

# Death In June, Heaven Street

Take a walk down Heaven Street  
The soil is soft and the air smells sweet  
Paul is waiting there  
And so is Franz  
Now only memories run on railway tracks.

This road leads to Heaven.

Waiting feet frozen to the ground  
The earth exploding with the gas of bodies  
Rifle butts  
To crush you down  
Now only flowers  
To idolize.

This road leads to Heaven