

4
START -- THE KILLING

Start --

The killing --

In the days of Armageddon, as the War of the World is spreading,
They might ask for their "Gods" to pray, but they will never understand the RAGE

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For as soon as the body does sting,
There goes another little girl to the fall,
And as long as the trouble co-exists,
Then the losers take the brunt of it all
Buttressing for the fall, Bare a Son for the Scene, to the war that's allowed for the change
To the war that's a scene, there'll never be a way, as it stops from the coming of the Son

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For all the sick and dying ones, He doesn't care -- there's no reason
Perishing by experiment, Kill them as fast as you can bury them
Start the War, Start the Reign, Fill this World with a Cloud of Rage
Coffins filled with the Unlucky Ones, Burned out Eyes are Filled with Sorrow --

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Sorrow's got His Soul All Today
And violence from his Heart brought the Pain
And when the World is Full from the Son
Then we will all know who's become -- The Unlucky Ones --

He seemed to break a while from the change
But gone -- we've seen Him run all the way
All he had to do was go on
But silly from his heart, it was done -- He always wanted to run -- Run --

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Gone in the summer's day Rotting in the Sun Gotta Pay, Not with Ease
Some would say I've gone away Boiling from the Sun Give me Aid, For my Hate
Gotta pay my soul — Let me kill the Sick All the Way, For Today
Killing in the Summertime Always on the Scene Call the Sick for my Feast tonight.
Everything's All Right

Repeat Section 3 (previous page)

Sorrow
Frontal Lobotomy
She's going down
Right in Front of Me

Born from the Son -- Of the coming of the Sea
Don't you ever focus all your fighting at me
Quartered from the Son, Rebel on the Sea
Setting it all done -- as whose headed for defeat?
Falsifying the documents -- the man whose no Son
Surely we'd be uptight if we knew you were the one
But we don't know all your thinking on the scene
Bringing on the War through his ultimate decision