

Grits, Millenium

The last days
Charactered by skin nature
Lustful galavantin
You choose the nomenclature
Clearer than water
As I overturn
The cistern
My story's complete
Pass to bone
When it is his turn
Time's unnecessary
For diligent worker
A chance for this
Philanthropist
Post-Jesus circa
My pestilence
Is petulant
Rebuke the adversary
The shoot their flatulent
Blend with commentary 1-9-9-9
Ain't hard to find
Face to the grind
As you stare
At the timeline
2 g's
Who survived this
When the smoke settles
And the air clears
You're face to face
With your worst fears

[HOOK]
Wells spring forth
What did you bring forth
All this time you had
Millennium arrival
All I really-really wanna see is
All I really-really wanna see (see) is (is)

In these last days
Many believing
Too many sleeping
Nobody trying to awaken
Worshiping satan
Unconsciously
In a state of repubate
A house divided
Righteously unabiding
Religiously reunited
To the flesh love
Collections of the best
Of from the last love
Gave up your first love
Cursed by complacency
Why the descension from above
You used to be dedicated
And word related
But since you got your choice
Of your final destiny
The millenium
It's the end ya'll
The millenium

[HOOK]

