

Chaos In Fiction "Final Call"

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When the bow breaks you know this cradle it just has to fall.

The storm is coming, time for the end, this is the final call.

No way to stop this evolution cause it's here to stay.
I'm not a hero, or a zero, my times gone away.

This is our final call,
This is your final straw,
This is the last one,
It's time to get my gun.

Killing is a game of chance for those who aren't already dead,
A wreck or cancer or simple bullit to the head.
Hand full of shells and one fully loaded gun.
Mouth full of pills, can't pay the bills, this is the last one.

This is our final call,
This is your final straw,
This is the last one,
It's time to get my gun.

Already a ghost, walking around for some place to go.
I was born that way, raised to stay, from a long time ago.
Our inner vision tells us how to feel good.
Big screens, sending commands, straight from hollywood.

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This is your final straw,
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