

End Of The World

Bad Manners

Long, long ago in the not too distant future
A young Spaniard working needlessly in a field
Became the first victim of the new space invaders
He saw the light, the light that was in the sky that very night
The fear that built up inside him
Was that of a frightened child
There was no hope
He had but one idea
That the fiery cloud was not of this world
Or, or, planet...
And yet in his mind he did not believe this cloud happen
A world full of creepy crawlings and space like things
What's happening
Are they brainwashing us
Will we listen to their infernal lies
Shall we remember the night of the nights
When no-one, I say no-one
Will remember the beginning of life
Death to the unbelievers
Why don't you listen to me
When I'm talking to you
The world is about to end
And we're all going to die
Don't cry
The end
The end is near chance it
We must find shelter, now
The end of the world
The end of the world
The end of the world