

Staple, Final Night

It's the final night.

THE SOUNDS THE SIGHTS, the mushroom clouded, blood red skies.

The heavens are ablaze right before our eyes.

HAIL THE LIGHT!

It proclaims our end, our death, impending doom.

Silence is golden - this will have to do - it's the end of all things here with you.

May I have this dance before we die?

And in the fall out's haze we'll fade away, just one last time.

There's no fear in staring in death's eyes.

THESE ARE THE DEFINING TIMES WHEN WE PROVE THAT WERE ALIVE.

Dig your bunkers fast and deep.

Those bombs, THE BOMBS, they are security.

Prideful nation's humiliation when they can't dig as deep as needs to be.

TOTAL WAR, no chance for peace, it's just you and me and history.

So take your heart, LIBERATE IT PLEASE, on the threshold of liberty.

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