Carnivores

Circle Of Tyrants

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

sample "I'm not gonna hurt you, I'm just gonna bash your brains in, I'm gonna bash em right the fuck in"(Necro)

I'm living a mondo life packing a tonto knife it's sharp like an anaconda's bite, you get stomped in a fight. I love mentioning weapons, enter the ring steppin on your skull leave ya demented, things from reppin. Satanic like a cleric, leaving your mama hysteric, shanking your face with a kitchen knife till ya look like John Merrick, I'm full of gore, brutal like a pitbull's jaw, belligerent like demons that pull you to the floor. It's raw hype, back from the dead, crackin your head open with a pipe, gettin hype, back-up what you said. I'm like a skeleton covered with rotted skin, I got a grin, shanking you till I murder you coz I gotta win. Packing a metal barrel under my ghetto apparel, pull out and blast you fast that's how I settle battles. I would've loved to stick up Jesus, "Give up the bible, chopping your clique up into peices."(Ill Bill)

There comes a time when a throne will become a prison, kill your idols and shoot the telivision, goon is in Glenwood, the truth is I live for the art of war, I'm a ground-zero perfect carnivore, opposition signing off. Forefathers, given these 9s from another war, future primitives stargate through another door. I'm a king, my hamper equipped with 100 whores, crush our enemies, drink out of cups made of skulls. Obey laws like the vikings that came before, natural like lightning I came forth from the storm. I've been a soldier before the time of creation's dawn, made from the tree of life and cut my tongue on the thorn. Got 5 pistols like dry nickels, get the drop on you like suicide bombers on bicycles, colder than icicles. Explode raw, we pro-war, coke snort, spun the fuck out sorta like Mike Tyson on Zoloft.(Goretex)

I'm Aparna Ramirez, my arms are bombs for gear-heads, decapitated, collected and wrapped like deers' heads. Back with axes, diseased tongue I'm a tapeworm, this zombie ritual killer, drillin ya face-first. I leave ya brain chilled, soakin in absinthe, light you up in flames, same scene, chokin on matches. The pale Nazarine, cold lake, your corpse shrivelled up like an old cake slipped over the table, mortuary fake. Artery shake under blade that glistens, gore bids, morbid kids who never break traditions. Face humanity, my cerebrum is as ancient as Christians, my sanity's off-vision, smiling at every incision. You coughing up lungs, splattered with the matter in bugs, bury you dead with your head oozing off ravenous drugs, magic in slugs, cadavers gettin hammered with gloves, sanitation's here to bury actors in backs of the trucks.(Mr Hyde)

The Lord of Illusion, swords cause contusions, gore's what your choosing, blood soaked conclusions. Armies of darkness, ravage your carcass, death nailing arches, damaging targets. Creep with the creatures beneath the fog, make preachers lose their belief in God. Teeth in your chest as you reach for your weapons, undead zombies eat your intestines. Run through the streets, a marathon, a judge, there's no escaping the amazon of blood. Your powerless to fight, devoured by the night, no guts left in sight, disembowelled by a knife. Locked in my dungeon for months at a time, then chopped into bunches of chunks when you die. Exploit your corpse, but

gotta be cautious, to be sure of-course watch you rot till I'm nauseous.*sample* "I'm not gonna hurt you, I'm just gonna bash your brains in, I'm gonna bash em right the fuck in"

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