

Neva Dinova, Apocalypse

It's a breeze comin' in
From the north
And she's in
The kitchen screaming
Of course
Cuz she's seen
All the world
And their kids
And their dogs
And their men
And their pigs
And they're tall
And they're sick
And they're all dying quick
From the waves
Of disease
She believes
It will come
Overseas
And at home
Killin' everyone