

Leiahdorus, S.O.S.

This situation is getting grim
Is there another way out of here
Your taste for words
Is burning down doors
Is there any hope from here on out

Oh no
S.O.S.
Not again
S.O.S.

Your nuclear love
I don't care
The time has come
To choose to melt the skies
Are we all hearing impaired

Pour the blankets over me
How I cannot stand this tragedy
Iron your uniforms
We will all put them on
Have we learned nothing from history