

# Violins of Violence

Necro

[Screaming Woman-Mila Jovovich-Ivana Orleanska]Go Home  
Go Now In Peace

If you do not go now you will be  
buried in this field I've seen  
enough blood, but if you want more  
I can't stop you I can only warn you  
that it will be your blood not ours

Evil is annointed get disappointed  
guillotine to your spleen you'll get  
defeated you can't beat it join it (what?)  
death comes in the worst way through satanic  
wordplay here's a knife in your spine happy  
birthday (bitch) bile lubrication crack vile  
rejuvenation subdue my patient pursue cremation  
insert a lance in your back through the circumstance  
you're dead over your corpse I do a murder dance  
I'm have stabbed you with a shank shaft my language is  
filled with frankness and anguish you're anxious  
greetings to all cretins to those bleeding from  
repeated beatings I'm like the snake in Eden (ssss)  
you down with necro be loyal or get strangled with a scarf  
'till you barf what goes around recoils my conversation  
disects you like operation my obligation is to kill  
nazis with concentration killer romance aint a slow dance it's  
a slut with no pants sucking and holding my dick with  
both hands put a gun to your pockets my steeze would  
blind the eye piece of a high priest like the sun to  
his sockets

Chorus-Violins of violence will thrive on destruction it's  
Necro abduction with Hyde corruption you flirt with  
escape of death in the clip 'cause happy endings are  
not in the script-x2

I drop english vocab distastefully gracefully with  
a machete strapped at my hip I'm in the place to be  
reppin brutality faithfully my religion's sin bash a  
pigeon in I'm belligerant peace to all midgets in  
america with short ligaments do your thing size don't  
mean shit any nigga could win talkin out your ass is  
great you'll get drastic hate force you to masticate  
a fuckin plastic plate i got your brain through  
acquisition now you're on the streets smokin crack on  
a mission lookin like an apparition your death is like  
angelic the splatterin of your guts makes a beautiful  
pattern it's psychadelic kiss your last hundred dollars  
bye your wallets mine scream holler cry you've been  
disqualified my demented thoughts need to be vented  
and sacremented your tendons blended are spendid

[chorus]-x2