

Prophet Of The End

Crystal Viper

Stupid you are
And went to far
We know, how human race will die
Big flaming sword of doom will split the sky

Will be too late
To change your fate
And there will be nowhere to run
In July of Two Thousand Sixty-One

In the sky you will see
Prophet of the end
You will know it's the time
For the human race to bend

I will tell you where we are from
There will be no time left to cry
When prophet of the end will come
Earth will die

But you still have time to change your fate
What will happen, depends of you
You need to forget about your hate
You have to

To give you earth
It was a mistake
So wonderful was our aim
From Zeta Reticuli we here came

Now I will leave
Better believe:
We're no demons, we're creators
Of foolish human race inventors

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