

Draconian, On Sunday They Will Kill The World

On a Sunday they will kill the world
And on Monday they will cry and shout
Then on Tuesday they will just try out
What will happen to the burning crowd

And you hearing this song
You will smile, and think that Im wrong
Im a friend you killed in your mind
Im four kids and you didnt find

On a Sunday they will kill the world

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And you will think of me
But Im gone and then Ill see
In the sky for me sits one, too
What they did, some people like you

On a Sunday they will kill the world