Warcloud, Old Toy Room (A Pie In The Window)

(Intro: Holocaust)
Fucking shark
When it rains the flowers drip candy
Tic tacs and mint leaves

(Chorus 2X: Holocaust)
Hot apple pie, a scoop of vanilla ice cream
Shavings of white and dark chocolate melted over
Crushed up almonds and peanuts, taste
Niagara grapes, the highest of mental states

(Holocaust)
A mosquito in the bookstore, dastardly tales of torment
Street corner minds and bad medicine vendors
Try to overthrow you, take the celestial railroad
Vitamins and intense oil, moist your poetry
Thee depths of gun past, a falling of sparrows
Music from the sun, 'The Simple Art of Murder'
'Trouble Is My Business', final summer observer
Evil is the victim, merchant prince of burglars
Who struck each down, snatching your fake veils
Got parrots with pterodactyl wings and snake tails
They whistle when I feed them, demons fingers and toes
'Fairwell My Lovely', bloodcurdling scenery
Chteau, braille, copula, alary, alczar
On the balcony, dunking donuts in Java
Last Maharaja, never sound retreat
The Lost Regiment', rise of The Walking Dead'
Battle flag tattered and stained, call us Wendigo
Sasquatch, Yeti, battalion with one head
All devils fled, of man, they were a replica
Indians and cowboys, cops and robbers, America
Long Goodbye', I'm headed towards Arabia
Persian estates and pyramids made of ice
Melt not, gather no sand, mighty Architect
Creator of all that rest within the Universe
Soon to burst, acid, rocks, flesh and silver
Never speak in questions, the scriptures of a builder

(Chorus 2X)

(Holocaust)
Astronaut candy, space caramel, jelly beans
Gems from around the world sparkle nice
Blue socks, fancy red shoes, shiny bottle caps
Toy chest, green and white blocks, triangle buttons
Baseball gloves, a book of picture riddles
I swig on moonshine in the big city with fiddle
Little do they know, it'll be sunset for those
Telephone poles, dirty pistols and foes
Gun them down, that rough magic, sugar time
Briefcase man, sandcastles and bowling pins
Barrels full of cherries, grapes and rusty nails
Stale corn chips, Spanish peanuts and dusty rail
Headed down stone steps towards the old attic
Architect static, Pacific to the Atlantic
Arctic, Indian Ocean, black sand
Toe prints, beige sea shells, French vanilla
Seven horses, seven arrows, seven scalps
Over night delivery, sailing the Seven Seas
Seven corks in champagne bottles, sit in the breeze
I bust off a witch, smoke stacks of trees
Money comes from paper, smoke comes from burning it
Smokestacks are made from metal found in the ground

Same as the buzzsaw, paper comes from wood
Any answer to the question is no good, that is the hood
No friendly neighbour, set plants in animals
Cain before Abel is cannibal, understandable

(Chorus 3X)

(Outro: Holocaust)
Jill got her feet cut off while she slept
Eighty eight black birds on a telephone wire
One peacock at the top
That was The House That Jack Built