

# Washington Is Next

## Megadeth

The quiet war has begun with silent weapons  
And the new slavery is to keep  
The people poor and stupid  
"Novus Ordo Seclorum"  
How can there be any logic in biological war?  
We all know this is wrong  
But the New World Order's beating down the door  
Oh, something needs to be done  
There was a King, Evil King who dreamt the wickedest of dreams  
An ancient mystery no prophet could interpret  
Of seven years of famine, the wolf is at my door  
As predicted years ago, that, that was, that is, that is no more  
The word predicts the future  
And tells the truth about the past  
Of how the world leaders were hailed unto Pharaoh  
The Eighth False King to the throne, Washington is next  
Disengage their minds  
Sabotage their health  
Promote sex and war and violence in the kindergartens  
Blame the parents and teachers, it's their fault, "Annuet Coeptis"  
Attack the church dynamic, attack the family  
Keep the public undisciplined till nothing left is sacred  
And the "Have not's" get hooked  
And have to go to the "Haves" just to cop a fix  
I am the King, Evil King who dreams the wickedest of dreams  
An ancient mystery nobody could interpret  
Of seven empires falling, the wolf is at my door  
As predicted years ago, that, that was, that is, that is no more  
The word predicts my future  
And tells the truth about my past  
Of how the world leaders are waiting to usher in  
The Eighth World Power of modern Rome, Washington is next  
There was a King, Evil King who dreamt the wickedest of dreams  
An ancient mystery no prophet could interpret  
Of seven empires falling, the wolf is at the door  
As predicted years ago, that, that was, that is, that is no more  
I am a King and I dream the wildest dreams  
And nobody could interpret  
Seven empires falling, the wolf is at my door

Oh, that, that was, that is, that is no more  
There's something at my door, some ancient mystery  
The future tells the truth about the past  
I'm the Eighth False King to the throne  
I've got you in my cross hairs, now ain't that a bitch?  
Washington, you're next

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