

Jill Tracy, Doomsday Serenade

We'll meet again, my dear, on Doomsday
Pigs will be flying through the sky
On the 12th of Never, at a quarter past Forever
Stricken with the Rapture, we'll watch the world's demise

We'll meet again, my dear, on Doomsday
A hint of Armageddon fills the air
Now that Hell has frozen over and the sun is growing colder
We'll be drawing close cause there's no more time to spare

We'll meet again, my dear, on Doomsday
A shower full of frogs and toads
But as bleak as it may be, Apocalyptic revelry
Hand in hand, we'll tiptoe through the carcasses and bones

The air's too thin to breathe on Doomsday
At last we face The Reckoning
And blood will fill the sea
Cobwebs will cover you and me
As flames engulf the remnants
Of this grand catastrophe

It's Doomsday
It's Doomsday