

Warcloud, What Can The Matter Be

Artist: Holocaust

Album: Blue Sky Black Death presents The Holocaust

Song: What Can the Matter Be

Typed by: Cno Evil

(Intro: Holocaust)

The Holocaust, the Holocaust, the Holocaust

The Holocaust...

(Holocaust)

A bat lives by hearing, the mother eats the moths and nats

She captures in full flight

I pull a knife or a gun, you're watching a bullfight

Then I strike in hood at night, printed on the moon in good heights

My gun is a revolver type, there is no other man as hype

As the Holocaust, despite hound

An Italian maids woman dropped her pail to the ground

When she saw a bloody mess as she heard a sharp sound

The weight found, then I escaped the town

Cyclone MC, many bones are thrown for me, a lot to eat

You rock to sleep, from the great caves I stalked in Greece

Piece by piece, guarding soldier alone, shown the feast

Going to sleep, heads thrown to street

Night by themselves, some men retreat

Lovely distortion, bloody misfortune, calmly swept off their feet

A phenomenon to natural science seek alone discrete

Known un-weak, and grown physique

A phantom of a person living or dead

In a place where his body is known to be

From Los Angeles to Manhattan, and back again

(Chorus 2X: Holocaust)

What Can the Matter Be?

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I came from the Wu-Tang Academy

Ain't no man mad at me

(Holocaust)

The nice old innkeeper and his inn, were most

You tried to return and found both of which were ghosts

Headless heathen and heroic heroes, on his shoulder a crow

The undertaker is skilful, the makers of widows

Forsaker of the hills behold, nature's criminal

Creator of riddles, the breaker of windows

Gun will wake an armadillo, your rhyme is less than zero

I bust your fucking head with a bat at the table like Robert De Niro

My program is full of firewalls, the rap population plummet

American flag of gun love it, a bird is warm blooded

In caring for this a gift from Heaven, the dark overlord watched

I wield fire sitting on a pillared throne, the fucking 'Warlock'

Edgar Allen Poe died in Baltimore

Was found lying outside a voting place

Probably on October 3rd, my gunshot through your shoulder hurt

The progress seems very slow, your accomplishments may not show

Journey into an untouched world of darkness, bro

I paralyze my pray and take them to an underground shaft

He who laughs best, laughs last

The smoke rises forming hours after a triple atomic blast

From Los Angeles to Manhattan, and back again

(Chorus 4X)