The Profits of Doom (Radio Edit)

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

My soul's on fireMy soul's on fire

My soul's on fire

My soul's on fire

My soul's on fire

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