

Final Days

Jonathan Davis

Hate runs through me like a vein
It's coming for me as I watch them march down this false line
I'm grabbing all the anger I can find

Alarming in this present phase
Destroying all these places in my mind
We're living in our final days
We're bombing all the places left to hide

Safe, some place so far away
Without the burning cities of the men who commit their crimes

Unruly living in the end of time, time, time, time

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