Prophecies

Motograter

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

new plague, getting paid, everyone is guilty
Taxes on the lotto, waters gotten filthy
Psychos, weirdos, percocet and morphine
Little imperfections cost us all!
Cost us all!
I saw a misle filled with frightened people!
Crashing down, into a ball of flames!
SOMETHING TELLS ME IT'S ALMOST OVER!!
SOMEONE TELL THEM IT'S ALMOST OVER!!
Slave camps, last dance, billion dollar mishaps!?!
Bombshells, nitro, anything that you can throw!
Housewives, onion rings, A.O.L. and crashing planes!
Second rate therapy... Everybody's crazy!
I saw a black cloud above the forest!
Wiping clean till nothing else remained!!!
Makes me sick to know that it's your fault
Makes me sick to makes that it's you
Makes me sick to know that it's your fault
Makes me sick and it makes me ill
Makes me sick to know that it's your fault
Makes me sick to makes that it's you
Makes me sick to know that it's your fault
Makes me sick and it makes me ill
SOMETHING TELLS ME IT'S ALMOST OVER!
SOMEONE TELL THEM IT'S ALMOST OVER!!!!!
Monstrous, what we've become! Space waste ! Brain dumb!
Nostradomus... Prophecies! Warfare!!
ENEMIES!!!! ENEMIeS!!!! ENEMIES!!!!

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/