

# Necro, Insaneology

(John Tardy)

Praise me, oh god, things I have done  
Raise the introspect, wars I have won  
Rise me, oh god, stand still the end  
Send in the solace one, wars never end

(Necro)

My black magic creates tragic fates like back fractures upon magistrates  
that disagreed with what Necro advocates  
If you know thugs for 4 G's you could be coked up  
Involved in orgies on top of pentagrams soaked in goats blood  
With innocent maidens, reciting rituals in a menacing cadence  
I'm blatantly a sadist, making me Satan's acquaintance  
My sepulchral corporals disobeyin' court rules, assault bishops  
Burn 'em with liquid from the cauldron on the altar with chickens

(Necro)

These verses are satanic like Salmon Rushdie  
Reading Talmud on embalming fluid next to Muhammad, the devil told him to do it  
Music made for thrashers and gay bashers  
We slay fascists, while I parlay puffin' LaVey's ashes  
You're enslaved to Mephisto's imprisonment  
Piss on Monroe's grave and christen it when I piss in it  
Blasphemous like Baphomet's tits, evil like African ticks  
Make the female sacrifice and suck the Capricorn's dick  
You got pulmonary edema  
You'll soon be buried like Gary Coleman's career, but your skull recovered by FEMA  
Attackin' the mental, walkin' backwards into temple  
Gold inverted pentacle, fang platinum dental  
Magically create tragedy internally  
Similiar to Merlin so your fragile anatomy burns in Hell  
Your permanent murder's a travesty  
Sincerely and personally I'm eternally HIM, his infernal majesty

(John Tardy)

It comes to me  
I feel insane  
I write the book of corpse  
I feel the strain  
Killing it comes to me  
It's what I do

(Necro)

This shit's heavy, like the illustrations of Eliphas Lvi  
Should've left you forever celibate at your Briss with a machete  
Sick, demented women prance, centered in the pentagram  
Enter the pit, kill a divine being like Glen Benton's band  
Importing to Miami beach, no law in the streets  
I don't wait for the lord to preach, 'cause God is dead, according to nietzsche  
Shit on Christ while the beat rocks  
Blasting King Diamond during the Equinox, sacrificin' peacocks  
A black Bar Mitzvah, rabinical satanis  
A clinically sick cynical clique with banana clips and bandanas  
If your career was killin' for Satan and now you're locked up  
It's clear as day you were decieved like Ramirez  
I have no physical address, I just spiritually manifest  
Like mystical hat tricks, split in two in a casket and switch backwards  
Sammy Davis Jr. was satanic no less  
Recruiting many actors and actresses in to the C.O.S

(Necro)

L. Ron Hubbard thought he was Satan, you wish you were me  
The scientologist gynecologist doin' abortions ritually

Free Masonry's why Michael flipped  
Tom Cruise's brain is microchipped, they cleared his mind completely then recycled it  
Travolta's been trapped since '75  
Before "Welcome Back, Carter!" they soddered his brain open with blotters  
Politician occultists hexin' humans with complex infections  
That bludgeon, 'cause they hold grudges like Stryker from X-Men  
It be the God like Marquis de Sade, the priesthood of Mendez  
Sacrificing chicks like Lizzette Melendez  
Like Trevor Perez and Sean Martin on Fenders  
We're rugged thuggin' shout to my Insaneology members, DIE!!!!!!!