

## Things to Come

Rancid

War between races, war between lies  
War between something that lays out deep inside  
The deadliest one, come blazin' and identified  
Yeah, how many must lay, before we realize?  
And I say, how many must lay, before we realize?

I caught (I caught) a glimpse, I caught a glimpse of things to come  
I was (I was) jolted, I caught a glimpse of things to come  
One that stops, and launches and explosion  
I caught a glimpse of things to come

It falls on you, and then it, it falls on me  
Outside the church the streets are wet  
It's a half past three  
Well ya, ya get your moves all steady  
Cause no good is up again  
Mortally wounded, the one on the front seat  
It's the beginning of the end (And ah)  
God bless the dead, and the family and friends

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