

# Holocaust

Bathory

At dawn they rise pointing to the skies  
Ready to cut through the clouds at command  
From wombs in the ground born to deafening sounds  
When the button is pressed by death's hand

Loaded with death powered by the dragon's breath  
Climbing way above the clouds out of sight  
To seek its destination and destroy it into void  
And to spread its load of death and endless night

Below water in the ground on wings of steel up high  
Seeds of death to be launched in final one of wars  
Each with a number for a distant city at their sides  
Wonder what's the number for my city and for yours

Metal phallic seeds of death  
That is not won else cannot be lost  
Precious burden seeds of death  
Sown to earth brings the holocaust

Prepare to die

Now leaving their wombs all in fire baptised  
Outnumbering the stars in the sky  
Each with a skytrack on which they are sent  
To destroy each part of the world on the other side

Not time to repent feel regret or ask for mercy  
Once launched there is no way to bring them back  
Finally the world created by man look so bright  
Before it all turns black

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