Terminus

Morbus Chron

[Intro:] 'Megeddo's Gateway.'
Hunter of the silent darkness--
Mighty steel leviathan,
Rise from your nocturnal vigil--
'Davey Jones' the time has come.
Send spitting fires and roaring thunder--instigate Poseidon's wrath,
Unleash the terrors of the deep uncertain of the aftermath.
Attack is the best form of defense--fingers on a keyboard play,
When genocide's a numbered sequence death is but a breath away.
I. I hear sirens screaming--
C. See lightning rip the sky,
B. Be afraid my darling--
M. Embrace me as we die.
Dark clouds gather (tensions mounting)--current tides are making waves,
They navigate a sea of tears--above them storms in tea-cups rage.
Only Jonah 'neath the ocean witnesses the damage done,
But can't turn back the hands of time--none can unload a smoking gun.
I. I hear sirens screaming--
C. See lightning rip the sky,
B. Be afraid my darling--
M. Embrace me as we die.
The lords of Fleet Street speculate--as noble statesmen mediate,
They tread on thin ice cracked by hate--one slip could spell disaster.
We gave you power to decide--but now you gamble with our lives,
We've all been taken for a ride--next stop the hereafter.
These implements of science-friction--
Are the pawns of power play,
By splitting hairs and splitting atoms--
They'll kill us all the 'new-clear' way.
Entice us through Megeddo's gateway on this final exodus,
As flesh is turned to ash and vapour by the fires of 'terminus.'

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