

Paul Baloff (Produced By MoSS)

III Bill

(Verse)

Disaster burst appetite
The last massacre, fantastica, ambassador
My castles like Vlad Draculas
Back to blood, blast the snow, plastic gloves
Laugh and love, my heart is pitch black
Like a panther cub over cancer lung
Call me acid tongue, hit hard like Black Sabbath drums
Like an assassin does, big solids and massive guns
Cooked in the mind, the first to blast and the last to run
Look in my eyes, you think that Manson had a bastard son
Cast decide, after dancing out a rancid cunt
Thousand lines, got me frantic and crash aside a trance on drugs
I shovel snow up to my dormant till my hands are numb
Bundles of dope, I know my uncle would be after touch
A smog is born of enormous horse and trashy slut
Nasty acid junks happily jack me till Im blast to come
And stay swerving into murdering perversion
Urgin when we inserted the subject in the virgin
Cadaveric, maverick, savages, ravage the average
Of Angelas family, the famish cannibal sandwiches
After a funeral, turn terrible to beautiful
Sever dudes for food, several medical tools are suitable
Horrible times, some will live, some will die
Shoot out in the tomb found mummified
Shoot out till its summertime
Pop a crime, devils might drive by genocide
Centibite, rebels strike hard like a metal pipe
Bark like a kennel fight, sharp like a venom bite
Dark like an ocean filled with sharks in the dead of night
Levitate them right, everything God except the Christ
Hella bricks like Kepry King rocking metal spikes
Like Paul Baloff in studio 54 live
Alternate be things told, VHS all time,
Greatest pray, death can shoot the lama from the elbow
Like James Heckfield produced the piranha demo.(Outro)

Lyrics provided by
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