

# Profits of Doom

## Clutch

Born with a moustache and a supernova, tossed off the cliffs of Dover.  
Washed up on a far away shore in the arms of the daughter of the Buffalo.  
Mamma said he was the chosen one. Reverend said he was the other one.  
All that pay no mind inside his Econoline. Swallower of Planets, the profits of doom.  
Quarterly projections, the profits of doom. A caliph, rabbi, and a bishop walk into a bar.  
One says to the other,  
'Hey now brother, we haven't gotten very far.'  
Who's the writing? John the Revelator.  
He wrote the Book of the 7th Seal. Swallower of Planets, the profits of doom.  
Quarterly projections, the profits of doom. Genesis and Exodus, Leviticus and Numbers,  
Gideon is knocking in your hotel while you slumber. Swallower of Planets, the profits of doom.  
Never trust the white man driving the black van  
He's just saving all his voodoo for you.  
Just for you. Never trust the white man driving the black van  
He's just saving all his voodoo for you.  
Just for you.

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>