

Apocalypse

Neva Dinova

t's a breeze, coming in from the north
And she's in the kitchen
Screaming of course
'Cause she's seen all the worlds,
And their kids and their dogs
And their men and their pigs
And they're tall and they're sick
And they're all dying quick

From the waves of disease
She believes it will come
Overseas and at home
Killing everyone