

The smoking haze of yesterdays  
Setting dates with early graves  
These spinning plates will one day break

Warning signs, tomorrow's  
Running on time borrowed  
Mother's not married, so father be wary  
Of what you preach

Stay asleep at the wheel and never  
Care to know  
The crash is coming

Will the end align with Mayan signs  
Or millions led to no surprise  
Tidal wave of smoke and haze

Quick to have the trigger pulled  
Who will be accountable  
Brother where's Abel, 'cause father won't pay for  
What you've done

Stay asleep at the wheel and never  
Care to know  
The crash is coming  
Are we destined to see a tragedy?  
Look away, the crash is coming

Mother, daughter, son and father  
Lead to the slaughter  
We drink from the water  
And bleed at the altar  
You preach with a loaded gun

Stay asleep at the wheel and never  
Care to know  
The crash is coming  
Are we destined to see a tragedy?  
Look away, the crash is coming