

# Room 101

## Carcass

(Music: Steer)

(Lyrics: Walker)

Don't claim to be a prophet  
Don't claim to read the stars  
But I can see a future  
Mapped out in scars  
Look to the skies  
Keep praying to your gods  
Your only salvation  
Will come in the shape of the bomb  
No clockwork orange  
The doom watch ticks  
There's no second coming  
Only final conflict  
Blind pessimism?  
Only time will tell  
The cold hard reality  
Is that this world had gone to hell  
And this is where I belong  
In my room one zero one  
As I sit here all alone  
In my own private year zero  
These numbers branded  
Embedded in the mind  
How can you herald a future  
When it's already arrived?  
Keep looking to the skies  
Keep waiting for your lord  
You fools there's no second coming  
To redeem you all  
And this is where I belong  
In my room one zero one  
As I sit here all alone  
In my own private year zero  
(leads)  
Don't claim to be a prophet  
Don't claim to sight the stars  
But I can read the future  
In anguished mental scars

I have no faith  
In anything that you hold dear  
The future is ours  
Only in sweat and tears  
And this is where I belong  
In my room one zero one  
As I sit here all alone  
In my own private year zero  
And this is where I belong  
In my room one zero one  
As I sit here all alone  
In my own private year zero

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