the duel with one eye  
Angel and the bad man razor vocals are coastal  
Crash choking, approach you  
Warcloud like John Wesley Hartom bombarded 48 men  
Gunned one man down for snoring too loud  
In an old whiskey town, yo lord word  
My heavy sword is full of Devils in their Hells  
Madly murdering on a black stallion valiant