snake bite

TarO&JirO

(Mad Child & Rattlesnake Jones) (Chorus x2)
We want you, to take a good look at what we do
Not the type that you can see right through
Cause you never know what we might do, uh huh uh huh
(Prevail)
I see the glowing orbits, of time warps and forests
Of darkness before us, orbits turning gray
From what I bring out of my medical tray, perpetuate
Prevail wondering the alphabet is the predator and the prey
Don't let em walk away, broken in the bone yard, smokin' in the boy's room
Smokin' in the pattern that consumes you like a vacuum
The warship I dock, is a property of his worship
It's awkward when we talk about morbid conditions
Vividly described, from this side of the lie detector
Cypher nectar, from the bloss of natural toxins, approach with caution
Blow flames in blue like they dance on the oxygen
Lost again in space, allow us to demonstrate, how it all generates
Promoters to engines, machineguns to hand grenades renegades of vengeance
(Swollen Members, Battleaxe Records) I have the only potent gift
That is the kind without having to speak too loud
I'm confident my crew can keep them out when I'm (Looking in your eyes)
(Mad Child)
Monarch and the anarchist, I smoke nicotine he smokes cannabis
And sip on Bombay sapphire, I drink Jack Daniels
He thinks things through I begat, mediocrity's not possible
Opposite's attract, ACDC Back in Black Sabbath

Agatha Christie cars named Christine
Hard to deal with agin' when you still feel fifteen
Combat stance tarantula, this approach is soft but deadly
Come in low slow but kill you gently
We some monsters in concert, the sharpest flyin' in on magic carpets
Try to offend end up in coffin
I'm oftenly wrong, you can tell I'm off when (I'm looking in your eyes)
(Mad Child & Rattlesnake Jones) (Chorus x2)
(Prevail)
The dagger gala you're all invited, mouth of a black hole
Poseidon could dive in, and die from the diamond cut, raisin' it up
As if we're not amazin' enough, dine on the braggart

Time to push forward, more words the better heart line beats jagged
Electric green, pesticide muster gas and mustard greens
That's what it must've been
(Mad Child)
We like muscle cars, not bar stars, no Singapore sling
We swing at the hard bar, hardcore
Used to sleep on cardboard tell your folks that it ain't no hoax
When I'm (Lookin' in your eyes)
(Mad Child & Rattlesnake Jones) (Chorus x4)

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