It Wasn't Meant To End This Way

Skyclad

Sometimes I believe that we're already dead
Each day on the T.V. our last rights are read
Some fair weather oil tanker bleeding its' load
Powder keg powder plant ripe to explode.
Mister Prime Minister hear what I say,
Please Mister President listen I pray.
You have the influence and you have the power
To turn back the clocks on mankind's final hour.
When death is the helmsman who steers "Jonah's Ark"
Tomorrows an iceberg that lurks in the dark.
The band plays our song... it's the Funeral March.

Songwriters
ENGLISH, GRAHAM / WALKYIER, MARTINPublished by
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