

Overbass, Nuclear Trash

Nothing to be said
To our death we're led

Missiles are on their way
They will take your life away
We'll perish by their sin
Nobody left will win

I don't want to die
I don't want to die

And warriors from their graves
In ultimate parade
The glory they will sing
To the mightiest king

War heads
War heads

The day of mourning will come
The black curtain will be drawn
We completed the motion
The final word of evolution

Why
Nothing to be said
To our death we're led