

Sons and daughters  
Troubled waters  
A stretch of burned gasoline  
Silicon and Codeine  
Flooded highlands in misty haze  
Mudslides and suicides  
Earthquakes and gamma rays  
Devilish acts of God above  
Carried to heaven by a dirty white dove  
His fingers are on the trigger now  
And as the smell of dying embers  
And rusty strings on his bow  
A sound explodes and fills the room  
And echoes beyond this walls of doom  
Until it vanishes up in the air  
With nothing more to come  
Yeah, we must ain for the stars and we are gonna get up high  
We must build another tower and make it through the fires  
We must sail the seven seas now the waters abound  
We shall cease the deceased until the angels come around  
With nothng more to come...