

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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