

The End of Days

Abney Park

After our days, and the fall of man
One day this will heal again
Beasts crawl forth over desert clay
And mankind will be nature's prey
Ruined towns break forth in vines;
Trees, leaves, fleet combine
Humankind will have lost its sway--
The world again will be theirs one day!

Ooh-ee-eh ooh ah

Skeletons of rust reach for the sky
Ruined empires of days gone by
Dreams of lives buried in the sand
The end of days will have been long planned
Our children's children have passed away
Their auspicious lives lost in the fray
Carrion birds are all at play--
The world again will be theirs one day!

Ooh-ee-eh ooh ah

Nomadic tribes of the last of man
Pull their caravans across the sand
Gypsy wives hold their children tight
As the new superpower howls through the night
Gods watch from above and wonder what went wrong
The entropy of what once was strong
Now the survivors of man stay up late to pray
That the world will again be theirs one day!

Ooh-ee-eh ooh ah