

A Good Day To Die

Pro-Pain

War and death, the stench of fear hits the air.
Pinch yourself to check if you're still alive.
Oh how prophetic, the end of days.
So wrap in plastic your MRE's,
and grow a garden of Eden.
Sew your oats and fly. The end in nigh.

We're fucking drunk and we're way too high
to conceive ourselves that the end is nigh.
Now I'm wasting your time and you're wasting mine,
but we sure picked a damn good day to die!
A good day to die!

Pain and loss hits you hard like a stone.
Time runs out, you feel as if you're alone.
So pick a poison and make a wish,
and do enjoy your every sip.
The night is young, and so am I,
and rumor has it, the end is nigh.

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