

The World Is Ending (Sorta)

Pears

He's got a carcass in the basement
And it's high time he found a replacement
It'll be just like a first date, but better
It's the farthest that he's been from
A careful process for a quick completion
'Cause the bomb's just a couple clicks from his suburb

So buy a ride on the H train to your destiny
Take a ride, an express lane to your doom

You know you lot are all lying with Satan
And in an hour you'll be begging him
"Please, gimme a minute of relief from the suffering"
But he'll only turn the fire up
And do it with the greatest of ease
And Saint Peter will be laughing in heaven
A million miles gone from you and your screams
And I'll be sitting at the feet of the father
Bring the bomb and my salvation
Time for all of this to tear from the seams

At 3 am out on my front yard
Singing stupid love songs on a heart shaped guitar
And I don't wanna hear it, 'cause I don't even care
The police are on their way so just stay right there

So walk along with your tears in your eyes
All the birds and the flies have a chance of salvation
Walk along with your fears and your cries
Realize that we're all gonna die, it's just a matter of patience
Walk along with your tears in your eyes, but realize
That it's not too late to repent and go to heaven
Walk along with your eyes on the ground, but I'm around
So have a seat and give me your first and last confession
F you