

The Fall, War

Tell of the birth
Tell how war appeared on earth

Musicians with gongs
Permeate the autobahns
Foetus of disgusting breath

And she split the egg
Cast a spell and war was born

Come follow me
Out of the obscurity
Pilgrims in songs
Swamp the empty aerodrome
Kalashnikovs but no houses
Women at the double, march
No food for the spouses
They wait for the US drop
Russians sit back and laugh

While war casts her gory locks
Over the deserted docks
She casts her gory locks
Over the deserted docks

She cast a spell
Split an egg and war was born
And pillage hopes with gusto
Even though they have no nerve
And she does just look on
And war does what she has to

War does what she has to
People get what they deserve