

Biohazard, Better Days

Times are changing, things come and go,
Things are getting worse the earth, a black hole,
I say to myself: Will this shit ever change?
Will it ever improve or will it stay the same?

It's plain to me that things are amiss,
Because I've seen better days than this,
How could we let it get as bad as it is?
Because I've seen better days than this,
It's plain to me that things are amiss.

Famine and war, hate and disgrace,
Incest and murder, raping the rat race,
I see no end to this suffering,
Faith, hope and love are burnt offerings.

Decline and fall of modern man, our fate is sealed by our own hand,
Time spinning onward we're regressing fast,
Signs of the times say these days might be our last,
Better days are gone forever I fear,
Our hate dictates our fate, apocalypse is here.