Fury In The Slaughterhouse, Shape Of Things To

Jesus' praying for rain lightning flashes around the prophet is screaming his head hits the ground you should hear the warning if you read the signs play with your own life but don't play with mine

The shape of thing to come

There was Moses and me when the wind took a change he heads off the venue he moves out of range if you knew the action you see us so blind play with your own life but don't play with mine

You're not invited to stay You're not intended to go can you tell the future I don't think so You should hear the warning If you read the signs Play with your own life but don't play with mine

You live in your dreams I live in mine Maybe tomorrow we will collide