

Bomb Eden

Capricorn

Trapped in undershelters taste of bitter on their tongues
Masks to hide their image gas to fill their lungs
A kingdom in a greenhouse, the wasteland on it's knees
Accept that tune of being should be taking it for real

Just like roaring thunder in the blackened rain
Just like someone touched that true evil
Take a breath like fading from a world insane
Just like someone came to bomb this world away

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In theaters of power there's deserted killing fields
The flag of independence in negotiated dreams
Massacre in the jungle the wasteland on it's knees
Saws are roaring louder as the pit is growing deeper

Symbols of salvation have all reduced to ash,
Blackout in metropolis
Experience sudden death
Crucifying amity, create a new disease
Grow up a worlds abortion
And bomb Eden to it's knees.