

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)