

## 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.