

Alcatrazz, Hiroshima Mon Amour

It was newborn and ten feet tall,
But they called it little boy,
And C7, H5, O6, N3 they called him
T-N-T.

The fireball would dim the sun,
Promising death in its cruelest form.

Hiroshima Mon Amour
As we beg to be forgiven do you spit,
In our face and curse us all.

The fireball that shamed the sun,
Burning the shadows on the ground,
As the rain falls to dry the land,
Leaving desert for the thirsty man.

They all said it would end the war,
And we thanked Christ for the bomb,
And the priests and witches all agreed,
They should die to keep them free.

The fireball that shamed the sun,
Burning the shadows on the ground,
As the rain falls to dry the land,
Leaving the desert for the thirsty man.

HIROSHIMA!!!