

Type O Negative

"The Profit Of Doom"

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Goodbye cruel world..

Of this shape a star of five
Also happens to the one with six sides
Against the sun and against the moon
I warn you that these two combined
Will bring man's doom
Of ten horns and seven heads
Count your fingers and the continents
On your forehead or in your right hand
This new moral code that the media commands

Believe not in their clever words
Because faith inact(ed) are the loudest heard
All these things I say are true
Understood sadly by a chosen few

April 2029 the final time The end my friend is not near
Thr hour in fact is quite here when the moon becomes
red
To guide the living dead
This means God's turned his back on you
It's a Friday 13th of course You won't live to see noon

I am a prophet of doom

So now the star has fallen Washing away the seas
The seventh seal's been opened It's raining your fears
Are you paranoid The coming asteroid
Has got your name tattooed on it
This stone's called Apophis

It brings Apocalypse
I am a prophet of doom

Speak the name of He Created thee all to be
Which should not be spoken No laws broken

Now life and love the stars above
Which fall upon the all that worship the beast
Influence ceased

My faith is an ember Burning ever
Working towards a greater reward Serving my lured

Built his home upon the rock Not of the flock
But coming as a shepherd Guarding his heard

My soul's on fire

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