

Plague of Locusts

Harvey Danger

It's in Revelations one to twenty-two;
Scorpions and Hydra breathing fire at you
So mark your foreheads
Seven golden lamp stands to light the fury from the
sky, yeah,
I will kill your children, I know your works and
labour,
They cant save you.

Throats are parched with smoke from golden censer,
Rivers run with blood, wormwood to quench you from
being to nothingness,
Second woe is past look out! look out! third ones
coming up, yeah,
Seal up the righteous and screw the wicked over, its
all over.

Its a plague of locusts!
Hallelujah! Its raining frogs!
Its a boulder hailstorm! Hahaha!
Its the wrath of, God damn.

The names are in the book not yours,
Four horsemen ride the range,
Hark! The herald angels carnage,
P-p-p-p-pestilence and bloodshed,
Wash away all your mistakes,
Before they cast your wretched flesh,
Into the fiery lake and its coming!

And its a plague of locusts!
Its a plague of locusts!
Its a plague of locusts!
Its the wrath of!