

The End of Time


Composition, arrangement, lyrics, vocals and all instruments
...by Ken and Geri

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You view the world as your possession
Who knew that so few would complain
Despite complete lack of ambition
Entitled you decide to reign

You think you're a godsend
You leave hearts on the mend
There's no way to defend
That you're such a bad friend
You think you're a godsend
You're worse than a bad trend
You'll always offend me
Right until the end of time

And so the madness grows within you
You know you're never coming back
You play a shape shift to continue
Today you slip between the crack

You think you're a godsend
You leave hearts on the mend
There's no way to defend
That you're such a bad friend
You think you're a godsend
You're worse than a bad trend
You'll always offend me
Right until the end of time

As you dissolve in false awareness
Casualty of your own wrong
We hold you in contempt of fairness
Behold your verdict in our song

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