

Warcloud, We Are All Well Known

Artist: Holocaust

Album: Blue Sky Black Death presents The Holocaust

Song: We All Are Well Known

Typed by: Cno Evil

(Holocaust)

The Indian Chief's name was Spirit, made of fire and mystic
And depicted in red, like serif angels in hieroglyphics
Alcatraz zone, Al Capone, Chicago Valentine's Day Massacre
Shotgun spectacular, I fought in crusades like a Dracula
'A Wrinkle in Time', they knew the law before they wrote the crime
The dark alien from Andromeda that kept a skull and spine
Your style is dull, I recline, Lantern
A place, a river church, the 'Highlander', find a violent kind
The sun rewinds, a drunken kitten chasing a butterfly
Sword to the eye, I disable and plates nailed down to the table
From dark realms and worlds, in the forest I hover above you, others blind
I'm the mutant Cable, I keep a gun
You'll discover my discography is butter
Chinese wine, leave you lost like 'Swiss Family Robinson'
For some aftertime, missiles, rifles and shotgun
A cannon invented by Richard J. Gatling
My verbal obstacle is a gunshot abnormality
Big, I dash like an athlete
Beware MC, I have come to attack thee
Bad bandit king, another angel play a harp string
The man of kung fu or a gat spree
In fact, now come to attack me
Cherokee Vietnam tomahawk red
Bash your head dead like a frozen daiquiri
Shot by a hundred arrows, stabbed by four spears
I died standing up laughing

(Chorus 2X: Holocaust)

'We Are All Well Known', a mountainous microphone
An apple that came from Rome might bite and snap your bones
I'm The Holocaust, the Colossus, now the Apocalypse
Back from the territories of darkness with a gun heartless

(Holocaust)

Down in the valley there are machines, they are Indians
Because I move a stone your jaw gets swollen, unfriendly like a Mole-Man
Dumb blotch, I never blend in, when I rhyme
You're looking at a pirate's emblem, the ghost of Humphrey Bogart
William Satire in an oil drab world, I run water in my eyes to cry
My button on the side, Long John shirt from 1805
I'm live, there is a woman she kills a rat
She lives in a house on the hillside
Jesse James was a desperado, he was shot in the back of his head
A five o'clock shadow, dirty faced clown leaves you dead
In the Gothic metropolis of the West it's Holocaustualic, I'm the best
As far as dropping it, toxic neurologist
Now of the Apocalypse, throw a gun
Some kind of a man who tried to civilize the human family throughout the populace
This is Warpath, the Green Lantern boxes out lantern jaw
With a gun, I wander the mountain side, Starman
One time my spine was broken in half like Batman
The Headless Horsemen, you flap scan
And you find yourself in a blue world and die again from a gun in my hand
You all burst into water like a bubble
A Hawaiian katana blade slaughters bookbinder cobbler
Fire is an element belonging to water

(Chorus 2X)

(Holocaust)

The Egyptian beetles eat you scandalous on a lethal ice planet
There is a praying mantis, rap bastard shit
Scenes of Atlantis, punch you and bust your fucking bandages
I came from the dark city of Los Angeles
Actually a city built under Jack Sprat, dark monarch Thundercat
Spray you for the Taylor's valour, Dracula spear, this impaler
Red, white, blue Indian paint lightsaber
Clever the man, he is a barbarian, he lives in the hillside
He thinks he will live forever, feathers in the hood
An aircraft bomber jacket made of leather
From the nether world, a bullet hurled putrid
A gun in the alternate future is my weapon that severs
But in rhyme you could never get your varsity letter
Nevertheless, dark side, interstellar
The arsonist who has become a patriarch in the dark from arsenic
To steal a book from the market, and later burn a barn down, anarchist
The redeemer and a marksmen
You walk, 'Johnny Talk' with a gun in your back often
Or outlined in chalk when, like a Mexican wind chime
The Holocaustalistic lost, begs your pardon
My rhyme orbits and torches a small orphanage
He robbed the white feathers, bitch, it was written on his coffin
With no oxygen, I leap from a coffin and throw your corpses to the orphans

(Chorus 4X)