

# 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