

On Sunday They Will Kill the World

Draconian

On a Sunday they will kill the world
And on Monday they will cry and shout
Then on Tuesday they will just try out
What will happen to the burning crowd

And you hearing this song
You will smile, and think that I'm wrong
I'm a friend you killed in your mind
I'm four kids and you didn't find

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And you will think of me
But I'm gone and then I'll see
In the sky for me sits one, too
What they did, some people like you

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