

# Comecon, Bleed-Burn

The Czar went down to Catherine city  
When peasants clamp in feeble things are trampled down  
Is the flesh of a symbol-doomed worth any pity  
Did the rituals bring the force unto the imposter's crown

Scenes from the cycle of life and of death under God

Some of Your sons bleed  
Some of Us burn  
You make us and we make You  
This is what we get in return

Master the power we yielded is fading away  
The bunker's dug deep but they've been knocking a million  
Times  
I formed Your fire into an all-embracing light  
When dawn breaks I will come with You into the night

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