

Onyx

Project Pitchfork

A ring of tears damned into ice
We sold the world at a low price
We find our selves in the midst of a march
And we inhale highly toxic discharge

In our eyes we are deep and wise
But everything we touch slowly dies
We don't see what's in front of us
We love our ignorance, we hate to discuss

Hello mankind, you must understand
Here comes your final punishment
Mother nature invoked a fatal child
Her name is onyx and she won't be mild

She is coming from outer space
Cause human race has fallen from grace
Brace yourself, you are next on her list
Her name is onyx - and she is really pissed

She is fed up with human race
Each and everyone has fallen from grace
She has enough information compiled
Her name is onyx - and she's really wild

I am sorry to report this, sir
It seems our armies are just food for her
There won't be much left when she is done
Nature rules again, cause we will be gone