

# Type O Negative, The Profits Of Doom

Goodbye cruel world..

Of this shape a star of five  
Also applies to the one with six sides  
Against the sun and against the moon  
I warn you that these two combined  
Will bring mans doom  
Of ten horns and seven heads  
Count your fingers and the continents  
On your head or in you right hand  
This new moral code that the media commands

Believe not in their clever words  
Because faith inacted are the loudest heard  
All these things I say are true  
Understood sadly by a chosen few... you

April 2-0-2-9 the final time  
The end my friend in not near the hour in fact is quite here  
When the moon becomes red to guide the living dead  
This means Gods turned his back on you  
Its a Friday the 13th of course you wont live to see noon

I am a prophet of doom  
I am the profit of doom

So now the star has fallen washing away the seas  
The seventh seals now opened its raining your fears  
Are you paranoid the coming asteroid  
Has got your name tattooed on it  
This stones called Apophis it brings Apocalypse

I am a prophet of doom  
I am the profit of doom

Speak the name of He created thee all to be which should not be spoken  
No laws broken

Now life and love the stars above which fall upon thee all that worship the beast  
Influence ceased

My soul's on fire

My faith is an amber burning ever working towards a greater reward  
Serving my Lord

Built his home upon the rock not of the flock but coming as a shepherd  
Guarding his herd

My souls on fire