

Two Tickets (to The End Of The World)

The Rabble

I've got two tickets to the end of the world
and it's Armageddon
We're one million miles away, but it's the
end of everything you've ever known

From outer space we
paint catastrophe in a red sky,
with missiles swarming down
like flies
Regeneration of human trace, with every
stroke acrylic-demise, final
goodbye

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Earth is my canvas, darkness applied, with lack of
colour as tone collides
From the edge of the universe life
unfolds like a blast in the
month of July, '65

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Brush-strokes
define the world, as the night sky
unfurls
You sit right at my
side as the amendment's bride
When everything is still and
the outline is fulfilled
We begin again my dear, from the
stratosphere

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The bride of the
last day, one million miles away
One million, one million
Armageddon

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