

# Profane Omen, Generation Doom (Count Me Out)

HE-RI-TACE!

What is left from yesterday?

Only violence and the sense of greed -- I gag!

A shallow world where crises are solved with a sum of all our fears...

There's too many problems now; we're at the point of no return (dead end now).

We're forced to look the other way, while all this decays...

Poisoned by this need to kneel...

I wash my face with filth, confession incomplete,

And I leave this place in fires, hoping it'll learn someday.

A future where handguns are leading the way is something I can't take, bang bang!

Traditions of a culture buried under the agony of men...

It's a race of self-destruction -- who can beat the odds?

And we can read our names in today's obituary...

Poisoned by this need to kneel...

I wash my face with filth, confession incomplete,

And I leave this place in fires, hoping it'll learn someday.

COUNT, ME, OUT (from this abomination).

Drained out...

I keep on washing my face with filth this confession's left incomplete.

And I leave this place in fires, in fires...

and hope you will learn someday...