

Warcloud, The Last Hovering Castle

Artist: Holocaust

Album: Smugglin' Booze in the Graveyard

Song: The Last Hovering Castle

Typed by: Knowledge God, Tha Masta

(Intro 1: Sleepy Hollow sample)

Now, I will need to ask you many questions

But first let me ask, is anyone suspected?

How much have your superiors explained to you Constable?

Only tha-that the three were slain in open ground

Their heads found severed from their bodies

Umm, their heads were not found severed

Their heads were not found at all

(Intro 2: Holocaust)

Warcloud

Phat shout out to Cilvaringz

I'ma come see you up there in Amsterdam

(Holocaust)

I harvest bitter raps, this bitter harvest that's expert

Eat open your brain network, bloody your sweatshirt

Altars split a big heavy hitter the teeth gritter

Rip into an eight-headed red werewolf tomorrow

Throw you in transgression and sorrow, I ship the cargo

Of blue tigers with black stripes to Key Largo

Bone war with steel, something moved in the graveyard

A biker in the closet, old furniture in the house

Curse of the Mud Men caught in a mud dream

She got through an inferno, spit kerosene and laugh

Warcloud on a warpath is bloodbath

Step up to the plate, my swing is beat story

Sleep Georgy Porgy; bite a piece that's pasty

Runs over both linebackers and a free safety

Bedtime stories, museums, throw my fire axe

Clip you with a tyre iron, cataclysmic desire raps

I sent the canary, 135 Maple Drive

And I blast that hospital ship out of the sky

Sag my heavy trousers, sling shot and bust them

Children everywhere, mad holidays and costumes

Tooth Fairy sleeper hold, dark green and stay gun wise

Wolf bite, falling tree, old Tequila Sunrise'

Red taxi, couple of laps around the park, my thunder slap

Bring your can opener rap, casket of maggots

I polish old heirlooms on dark Shakespeare cliff

Then pile up bodies on rafts, sent them adrift

Burning, Warcloud institutes higher learning

Lunatic preacher swamp Cyborg American Patriot

sounds of fighting

(kung fu sample)

Tell them about the safe!

(Holocaust)

The creepy coin collector, old typewriter with font

The little boy encountered the convict in a swamp

Eight professors tied to polish that's made in Italy

Old blue shoes from a gypsy out on a back road

Fireflies lit up the darkness, cold and heartless

Shredder mouth, motor brain, lounge in old taverns

Far, far away there's a planet, inside a planet

There is a great mountain, in the mountain there is a lake

And in this great lake there's an island that no one knew

And there in the giant island was an old castle and ruins
Deep in the castle, in the courtyard is a well
Shaped like a capital L, I shouldn't tell
Ghostly echoes of the screams of the child who once fell
To break her neck and soak up the gongs of the church bell
Deep in the bottom of the well, water that rots
Is a little black pyramid far down in the slot
And inside that little black pyramid on that planet
I laugh in the dark for that pyramid holds my heart

(Holocaust)

I took a giant's head and buried it under his stone steps
Put my axe away to paint the stones steps red
It took thirty horses to drag his body for real
Where I left his carcass, there became a hill
In Warcloud country, those hills are everywhere
Supreme sword from The Ocean', give great armour a heavy tear
Clash of the Goliath, ten robo-Knights, didn't matter
While the oldest evil Pharaoh's in a battle with his own shadows
Satellite mic, galactic battalion, keep you irrelevant
Mythical swamp filled horrific creatures and their living skeletons
Keep a stuffed White Owl, black cuckoo clocks and whores
Made from my broken mannequin stores, bionic chords
Blasting speedball behind nine doors
I'll bury you under your mother's floorboards
Beg God for more wars
Still explore the corridor, there's more in store
Dastardly dark, thirty bandit beggars in the best place
Crystallite armour chest plates
And iron sunflowers too shiny on the back of the hill
Laughing, attack and spill