

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