

Caliban, 100 Suns

A hundred suns, born to kill
it is madness, a sun created by man-
once again a perverse irony of life
earth creates - man destroys

love and hatred
we are the butchers of the earth
a hundred suns will be born-
millions of lives will fall

the first lightening,
a picture without protection and sence

The end, torture and death
when do they stop, when is it over?
one day they will all stand up,
rebel against us - exterminated us

the first lightening,
a picture without protection and sence

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BORN TO KILL