

# Nasum, The Clash

A cloud of hate draws near tonight  
I doubt that it will pass  
So be prepared and stay out of sight  
Tonight's the night for the clash

Society breaks down tonight  
Streets are coloured red

Black rain, black hate, black end  
The ghost of civilization will ascend  
Black rain, black hate, black end  
The dust of devastation will descend

A battle cry now breaks the night  
As the tragic fight begins  
The city streets now a zone for war  
A play with death where no one wins

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