

# Necro, Violins Of Violence

(feat. Mr. Hyde)

(Sample from the movie - "The Messenger: The Story of Joan of Arc")  
&quot;Go home!  
Go now, in peace!  
If you do not go now, you will be buried in this field!  
I've seen...enough...blood!  
But if you want more, I can't stop you!  
I can only warn you, that it will be your blood...  
Not ours!&quot;

(Necro)

Evil is anointed get disappointed  
Guillotine to your spleen, you'll get defeated you can't beat it join it (What?)  
Death comes in the worst way through satanic wordplay  
Here's a knife in your spine, Happy Birthday (Bitch)  
Bile, lubrication, crack vile rejuvenation  
Subdue my patient, pursue cremation  
Insert a lance, in your back through the circumstance  
You're dead, over your corpse I do a murder dance  
I'm on some stab you with a shank shit  
My language is filled with frankness and anguish you're anxious  
Greetings, to all cretins, to those bleeding from repeated beatings  
I'm like the snake in Eden (Ssss)  
Get down with Necro? Be loyal  
Or get strangled with a scarf 'till you barf what goes around recoils  
My conversation dissects you like Operation  
My obligation is to kill Nazis with concentration (Kill 'Em)  
Romance, ain't a slow dance  
It's a slut with no pants  
sucking, holding my dick with both hands  
Put a gun to your pockets  
My steez would blind the eye piece of a high priest like the sun to his sockets

Chorus-(Mr.Hyde)

Violins of violence will thrive on destruction  
It's Necro abduction with Hyde corruption  
You flirt with escape of death????? in the clip  
'Cause happy endings are not in the script-x2

(Necro)

I drop english vocab distastefully, gracefully  
With a machete strapped at my hip I'm in the place to be  
Reppin' brutality faithfully, my religion's sin  
bash a pigeon in, I'm belligerent  
Praise to all midgets in America with short ligaments  
Do your thing, size don't mean shit, any nigga could win (True)  
Talking out your ass is great  
You'll get drastic hate  
Force you to masticate  
A fuckin plastic plate (Bitch)  
I got your brain through acquisition  
Now you're on the streets smokin' crack on a mission lookin' like an apparition (Uncle Howie)  
Your death is like angelic  
The splattering of your guts makes a beautiful pattern, it's psychadelic  
Kiss your last hundred dollars bye  
Your wallets mine, scream, holler-cry, you've been disqualified  
My demented thoughts need to be vented  
And sacramented, your tendons blended a splendid

(chorus)-x2