

Custard, Failed Mission

Captive in the wasteland, my fear of death awakes
As I close my eyes I face my history so real.
My blood is running faster, my will to live deletes
The terrible scenes which my eyes had to see yesterday

At dawn they came upon us, their leader said "destroy";
Right out of the clouds appeared the conquerors of steel
We jumped into our fighter, we knew the day has come.
The howling sound of engines made us brave in the hour of death.

Last night our saviour died. I've seen his ending flight,
behind the moon he turned to light.
Last night our mission failed, millions of souls for sale
And still I'm tortured of their cries.

Like a cloud of hornets we headed for the sky.
Pride and satisfaction as we got them in our sights.
One by one were blasted away into the dark
As mother earth behind us turned to waste
A godforsaken grave.

Last night...

Now I'm here in wasteland, their perfect trap is closed.
Just a few more days and all my pain has reached the end.
Still my heart is pounding, my will to live is lost
And I won't remember what I saw yesterday.

Last night...