

Warcloud, Bats N' Apple Soup

The light in the distance, spider crawling on marbles
Lay in an empty pool with a pistol
Wu-Tang Official, whistle like a missile
White House with black walls, come correct
Music in Iraq, kiss you in the darkness
Whisper to the daylight, circus at the gravesite
Fe fo fum, where is Francesca, a shovel fell over
Niggas smoking yeska, bloody fiesta
Man without a name though
One zombie went out over to touch the rainbow
Gun in my coat, the bar just closed
A white owl biting a rose sat froze
Whining back roads, swerve in a garbage truck
Of all things I've lost, I miss my mind the most
Big West Coast, heavy smoke
A well dressed skeleton slowly cuts your throat
MCs find themselves falling down
Lost in the sound, drink until you drown
The funny old man and his wife stay on the mountain
We guzzle wine, lalalalala

A hand in the darkness, bats fly in the rain
We play with the dead man hang, a spiked brain
Coffee on the table, skeletons in the walls
Wander down the cobwebbed halls until you fall
Deep in the coffin, look at the wooden grates
My pistol changes shapes, bullet holes in your drapes
Soap in the dirt, plates in the lake
The clown with the tear away face is selling cake
Roaches in a shoebox, mice in the guitar
Just through the woods and over, it isn't far
Drink up the bar, pour bullets into a shot glass
Stomp through the attic, blood smeared on the window
A purple rose from Cairo (1)
A match fell down the tunnel in slow motion
Walk at the bottom of The Ocean' with a notion
A man selling pictures, lonely on the road
Mean, mad Skeleton Lowe from the cold
When he walked through the crowd, their heads explode
Stand in the doorway, came from California
Head dressed, short of a few feathers, face the music