

## 200 North "Feltonic Prophecy"

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It's crashing down  
This comfort that you've known will soon be washed  
away  
With every choice with every single action there's a  
consequence  
There is a price that must be paid.  
You're running out of time.  
You're running out of time.  
The sun will collapse and destroy your world  
What can I say?  
Everything you strive for, really means nothing.  
The higher you climb the that ladder the further you  
get from yourself  
The higher you climb, the more you destroy yourself.  
There is no sympathy for those that blind their eyes.  
There is no sympathy, there is a price that must be  
paid.  
(Chrous)  
Time... The greatest enemy of all.  
Why? Why do we waste all our time? Why?  
Give me an answer.  
We base our lives...  
Around possessions and we lose track of all value  
These things will perish.  
These things will only destroy us.  
This thigns will only enslave us.  
Elitist pedistal, I despise you.

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