

Warcloud, Crash

Artist: Holocaust

Album: Blue Sky Black Death presents The Holocaust

Song: Crash

Typed by: Cno Evil

(Intro: Holocaust)

The Holocaust... Crash!

(Chorus: Holocaust)

Frequency modulation, Mephistopheles

Mi displace, overwhelm realm as thick as thieves

Half hazard ball and chain, the warrior king God

Whoever claim, this dismal drown you, bleed

Then squeeze, sound catastrophes

A kind of loose gown worn by the Japanese

Crash, some prickly apple trees

Thanks a lot it drops from you, who, went to nowhere and forgot

I get the props, blacken flowers and glocks, crash

Frequency modulation, Mephistopheles

Thirty eights toe-shells, overwhelm realm as thick as thieves

Half hazard ball and chain, the warrior king God

Whoever claim, this dismal drown you, bleed

Then squeeze, sound catastrophes

A kind of loose gown worn by the Japanese

Crash, some prickly apple trees

Thanks a lot it drops from you, who, went to nowhere and forgot

I get the props, blacken flowers and glocks, crash

(Holocaust)

Undead creatures are immune to sleep spells, he hath given to the poor

We clash driven to the core, surely he shall not be moved forever

Clever, a samurai lost his eye, in a time

The giant object flashed across the sky

It exploded near the river, with a thunderous roar

The blast destroyed whole villages, and wondrous galore

And blackened a circle of ground, forty miles wide, many years later

Some kept it alibi, unkindest styles, come and challenge mine

It is still a mystery, mysteries of this type occur from time to time

Who would believe it, you see a car scoping approaching from the rear

But when you check your mirror again before changing lanes

You no longer see it, from the sanitarium, a form of malaria

Killed half of all the people who lived on Earth

Sick bed written curse, brick dead risen church

Ghost and spirits roam the world on the night of October 31st

Some door gunner hearse, ophidiophobia is the fear of snakes

My style is atmosphere'd and thanks, the devil may care

The warrior's prayer, that back to the future Delorean flare

From the duel edge dead-pool, severed, never bled

Pandemonium there, simply the radio was invented in Italy

(Chorus)

(Holocaust)

By the craggy hillside, through the moss is bare

I have planted thorn trees for pleasure, here and there

Is any man so daring as to dig them up in spite

He shall find the sharpest thorns, in his bed at night

By the crackly hillside, through the loss affair

I have planted thorn trees for pleasure, here and there

Is any man so daring as to dig them up in spite

He shall find the sharpest thorns, in his bed at night

(Chorus)

(Holocaust)

Aye-yo chief, you bellyache before you go to sleep
A door gunner, honing heats, a night dynamite, explode unique
You can't sledge or hurt me, my gun filthy blaze
You can't beg for mercy, for none will be saved
Vampire bats live in South and Central America
Gunmen armed and daring ya, I skitch, hit you hard with left
Before you start a step, if Marcus slept
They route, part eclipsed, can't go two nights
Without food, or they'll starve to death
You leave me marked, I intercept, I stab you in the eye
You die, no alibis, so I rise, to canyon's high
Yo, Holocaust laugh, a hippopotamus can bite an adult male crocodile
In half, in France during the dance to the 16th Century
At night, the nightmare of the killer wolf of France
Where zombie ladies dance, where the antelopes prance
There's a man with a long sword and lance
I left the chateau, with a mystery woman
Across the hall, a painted house, I am not scared easily
Behind the blind lady's blouse, house movies in the afternoon
Or a old Mickey Mouse cartoon, I'm an intelligent skeleton
Or a humongous, charging mad bull elephant
I'm fast advanced, you rap platoon of balloon goons, crash, crash
A drifter down in Tokyo, roll over in dirty Pinocchio
Why my rhyme is opium, keep joking, yo
Think you who to battle me, is hard as established, and the wicked shall see
I'm unstoppable, it was an obstacle
That's when you find out, that it's impossible
The river zombies worship a colossal fossil
Yo, we get hostile, a solemn festival like the Pentecostal
A slugger like the Green Lantern, a thug
Dracula would have to drink his own weight in blood
Crash, to pass through the mud, it is a swamp scene
It is a thing, a green ring, a ring set with a pointed circle gem bling
"The desire of the wicked shall perish", said the king