

# Ampop, 2038

Situation, running out of supplies  
Cold weather, airless, grey skies  
Nature&#039;s army has the power today  
Politicians are running away

It&#039;s time we suffer our sins

Food in the form of dust  
The sun is exploding  
No one to trust  
Nature&#039;s revenge has begun  
All the earthlings have nowhere to run

In the end we all seem the same  
It&#039;s time we suffer our sins