

Puissance, Hail The Mushroom Cloud

Let us ignore the answer, let us bind ourselves onto the pole of execution
Let us all strip down to the bare naked bones and let go
Can you stand your own filthy self? I know I can't...

The memories burned onto the concrete foundations of this sad sad society
See it, worship it, love it, the true liberator
After thousands of years seeking the face of God we have alas found and
Tamed but a single finger
But this finger is enough, enough to let loose the hell on earth and to set
Free the winds of the apocalypse

Aren't we all ready, aren't we all set to go on with the world
Aren't we all tired and finally sick of the burden o life
Even if there is a god, he could never ever love a world like mine?
And even if he ever did, isn't this the time to say that it's not right?

In heaven we are told, there are only beautiful things and only beautiful songs
Why would heaven open it's gates for a human soul? We were made of dirt but
Weren't we supposed to improve from dirt to something more, we really haven't have we?
Do you believe in mankind? I know I don't...

There is an afterlife, or so I'm told... but I have no idea what it is
Maybe we have a second chance, only to make sure that we make all the same mistakes over aga
Isn't it time we stopped hoping for a chance started making a difference?
Do you believe in nuclear war? I know I do...

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