Final Prayer
"Famine Or Disease"

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You got a need to suffer
Prepare to duck and cover
It's coming to you
Words are unnecessary
When you are dead and buried
Does it matter to you?

You've got a need to suffer
Set fire to your lover
It's coming to you
No sense of precedent that
Hate is the evidence that
It all points to you
You can't view the shoreline from the sea

Now I wondered through the day
This fucking look upon my face
Blessed are the ones who help me on my way
Now you're better off dead

You've got a need to suffer
Set fire to your brother
It's coming to you
No sense of precedent that
Hate is the evidence that
It all points to you
You can't tell famine from disease

Now I wondered through the day
This fucking look upon my face
Blessed are the ones who help me on my way
Now you're better off dead

You turn it off cos it turns you on
We all burn up under the sun
We're looking for you, I said
We're looking for you
You turn it off cos it turns me on
We all burn up under the sun
We're looking for you, I said
We're fucking looking for you

What's wrong again?
What's wrong again?
It's our chance to make you suffer
We're looking for you

Now I wondered through the day
This fucking look upon my face
Blessed are the ones who help me on my way
Now you're better of dead, dead, dead

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