

What are they these monstrous beings
Standing in the smog before me
Never before has something so alien
Walked this earth

I wonder is this dream
I wonder can this be reality

What strange behaviour
They just stand there
In their deformed grace
Gazing towards the sky

Hundreds and hundreds
Standing in some kind of trance
It's the atomkinder dance

Some of them are grown together
Like siamese twins
With brownish liquid dripping
From boils in their skin

Primitive in structure
primitive in mind
One thing to live for
Destroy mankind

Stripped for feelings
Stripped for fear
Must have revenge
Warfare

It's the children born of the atombomb
The children of mankind