

## **Pumpkinhead f/ Chas, Jean Grae**

### **"Anthem for the End of the World"**

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[Chorus: Chas - sung]

It's the anthem, for the end, of the worrrrrld

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[Pumpkinhead]

The Pope died, Jesus cried

Tsunamis take lives, realize

Look, look in my eyes, and see the sky

A blood red color, as angels hover

Over, Babylon, we suffer

Cause we don't live right, and we don't see light

And we don't live life, we destroy it

With pollution, guns drugs abortions, too many coffins

Too many orphans, too many coughin from sickness

Manmade illness, since polio and rickets

AIDS cancer Ebola, and black plague

Transmitted, through mice and pigeons

I know, I know my life I'm livin with wife and children

I know my rights I'm given ain't righteous livin

A blind man sees the horns of a demon

Inside the uterus the innocence developed by Satan's  
semen

[Chorus]

[Jean Grae]

The skies crack open and the fire rains down

With angels back broken and black snow

And a man in a black cloak and then everything goes  
black

Smokin everyone soon chokes and collapse slow  
y'know

It's not the hell inscriptions we read in the writings

We believin in God and death that was free

'til we biting the hand that feeds us

Praying to Jesus for saving us heathens

When we could just rescue ourselves from the demons

Lookin to dollar lotto to bring us from poverty

Look at Colorado killings, Wal\*Mart monopoly

Sadly, takes catastrophes to bring us closer

And man, working class man is sewn up

Cold Crush the grown-ups feel, and Bush is finger  
fuckin us  
Hard to see past the tricks in front of us, the cover-ups  
And so we covered lust after a couple of bucks  
And the tragedy, of humanity, keeps fuckin up

[Chorus]

[Pumpkinhead]

Born in the dark of the night, Rosemary verse  
A baby boy, to George Bush the Anti-Christ  
It's the end as we know it, predicted in paintings  
of Mary Magdelene, DaVinci Coded, open the third eye  
of this poet, point noted, so keep flossin  
Spendin money on frozen jewelry  
Hoes and jury payoffs, you're way off, die in your car  
While I ride Jimi Hendrix flyin guitar for the stars

[Jean Grae]

Stars well we look to 'em distracted  
Probably piss poor and thinkin 'bout some shit actors  
Instead of shit that matters we're stricken inactive  
Capitalism captive trapped in a prison in shackles  
And of course we never see the world for really how it  
is  
The genocide, the pestilence, the pessimissim lives  
Inside of us they wired us to be numb to the facts  
The world already ended, we never gon' get it back

[Chorus]

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