

# ICBM

## Xentrifuge

Meatwagon come, borne on the rays of the morning sun  
Thy kingdom come, thy will be done  
A silver express through the valley of death  
A cruise over land, to turn the fertile soil to sand  
Ten million bodies, maybe more  
From every wound a stream of blood doth pour  
We must find a way to stop the flood  
Dam the river of blood!

Lyrics provided by  
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