

# Necro, Nirvana

(Verse 1: Necro)

Before ligaments and fridges  
The triple six digits religion  
Might sacrifice pigeon's fidget  
Was created by ancient midgets  
My kamikaze cronies  
Listening to Ozzy over Rick Rock's chords  
Doing quasi religious ceremonies  
I see with the Alseek  
Curse you into paralysis  
Drinking blood from the chalice with Alistair Crowley  
I feel no guilt, for the blood that got spilt  
Fuck thou shall not kill, do what thou wilt!  
Skeeming on Rosemary's baby in witches shrine  
My cult'll leave you shocked like Polansky in 69  
Introduce you to hallucogenic narcotics  
Bathing you with females rocking psychedelic bell bottoms  
Fu-Manchu in effect  
Banging spoons like Yuri Yella  
Then I'll sharpen the ends  
And juks you in the neck  
67 stab wounds in the lubyankas  
Allows you to sip droplets from the goblets of Pompous conquerers

(Verse 2: Ill Bill)

Javel and dagger  
Author of death  
Virgins with big breasts  
Soldiers of morbid thoughts  
Non-indulgent incest  
Bring me the goat, manipulating woman on dope  
Kidnap the pope  
Hang from the rope  
And strapped in the throat  
I'll spill your blood in the name of Satan  
And capture your soul  
Author of sacrifice, you'll survive the bashing your skull  
The master within the code  
Authors of math  
Step in my chapel of goons  
My collection of scalpels and tools  
And used for ritualistic and sadistic purposes  
Cermonial death  
Serp in the ancient verses  
But Zeus possesses his sister  
Masterbating in the monastery  
She used the crucifix to pop a cherry  
Perverted priest, flirt with the deceased  
The black mass is achieved  
Shadowy figures joyfully dance with the beast  
Hunger for human flesh, is sex to cannibal's feast  
Head of the jackal, six figure hand is complete

(Verse 3: Goretex)

20 hits in the womb melt  
Get those with the black acid  
Kidnapping your wife  
Tape safe depositories in plastic  
Candle smashing ariolas  
Cold as a bastard  
Torn from a casket  
Human flesh gets scorned into ashes  
Pray to Satan like Jimmy Page  
Take a stage of blood

Covered the following  
Bloods led by Miss Sadie Glutz gloves  
The yalo drive, from up in the hills  
Californication of pills  
Triple six engraved in your fucking gills  
We're real wifey  
Made eat the whole cake  
Worship a ghost state  
Puncture your throat with chunks of Colgate  
Launching the craig  
And cutting his thoughts in the first day  
The surgeon of hate  
I'm licensed to keep my nurses okay  
Unwrapping the vague  
Kevorkian, but dusting the ?  
Hellaways pussies  
The podium  
Molest your remains  
I'm like Brian Wilson, the genius, with a stain of crimson  
Original, dillusional  
Goons, we move through the system

(Verse 4: Mr.Hyde)

Enter the master witchdoctor  
Evil emperor of my chance  
Will anoint the dead  
And poison heads  
And brainwash a chant  
I envision baptism  
With satanic mechanisms  
Each exorcism, reads the deep flesh incisions  
My system of worship  
Features bitches in skirts  
I should purify my pretty  
Before they are visiciously murked  
We note the impregnated, corrupt the average slut  
Stab the gut and quickly sent the miscarriage from cups  
Hide the leader of Senchin  
Along with evil henchman  
Puking down your throat, because your soul needed cleansing  
Blood painted pentagrams  
Engulfed by flames  
Charcoal chunks of frames  
We feast on monkey brains  
Calmly cutting down your spine  
Now we're chugging blood of wine  
Choke and suffocate what's wine  
The fucking suffering is divine  
While tranquilizing needles get stuck up in your arm  
Sacrificial animals get abducted from the farm