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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