

# Doomsday Daydreams

The Hellacopters

Time's a wheel you ride round  
Sometimes up, mostly down  
The looping path you always seem to follow

Something stirs in the void  
Everyone hears the noise  
In hyperboles you obsess and wallow

So you think you can save me  
But I don't need your kind  
Stuck in your doomsday daydream  
You think that you can save me  
But you can't change my mind

Twist the words once again  
Rearrange any sense  
Funhouse mirrors in the dream

Wear your mask like a joke  
Preach your tome, sport your cloak  
A new religion made for one extreme

So you think you can save me  
But I don't need your kind  
Stuck in your doomsday daydream  
Yeah you think that you are able to save me  
You can't change my mind

Yeah you think you can save me  
But I don't need your kind  
Stuck in your doomsday daydream  
Stuck in your own damn mind

Well it's enough to make me scream  
Push my palms in my eyes  
Stuck in your doomsday daydream  
You think that you can save me  
But you can't change my mind