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

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

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

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

Brush-strokes
define the world, as the nightsky
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

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

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

I've got two tickets to the end of the world and it's Armageddon