

Type O Negative "The Profits Of Doom"

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Goodbye, cruel world

Of this shape, a star of five
Also applies to the one with six sides
Against the sun and against the moon
I warn you that these two combined will be man's doom

Of ten horns and seven heads
Count your fingers and the continents
On your head or in your right hand
This new moral code that the media commands

Believe not in their clever words
Because faith in act are the loudest herds
All these things I say are true
Understood sadly by a chosen few, you

April 2029, the final time
The end, my friend, is not near
The hour in fact is quite here

When the moon becomes red
To guide the raising 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
I am a prophet of doom

So now the star has fallen
Washing away the seas
The seventh seal now opens
It's raping 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
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 light and love the stars above
Which fall upon the all that
Worship the beast, influence ceased

My soul's on fire
My soul's on fire

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 herd

My soul's on fire
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