Swollen Members, Bless Destroy

[MadChild]

I give you the creeps, my style's sickening
First the awakening, Prepare for the quickening
Battle sole controller, There can only be one
Drink a can of Pepsi-cola, While I'm walking on the sun
I'm ill, equipped with interchangeable weaponry
Three mystical blades, And multiple personalities
Come crisp with raspiness witchcraft to grasp this
Depth of perception schizophrenic perfectionist
My direction is out there past the stars
Part beast, with powerful jaws and sharp claws
Exceptional in this physical existence
Suck on my potential and choke on this persistence
For instance I'm the light That's shining in the distance
Palm trees pina colodas citrus and incense
I'm intense, joker laugh get broke in half
Like Sylvester Stallone cuff the balls, stroke the shaft
No doubt I'm immaculate I'm tackling those
Cackling crows attacking and I'm packing in shows
Transform, but still come with fantastic form
Ancient war chants thank surpass the norm
Windstorm that is creating a god-awful mess
Now take a shot at the best I got a lot off my chest
And this is hot off the press and it sizzles and scorches
Escort you down a deep dark cave lit by torches

[Prevail]

Yo, man how ya feeling?
Man for realla I could kill a gorilla
I'm a breed of the last regime
In activation on a planet of freaks
I frequent hollows and abandoned hallways
And the poisons in my abdomen
So watch my movement always
I take the dings out of my old armor
Remove the rings out of my old grenade parlor
I stay sharper than the tails from the pardoner
And twice as sharp as the wreath
The hands of the hooded wanderer
Some will wonder how much longer
Before the berserkers conquer
I promise my attack on all those who sponsor
The material put out by monsters
In appearance of king Richard the third
My style comes precured
There's no further twisting necessary
There's many ways to enter through farens embassy
And take your place on the last line of security
Renege from hymns of blasphemy
Swine red wine and beads of rosary