

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