

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