Bad Things Coming

Abney Park

Got bad things coming
All my thoughts turning black
Wanna hit the ground running
Wanna turn the clocks back

I don't want to look forward
Or even look ahead
I don't want the future
For the future is dead

Gotta stand up so strong, fight all alone
I hope I can, cause I can never go home
Gotta stand up so strong, fight all alone
I hope I can, cause I can never go home

You do everything right
You you got no control
Fates like a storm
That cares not about your goals

You batten the hatches
And prepare for the storm
Better make no attachments
'Cause death is the norm

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