

Violins of Violence (feat. Mr. Hyde)

Necro

[Screaming Woman-Mila Jovovich-Ivana Orleanska]Go Home

Go Now In Peace

If you do not go now you will be
buried in this field I've seen
enough blood, but if you want more
I can't stop you I can only warn you
that it will be your blood not ours

[Necro]

Evil is annointed get disappointed
guillotine to your spleen you'll get
defeated you can't beat it join it (what?)
death comes in the worst way through satanic
wordplay here's a knife in your spine happy
birthday (bitch) bile lubrication crack vile
rejuvenation subdue my patient pursue cremation
insert a lance in your back through the circumstance
you're dead over your corpse I do a murder dance
I'm on stab you with a shank shaft my language is
filled with frankness and anguish you're anxious
greetings to all cretins to those bleeding from
repeated beatings I'm like the snake in Eden (ssss)
you down with necro be loyal or get strangled with a
'till you barf what goes around recoils my conversation
dissects you like operation my obligation is to kill
nazis with concentration romance aint a slow dance it's
a slut with no pants sucking and holding my dick with
both hands put a gun to your pockets my steeze would
blind the eye piece of a high priest like the sun to
his socketsChorus-[Mr.Hyde]

Violins of violence will thrive on destruction it's
Necro abduction with Hyde corruption you flirt with
escape of death in the clip 'cause happy endings are
not in the script-x2[Necro]

I drop english vocab distastefully gracefully with
a machete strapped at my hip I'm in the place to be
reppin brutality faithfully my religion's sin bash a
pigeon in I'm belligerant peace to all midgets in
america with short ligaments do your thing size don't
mean shit any nigga could win talkin out your ass is

great you'll get drastic hate force you to masticate
a fuckin plastic plate i got your brain through
acquisition now you're on the streets smokin crack on
a mission lookin like an apparition your death is like
angelic the splatterin of your guts makes a beautiful
pattern it's psychadelic kiss your last hundred dollars
bye your wallets mine scream holler cry you've been
disqualified my demented thoughts need to be vented
and sacremented your tendons blended is spendid

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