

Prepare for Chaos

Flotsam and Jetsam

Not a sprit who hides in the day
Not an eruption that will not or may
It's a wrecking ball of death and completely without fear
No conscience, fear, or heart
Doesn't think about an end or start
Tear the world apart not to see what's deep inside

Not a friend to call, not a savior at all
Not a place to run and hide
No way to stop, no way on top
Stay out of sight and prepare to die

Prepare for the chaos
Prepare to die

Once every 1000 years or so the beast gets hungry
And the pain inside that wakes him, makes him angry
There's not enough food in sight
So, he'll start to roam the earth tonight
And the path of death he leaves will feed the hunger

Won't pick you out of a crowd
Doesn't care if you're calm or loud
It's a living, breathing, eating, storm of death
No agenda, no favorite meal
He's the real mutherfukin' deal
He's only awake to eat and he eats it all
Not a friend to call, not a savior at all
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