

Doomsday Clock

Born from Pain

Fear this hate. Fear this doomsday

Terror rise defines the times
All that is sacred is now declined
A loss of feeling, a sense of threat
Push to an end into the darkness ahead
Closing in, the hands of time
7 minutes before the end of our lives
The die is cast, the scene is set
7 minutes to breathe our last breath

Live on borrowed time, feel the fear in me
Future, past, all is fading, warped reality
Nation against nation, corporation versus corporation
How much more for power? Hands tick towards devastation

As minutes pass we keep on dancing on our graves
Doomsday
As nation die we slowly move towards our doom