Battle Axe Experiment (feat. Evidence)

Swollen Members

[Mad Child]Ah, this shit doesn't even sound human anymore....it's time to killRough terrain, insane in my domain
Sadomasochism, whacks, whips an' chains
There's no stoppin' us, soon to be popular
Dive in, snorkelin', shark fin circlin'
You can't step to the fearsome, ferocious
Beast makes you nauseous, please be cautious
Murderous mind state, drown in a blood bath
First comes the batter ram, strike with the battle axe
Can't fill my appetite, Viking decapitate
Turntable terrorist, cuts that evaporate
Ugh, come from the depths of the underworld
Silver fire reigns supreme on the surface
You ride the spirit horse, dream catcher captures
Take attack posture, structure and stature
I'm starin' at ya, black tarantula
Swollen psychopath, contract canceller[Prevail]Spinal cord curvature, cracks over my overture
Amateur's couldn't compete, my crowd massacre
Haven't you ever slept in the hangman's quarters
Laid down on a lathe, sharp chainsaw teeth spray
Dazed as you reach for the handle on the door
Amazed at the pattern I've engraved on the floor
Hard skills and hand saws, skilled saws and metal jaws
Vertabraeic and algebraic, against all odds
No rats to deliver raps on blood rivers
Rats and black wizards, hatch, attack prisoners
Mental complex, yells spells and vexed text
Deliverance of the next dragon's breath and burnt flesh[Mad Child]Calm surface, serpant, sleeps Leviathon
Angels assistants under Satan's surveillance
Vitalizer, psycho acoustic equalizer
Stars explode, planet Europa gets blown....[Prevail]...to oblivion, belt of Orion
What rock you livin' on? Love craft, Necronomicon
Dr. Faust to Mephisto, dirty deeds with no leads
Murky water runs red as the Holy Father bleeds[Prevail]
You speed towards the outline of the tree line in question[Mad Child]
The forest area where 4 people have gone missing[Prevail]
Apparitions, cloud your vision, fang marks and incisions[Mad Child]
Uncontrolled contortions, sacrificial fetal position[Prevail]
It runs through your mind that you'd live to see the sun[Mad Child]

Swore that you'd be the one[Prevail]
With silver bullets in your gun[Mad Child]
Now the tables are shifted, table of the bewitched[Prevail]
The altar of the altered, Aleister Crowley author[Mad Child]
Much harsher than the jogger that they found in the marsh[Prevail]
But comes the gateway through which the army of darkness will march[Mad Child]
Still heart pumps no liquid on a pedestal of marble[Prevail]
No medical marvel will let you see tomorrow

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