

Man made stars on earth
Turn solid matter to dust
In threats power of gods to me
Men of only political integrity

Only an uneasy imbalance remains
Between truce and mass eradication
For now our balance is sustained
By mere threads of circumstance

Let them ignite
Bring to our knees
Will cease to be
Kill what they see

2053
2053

Will the next one bring us to our knees
Will the next one help us cease to be
2053

We play with the heat of the sun
We toy with the fire like a curious child
Curiosity that has built so much
Has built a means to destroy it all

The cold
Stand off has worn at the trigger
Stand down and fall
Instigators who lie in waiting
Of that all nations can be sure

We play with the heat of the sun
Turn solid matter to dust