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too much has been said about
the end of time
a million pointed fingers
including mine
but when the dusk falls to begin
the august winter we all will have written a verse
to the final gospel (2x)
so throw up your hands
to your lord
for the ability to see and yet not see what we cannot ignore
now i feel there is no hope
just a clock moving backwards
ticking away our last chances moving so much faster
i think were already dead!
no matter whats been said!
hell is now and now is hell
and we will pay for all we did
someone somewhere is laughing so had at how easily things can b
e taken so very
hard and still we feed the fire of the coming storm that is hum
an extermination
taking form
from deep inside my bones
i feel anticipation burning and when i put my ear to the floor
i hear revolution
and yet i'm ashamed at the simplicity
of humanity and its mentality
and how easy this society can be shaped and molded
into formless mindless clay
too much has been said about
the end of time
a million pointed fingers
including mine
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the august winter we all will have written a verse
to the final gospel
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