

The Profits of Doom

Type O Negative

Goodbye, cruel worldOf this shape, a star of five
Also applies to the one with six sides
Against the sun and against the moon
I warn you that these two combined will be man's doomOf ten horns and seven heads
Count your fingers and the continents
On your head or in your right hand
This new moral code that the media commandsBelieve not in their clever words
Because faith in act are the loudest herds
All these things I say are true
Understood sadly by a chosen few, youApril 2029, the final time
The end, my friend, is not near
The hour in fact is quite hereWhen the moon becomes red
To guide the raising dead
This means God's turned His back on youIt's a Friday 13th, of course
You won't live to see noonI am a prophet of doom
I am a prophet of doomSo now the star has fallen
Washing away the seas
The seventh seal now opens
It's raping your fearsAre you paranoid? The coming asteroid
Has got your name tattooed on it
This stone's called Apophis, it brings apocalypseI am a prophet of doom
I am a prophet of doomSpeak the name of
He created thee all to be
Which should not be spoken
No laws brokenNow light and love the stars above
Which fall upon the all that
Worship the beast, influence ceasedMy soul's on fire
My soul's on fireMy faith is an ember burning ever
Working towards a
Greater reward serving my luredBuilt his home upon the rock
Not of the flock but coming
As a shepherd guarding his herdMy soul's on fire
My soul's on fire
My soul's on fire
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My soul's on fire
My soul's on fire
My soul's on fire

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