

# The Fall, War

Tell of the birth  
Tell how war appeared on earth

Musicians with gongs  
Permeate the autobahns  
Foetus of disgusting breath

And she split the egg  
Cast a spell and war was born

Come follow me  
Out of the obscurity  
Pilgrims in songs  
Swamp the empty aerodrome  
Kalashnikovs but no houses  
Women at the double, march  
No food for the spouses  
They wait for the US drop  
Russians sit back and laugh

While war casts her gory locks  
Over the deserted docks  
She casts her gory locks  
Over the deserted docks

She cast a spell  
Split an egg and war was born  
And pillage hopes with gusto  
Even though they have no nerve  
And she does just look on  
And war does what she has to

War does what she has to  
People get what they deserve