Sentenced Morning

Krisiun

In a sentenced morning, a day of holocaustic death A fallen nation awaits for the worst of all nightmares One mighty bomber surges to lit the clear skies Drop the uranium bomb, prepare the initial blast. A sudden impact strikes, making the earth shake The whole city disappears into a smoking, awful cloud Pure, boiling, rising flames shattering concrete, glass and steel

Bodies blown through windows, shades of corpses onto walls

Overwhelming, blasting heat, shades of corpses onto walls.

A deafening roar anticipates the second, shocking wave Then, small fires emerge from the cracked, scorched ground

To in seconds blow the worst of fire storms. Exterminated nation smoke and dust entangled The sunlight struck can't penetrate the awful cloud Crawling out of debris, survivors shinning like lamps Radiation flows with the breeze, right beneath the awful cloud.