

Red Winter

Nausea

as our last moment takes it's toll
the madmen's wrath then unfolds
everything crumbles on our heads
we flee as the sky turns red
the day will come when our houses burn
the ice won't melt
the world won't turn
you'll just cry in hunger and thirst
the day will come when the world will burst
as our time drips slowly
and our lives melt like wax
we put our heads upon the block
and give them to the axe.