

Send More Paramedics, Everything Is Not Under

Now It's Twenty Twenty-Five
The Dead Arise To Claim Your Life
The TV Says It's Martial Law
Outside The Streets Run Red With Gore
Nothing Is Under Your Control

Contrails Like Portents In The Sky
Whole Continents Are On The Slide
As Toxic Seas Boil Black With Blood
The Realization Dawns We're Really F**ked
Nothing Is Under Your Control

No Germ Of Mercy In This Flesh And Bone
This Resurrection Will Not Save Your Soul

Shuddering On The Brink Of Hell
At The Beginning Of The End
Now The Abyss Opens Below
Nothing Is Under Your Control

Welcome To Armageddon Time
The End Is Really F**king Nigh
A Carnival Of Homicide
This Thing Is Eating Us Alive
Nothing Is Under Your Control
Is This The Fall Of Man?
Is There No Way We Can
Survive?

Nothing Is Under Your Control

No Gene For Mercy Written In These Bones
This Resurrection Will Not Save Your Soul

Shuddering On The Brink Of Hell
At The Beginning Of The End
Now The Abyss Opens Below
Nothing Is Under Your Control

Save Your Soul
No Control
Save Your Soul
No Control
This Centre Cannot Hold
No Control
Save Your Soul