

Bitch

"Meet Your Maker"

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Prepare to meet your maker
He's gonna bring you down
The reaper's knocking at your door
And he'll plant you underground
You haven't got a prayer
You're waiting there to die
And when your number's up
You'll kiss your ass goodbye, goodbye!

Sooner or later
Everybody buys the farm
You know it's nothing new
It's no reason for alarm
You act so cool and calm
You don't even blink an eye
You haven't got me fooled
'Cause no one wants to die!

No one, no one survives

Meet your maker on the firing line
No mistaking, when it's time it's time
No escaping, when they draw the line
If life is taken, please God don't take mine!

Kicking and screaming
They will drag you to your grave
So face the curtain call now
If you're all so brave
This life is terminal
We all go in the end
The only difference is how we die
And when it ends

One hundred years from now
We'll all be dead and gone
Rotting in our graves
Or passed into the world beyond
Our days are numbered
We're just waiting for the call
Face your mortality

For death will take us all!

No one, no one survives
You die!

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