

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?