

Repeatâ€! The End Is Near

Wretched

I rise from what was slumber, To a world much worse to fear
The digital ash is blasting back at meMy gun still waits impatient, with two shells to my name,
An army is forming, the neighbors conforming.To spill blood in God's name, to devise a strategy,
To make medicated slaves in love with their own ways.
And this will bring us doom, you've known this as a truth
it hurts but your too drunk to see these signals.Repeat, the end is never near, It's just at its morning silence.
Repent and I beg to those who never answer me...
Speak... Speak...
The sober silence of being the last of our kind,
An insect smashed, the footprint of our time.Of. Our. Time.The sky's imploding, my heart it rushes beauty.
When it rains down the damned in ashes,
And we are the damned, who wait to die from boredom.Bring on the fate of your dreams.
Bring on the fate that shivers in its sleep.
Feel the earth, its bloods been shed.
It's the oil that heaven sent to bring the end?
Our homes all crumble, our damns will burst with quickening speeds.
I feel enlightened by my lack of responsibility,Repeat, the end is never near.
It's just at its morning silence.
Repent and I beg to those who never answer me...
Speak... Speak...
When the last, Sun has set on all our guilty heads,
We'll burn for more than,
More than drugging our youth, and giving tithes to
A frightening business with devils intentions.
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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