

Inception

Swollen Members

Welcome to the doomsday parade, Sitting in my room cartoon shades of gray
I am an immortal walking through a porthole, Warped soul I am colder than the North Pole
Hallucinations, Disturbing and violent, My heart pump poison on anthrax island
They'll try to cover up our legacy, So we remain the darkest poets you will ever see
A fine line between genius and insanity, I walk between the spirit world and humanity
A fine line between a hero and a vaudevillian, For me no in between its zero or a million
Dark and demented, Art that's inventive, Eccentric, Vain, He'll be insane eventually
Pay attention, Ten Thousand Henchman, My warriors are waiting for divine intervention

Follow my lead and walk towards the light,
It is I who encompasses doom, Consuming fright,
Still ride through the fire on a horse,
I'll rip with the hippest trip wire force...

I'm bad, My nicknames the circuit breaker,
Eating up the world acer by acer,
There's no limits to the music we can make
Too broad for some horizons, when I rise like landscape..

Refute advances from the lands of Saint Augustine,
Mansions dilapidated, stanchions are waterlogged,
Aquatic monologue, aquamarine C4, Green camouflage, spreads through the air waves
Stay close behind me the navigation's treacherous,
Swallow this vaccine and hope they don't come back for us
Back is porous, crimson tides, hand crafted vegetables,
Cryogenic freeze leaves seeds, plants and animals,
Bereave families, grieve, leaves the grave botanicals,
My name sake's engraved on cave walls with the Neanderthals,
Crystalline webbing falls, entrapping all, snapping jaws,
Hoist'em like a joist to the bleeding ground feeding hall,
Moisture in the decks planks warps how the boat sails,
Warp speed, force feed those who ride my coat tails,
Ride by night like a Templar Knight to find the holy grail,
Blinded by my faith my aerospace will make you read in brail.

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Surface to air, emergency flare
Battle axe warriors man, the clan of the cave bear
Shakespeare, Robespierre, and TS Elliott,
Imagination soakin in, hover like a Carrion,

Landspeed prey, no M.P.H. could out run my aerial imperial frame,
So down in flames they go, the rap red baron,
Prepare for Diablo and his half dead harem.

Barbed wire fences to guard my senses, A dark minds vengeance,
My art might cleanse it
You don't want it, when three minds on it,
Little bad wolf wearing a bonnet slightly dawning,
We will chase you through the Forrest once we lure you from the village,
We're here to maim and pillage, buckets spilling from blood spillage,
We are killing with compassion not even in our spectrum,
Lyrics are electric at a picnic drinking Redrum.

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