

4 Chords of the Apocalypse

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I hear it in your silence, when you don't speak
What was funny then isn't funny anymore
I can hear it in your voice, there's always a catch
We're going nowhere and we're going there fast

Anything to watch while we are waiting
For this apocalypse, what more is there to do?
It's nice to be important, but so close to being despised
It's more important to be nice, I guess, than being wise

I'll take you shopping; I'll take you dancing too
I'll take you out, all the things you wanna do
I'll give you diamonds and I'll give you space
So be with anyone you want, it's alright with me

Our time is over
Don't you know that if a time-warp was open
I'd stay right in my place
That war is over

I hear it in your silence, when you don't speak
There is a quiet crying rage burning inside you so deep
I'll give you anything, but I'll give you problems
So be with anyone you want, it's alright with me

I hear it in your voice, can see it in your lips
There's always a catch, I guess that's alright with me
No one's around, but the map says, "You're here"
Now I can hear loneliness screaming in my ear

Our time is over
Don't you know that if a time-warp was open
I'd stay right in my place
The war ain't over yet
This war ain't over yet

Being nice is only hard when others aren't
Our time is over