

Warcloud, The Worst

Artist: Holocaust

Album: Blue Sky Black Death presents The Holocaust

Song: The Worst

Typed by: Cno Evil

(Intro: sample)

The world beyond to him

Adventure's in evil, without the harm

The world beyond to him

Who opens one of the seven gateways to hell

Because in that gateway, evil invades the world...

(Chorus 2X: Holocaust)

To those who didn't know and keep their streets, that is the worst

I punch you in the chest, and watch your head swell up and burst

(Holocaust)

I move like a large black stingray in crystal waters

My fist'll slaughter, as you order, every time I kiss my daughter

It is no organ above these, man or come battle me

Venomous come through the tongue or deep into the skin

Where a chemical is causing an everlasting, burst of agony

What is this hindid that kills everything achieved and here's

Much witnessed vengeance, that reveals clever hits and heals his fears

For word came on to your king and he arose from his wise throne

What is left, to disconnect to pebbles of dry bones

Brother, you are seriously entertaining

While observing of what stubborn, I murder the murderers of fathers

The murderers of mothers, I'm vicious between the head and heart's eighteen inches

Your lyrics reveal nothing to anyone you hating bitches

He was speaking about misdirected efforts, debating henchmen

It is only as you see ourselves in the mirror from shaky interest

(Chorus 4X)

(Holocaust)

We will find nothing but trouble from fires, since the beginning of time

Anything in my rhymes refuses prime, grab your weapons for vicious

At the savage sting of all the deadly jellyfish I bring

A tragic combat, in a ring

Know your higher power is never hard to reach, for I ain't playing

Don't hide your light under a lampshade, the sword slang

My black tree is made over a forged tools, the slime

The dragon was a mythological creature, over time

But lacked the power of industry days, by scicy blood

Shake each chest to the dirt, we compare the appearance of the sun

The lost strength knowledge, the man each hating thug-thugs

And after a rain of dirt road, in a country remains mud

Lots of animals walk your soft mud land, years ago

At the bottom all the shallow parts, and regimes, you hear me flow

(Chorus 2X)