

# 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