

# Nirvana

## Necro

Before ligaments and fridges, the triple six digits religion  
Might sacrifice pigeon's fidget was created by ancient midgets  
My kamikaze cronies, listen to Ozzy  
Over Rick Ross' chords during quasi religious ceremonies  
I see what the owl see 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!  
Scheming on Rosemary's baby in witches shrine  
My cult'll leave you shocked like Polanski in '69  
Introduce you to hallucinogenic narcotics  
Baiting you with females rocking psychedelic bell bottoms  
Fu-Manchu in effect, bending spoons like Uri Geller  
Then I'll sharpen the ends and jooks you in the neck  
67 stab wounds in the LaBiancas  
Allows you to sip droplets from the goblets of Pompous conquerors

Table and dagger, altar of death, virgins with big breasts  
Soldiers of morbid thoughts, nuns indulging in incest  
Bring me the goat, manipulating women on dope  
Kidnap the pope, hang from the rope and stabbed in the throat  
I'll spill your blood in the name of Satan and capture your soul  
Altar of sacrifice, use the bible to bash in your skull  
Master within your cult, authors of madness  
Step into my chapel of goons, my collection of scalpels and tools  
Are used for ritualistic and sadistic purposes  
Ceremonial deaths, serpent the ancient verses  
Pazuzu possesses a sister masturbating in the monastery  
She used the crucifix to pop her 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

20 hits and the room melts, get those with the black acid  
Kidnapping your wife, tape suppositories in plastic  
Candle smashing areolas, cold as a bastard  
Torn from a casket, human flesh gets scorned to ashes  
Pray to Satan like Jimmy Page, take a stage of blood  
Covered the following, bloods led by Miss Sadie Glutz  
The yalo drive, from up in the hills, Californication of pills  
Triple six engraved in your fucking gills  
We wifey, made eat the whole cake  
Worship a ghost state, puncture your throat like chunks of Colgate  
Lunch in the crate and cutting his in the first day  
The surgeon of hate, I'm licensed to keep my nurses on K  
Unwrapping the vague, Kevorkian, with dust in the J  
Hell awaits pussies the podium molest your remains  
I'm like Brian Wilson, the genius, with a stain of crimson  
Original, delusional goons, we move through the system

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 strip and purify my prey before they are viciously merked

We're known to impregnate, and corrupt the average slut  
Stab the gut and quickly send the miscarriage from cups  
Hide the leader of ascension 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 cut you down your spine now we're chugging blood of wine  
Choke and suffocate with twine, the fucking suffering is divine  
While tranquillizing needles get stuck up in your arm  
Sacrificial animals get abducted from the farm