

Harsh Times on Planet Stoked

Huntress

Harsh times are coming to planet Stoked
We lost our orbit when we toked the devil's smoke

Acid is falling, raining bad trips
Melting our memories with nothing to transmit

I'm done with crying in my sleep
Dying in my dreams

Phantom limbs, solar winds
Blistering the sky
Dimensions open wide

Cosmic war, nuclear
Nothing is the same
We are the ones to blame

Doom is ruling, deadly vaccine
There is no mercy when the master's a machine

We lost our purpose, buried in bones
Burning with the fever of the sickly throne

I feel extinction and exhaust
Fueling holocaust

Phantom limbs, solar winds
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Dimensions open wide

Cosmic war, nuclear
Nothing is the same
We are the ones to blame

We used to be entwined in fate
'Til we swallowed black clouds
And birthed out storms of hate

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