

# Luminal

## GZA/Genius

This is a tale of a town with the population  
Of approximately two thousand people  
They small close in their community with crime  
And murder, we're virtually unheard of  
With front doors, were always left unlocked  
A place where mayhem only happens in your wildest dreams  
For some, the sun will never come out tomorrow  
Like those in this heart pounding tale of random horror  
Of a body count, after trashin' it, they done with it  
Victims inflicted with passionate punishment  
Specific offers of horrific torture  
That left crime scenes, that retired law enforcers  
This ruthlessness knew no bounds, as he beat him down  
Shot him while gagged and bound, kept the whole town  
Shocked, with they doors locked, fire arms cocked  
Major roads blocked, no one knows when he knocks  
As a kid he killed three pets of an attorney  
So his child passion became a life long journey  
Grew into a world of destruction, abduction  
Left many body parts flowin' on the hudson  
Whether fountain or ditch, after the ride you hitched  
Screams is high pitched from scars you can't stitch  
Mutilated and decapitated, white collar chicks  
Just from his involvement in local politics  
His outfit stained with the blood of the slain  
While his backyard full of skeletal remains  
His goal in life, was preparation for death  
An autopsy showed affixation, loss of breath  
Was it his fascination, for strangulation

The lynchings in the twenty's was his inspiration  
Unspeakable acts that made front page  
Motivated by an unexplainable rage  
The state psychologist, forensic pathologist  
Warned the detective to search beyond the obvious  
They ruled out the possibility that the killa babe  
Physically fit with athletic ability  
Talley and murder, on his agenda  
There was no word, and it's code for "Surrender"

So when the headlines had announced the arrest, the repercussion  
Was his trial became a lightning rod for discussion  
Compellin' evidence, statements from residents  
Validated guilt as he maintained his innocence  
From the hair to the fiber, broke the bondage wire  
The stains on the carpet consisted with saliva  
DNA directly linked to the psycho  
Luminal made it glow, was test to Type O  
For many years, a lot of murders went unsolved  
A lot of blood resolve as guns still revolve  
The bullets had names that made the frames shatter  
Most savage massacre that made the brains scatter  
Detectives astounded by the scope of the crime  
Made a hard discovery from one of many signs  
While questionin' a man he picked up on a scanner  
He reacted in a loud and agitated matter  
And once they tried to read him his rights  
He turned cold as ice

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