

Walk with me.
I'll show you a vision of a world caught in-between.
The future has a face you wish you hadn't seen.
Broken limbs and skeletons crawling through the endless mud.
Desperate children deserted and unloved.

Under the pressing of my thumbs,
something wicked this way comes.
with a hand in two worlds, you had a heart in none.

It's time to make way for the new generation,
So sick of watching the world's demise.
Go fuck your doomsday. Scream it at the sky,
This is a call to arms. Let me hear your warcry.

I'll lead you to a wasteland riddled with disease.
This epidemic reeks of death.
Cold blood and burning flesh.
Choking on the words of conviction.
Hanging in the halls of extinction.
Will this be your prophecy?

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something wicked this way comes.
with a hand in two worlds, you had a heart in none.

It's time to make way, for the new generation,
So sick of watching the worlds demise.
Go fuck your doomsday. Scream it at the sky,
This is a call to arms. Let me hear your warcry.