

# Izabela Trojanowska, Acid Rain

I climbed the hillside  
I couldn't believe my eyes  
The thunder clouds  
Hung heavy and grey  
I saw the fish dead  
Floating upon the lake  
I thought it might be  
The end of the world  
I have too much imagination...

I saw the leave's head  
Disappeared from the trees  
I saw the landscape waisting away

I heard the silence  
Across the country fields  
I thought it might mean  
The end of the world  
I was only the acid rain

I saw an angel standing  
Among the crowd  
He was the man  
We were ordered to hear  
The words he said  
Were carving the place in time  
I thought it might be  
The end of the war  
I have too much imagination...

I heard the creaming  
In the assaulter gun  
I saw him falling in arms of his wife  
I felt the wave that  
Shuddered around the world  
I saw the tears that  
Fell from her face  
It was only the acid rain

The angels accuse  
And governments deny  
Look at the poison  
Pouring from the sky  
Hidden away with other secret files  
While another country dies...