

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.