

## Room 101

Carcass

Don't claim to be a prophet,  
Don't claim to read the stars,  
But I can see a future,  
Mapped out in scars,  
Look to the skies,  
Keep praying to your gods,  
Your only salvation,  
Will come in the shape of the bomb,

No clockwork orange,  
The doom watch ticks,  
There's no second coming,  
Only final conflict,  
Blind pessimism?  
Only time will tell,  
The cold hard reality,  
Is that this world has gone to hell,

And this is where I belong,  
In my room one zero one,  
As I sit here all alone,  
In my own private year zero,

These numbers branded,  
Embedded in the mind,  
How can you herald a future,  
When it's already arrived?  
Keep looking to the skies,  
Keep waiting for your lord,  
You fools there's no second coming,  
To redeem you all,

And this is where I belong,  
In my room one zero one,  
As I sit here all alone,  
In my own private year zero,

Don't claim to be a prophet,  
Don't claim to sight the stars,  
But I can read the future,  
In anguished mental scars,  
I have no faith,  
In anything that you hold dear,  
The future is ours,  
Only in sweat and tears,  
And this is where I belong,  
In my room one zero one,  
As I sit here all alone,  
In my own private year zero,