

Dressed in gothic sorrow
I watch them slowly pass
Wearing years of torment
Like vestments to a mass

Wretched Land, hell on earth
It's people bowed in shame
Relentless years of grooming
Have seared them like a flame

Three hours till destruction
The speakers blared on high
They'll be a huge reduction
Three hours till we die
No protest lines
No threatening crowds
Their doom would be unseen
Liquidation

413

Trembling faces
Wild eyes and fearful stares
Little eyes were crying
And weeping filled the air
Escape was not an option
But some still chose to fight
Without a chance of victory
The slaughter took all night
Three hours till destruction
The speakers blared on high
They'll be a huge reduction
Three hours till we die
No protest lines
No threatening crowds
Their doom would be unseen
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