

The Profits Of Doom

Type O Negative

Goodbye, cruel world
Of 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 doom
Of 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 commands
Believe 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, you
April 2029, the final time
The end, my friend, is not near
The hour in fact is quite here
When the moon becomes red
To guide the raising dead
This means God's turned His back on you
It's a Friday 13th, of course
You won't live to see noon
I am a prophet of doom
I am a prophet of doom
So now the star has fallen
Washing away the seas
The seventh seal now opens
It's raping your fears
Are you paranoid? The coming asteroid

Has got your name tattooed on it
This stone's called Apophis, it brings apocalypse
I am a prophet of doom
I am a prophet of doom
Speak the name of
He created thee all to be
Which should not be spoken
No laws broken
Now light and love the stars above
Which fall upon the all that

Worship the beast, influence ceased
My soul's on fire
My soul's on fire
My faith is an ember burning ever
Working towards a
Greater reward serving my lured
Built his home upon the rock
Not of the flock but coming
As a shepherd guarding his herd
My soul's on fire
My soul's on fire
My soul's on fire
My soul's on fire
My soul's on fire
My soul's on fire
My soul's on fire
My soul's on fire

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>