

# Warcloud, Midnight In The Garden Of Good

Artist: Holocaust

Album: n/a

Song: Midnight in the Garden of Good

Typed by: Tha Masta

(Intro: Holocaust)

Two big sterling revolvers

Midnight in the Garden of Good..

(Holocaust)

This being of age old grace, Architect Holocaust  
Moss back, Antediluvian data plate  
Embedded and preserved, expired, current departed  
Lyrics crash across your head, now unzippen your face  
Former antique, kissing crocodiles, flight bound  
Tear open ya flesh like presents and thinner nightgowns  
Tut slow down, you'll never catch Mr. Applebee  
In some flaming town, you'll bury yourself, the greediest  
Death before riches, kingdom of good barbarians  
Circumstances of development leading up to the previous  
'Where The Day Takes You', placed within the sun  
Crush all the village cowards, devour 'til sin is done  
One 'Bag of Bones', children gather, Easter Egg hunt  
Afterwards, fruit, bon-bons and safari punch  
Branded hollow planet, 'Period of Adjustment'  
Back to the hanging gardens and lavish the fake lunch  
'Plantation Memories', stone monolith choicebound  
Hoist down the use of human beings of voice sound  
"In the prairie fields, the poppies blow  
All the crosses, row and row  
They are the dead, short days ago  
They lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow  
The torch be yours, to hold it high  
If ye break faith with us, who dies?  
Loved and were loved, and now they lie  
cuz they didn't live life, from the ground to the sky"

(Chorus 3X: Holocaust)

Silver ants and golden beetles crawling throughout my paragraphs  
Father Architect, to peel the lemon and share a drag  
Snow creek lime, draw lyrics that float and colorize  
Butterscotch ladybugs, candy-cane butterflies

(Holocaust)

In-line skates in a pillowcase, swinging at ya face  
The sound through a combination of sounds or it's representation  
In writing or printing, the text of a vocal theme  
Salamander slithers into a stream where glitters fiend  
Calm unique, cinema fantastique, the true castle  
We build the new chapels, still bobbing for blue apples  
Tackle and shackle, recycling wordage and best far  
The Titanic artefacts on waterfront restaurant  
World War 3, entres, pickled and cripple me  
Aqua-taxi verbalism torch, ticketed separately  
Ice laid in waters, all thrill to the heroic  
Hair pin twists and turns, bottles exploded  
Tomorrow land, news flash, Baskin-Robbins and Hagen-Dazs  
Lens Crafter articles cleansing open ya noggin flaws  
Views of marine life, mystifyingly true  
Rob ya scores of curiosities, it's just a rhyming see-through  
Flew first class, ideal baby pandas, koalas  
Go mix Pina Coladas and experience my Katana  
Those Mephistopheles, Beelzebub, Lucifierian lifestyle  
Black mambo, king snake, desert gecko, the cowardly

Waffle shoe club foot, Polly slobbering for penny  
Dirty six-legged pigs from New Guinea, Eric get many  
For the jealous always tell us that the enemy envies hatred  
And the deceitful lust read it, shed off infinity facelifts  
Takes one to know, land mammals return to sea  
and the water turns to blood, chew cotton candy with glee

(Chorus 2X)

(Holocaust)

'Hang 'em High', dripping, overlooking the rolling vineyards  
Sunset Stroll, hand-picked the green raisins  
Rocky mountain strawberries, leisure suit for the tastebuds  
My speech rinses flesh from the fossils of scenication  
Seem patient, wasting time now, slim-fitten crewmen  
The insects and the creatures tell riddles of dim-witted humans  
One man aircraft carrier, personnel  
No drinking during the sermon, extinguish the serpent's Hell  
What mockery have thee traded for thy precious soul?  
The voice being starfruit or dragon fruit, re-evaluate choice  
Merry-go-rounds, monkey bars, neck climbs and curvy slides  
Balance beams and hide-aways, all examined my thirty rhymes  
Interactive play areas, reservations required  
Free wheelchair strollers and lockers for aiming higher  
Plus elite catering, remarkable tasting menu  
and every dollar that you spend enables it to continue  
Never will concede, just work hard, determined  
Either/or suburban or urban, Italian, German  
Spanish, French, African, Oriental and Russian  
Samoan Irish bagpipes wrestle with the percussion  
Party hats, balloons and crazy string, confetti  
Open field exhibit Caravans, lyrical Serengeti  
Over night camping trip, foes will disappear  
Heavy paragraphs, clear and truthfully engineered

(Chorus 2X)

(Outro: Holocaust)

If a man was to tell me he wasn't God  
I would have to ask him what he was

(movie sample)

What do you call yourself politically and how do you  
define yourself, in a political philosophy?