

Terminal Choice, Armageddon

the smell of death is in the air
the sky is dark
there is no sun
and everywhere you see the dead
and everywhere you see the blood

you walk on bones
this pungent stench
you hear them cry
but you can help them
you paralyzed by your fear
you want to die
you want to die

this is the day
the devil walks the earth
this is the day
when all the people die
this is the time
the sun won't shine again
this is armageddon