

Mr. Raven (2012)

MC Lars

It's MC Lars rapping with some legends of punk rock - the Dead Milkmen! Thanks for keeping punk rock funny and fun.

Who's that (who's that) rapping?
Who's that rapping at my chamber door?
Mr. (mister) Raven!
All up in my grill like, "Nevermore."

Kick it! Once upon a midnight dreary, while I kicked it weak and weary,
Dark and cold just like Lake Eerie, Brand New sample, someone clear me.
While I nodded nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping.
Up like, "What?", this thunder clapping; stompin' like the devil or a Parish Chaplin.
I dropped my Lovecraft on the floor, like Arthur Gordon Pym on a distant shore
Open window, let the fire escape. Man in the alley in a top hat and cape.
Twenty-
pound bird lands on the sill, cold feet cold eyes give me a chill.
Grim face, grim stare, death carnivore, quote that raven "Nevermore."
"

Who's that (who's that) rapping?
Who's that rapping at my chamber door?
Mr. (mister) Raven!
Corvus corax come to settle the score

I miss Lenore, my Annabel Lee, taken by angels from me.
Alone with books (hey that's me!), harbinger of death visiting me.
I said, "Can I help you, evil prophet? If you got a problem, look, I'll solve it."
He checked my hook, DJ revolved it, perched on Pallas, chalice dropped it.
"Tell me sir, please, if you can. Am I good or evil man?
What can I say, what can I do, when will I be rid of you?"
"Nevermore," quote he at me, hating on this poor MC,
Satanic raven, Niche glee, Screaming at me like Gordon Ramsey.
I jumped into my Eldorado and checked my cask of Amontillado
Call a nurse, disperse my thirst? put this process in reverse.
Wish I'd had some warning first, MC Lars, '88 hearse.
Now I'll never be Sage Francis, while on my grave this black bird dances.
The raven's eyes still have the seeming of a demon that is dreaming,
Lamplight over him still streaming, hear my screaming, hear me screaming!
My soul still floats there on that floor and shall be lifted nevermore.
Afflicted calm, scratched up my door, canonized piece, US folklore.

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Who's that (who's that) rapping?
Who's that rapping at my chamber door?
Mr. (mister) Raven!
Found dead in the streets of Baltimore
Whose house?