Firestorm

The Firestorm

Warnings of an air strike
The sirens scream out loud
Warnings on the radio
Of what's comingAppearing on the radar
A threat from overseas
Planes on the horizon
Cast shadows on the groundBringers of destruction
Are ravaging the land
Fury of the bombers
A force to reckon withSets the world on fire
Then turns to strike again
Flames are burning higher
The bombs keep fallingAA guns are blazing
As the sky is turning red
Better run for cover
You'll be quick or be deadBurn, burn, rage of the heavens
Burn, burn, death from above
Die, die, merciless killing
Burn, burn, death from aboveCarpet bombing cities
And grinding them to dust
Able men and women
Will all be victimsEveryone will suffer
In the wake of their attack
Bombers show no mercy
A land in ruinHomes are turned to rubble
When the air strike has been approved
Facing their destruction
Fear the black wings of deathBurn, burn, rage of the heavens
Burn, burn, death from above
Die, die, merciless killing
Burn, burnNothing remains
Cities ruined turned to dust
All has been lost
Rise from the ashes and strikeAA guns are blazing
As the sky is turning red
Better run for cover
You'll be quick or be deadBurn, burn, rage of the heavens
Burn, burn, death from above
Die, die, merciless killing

Burn, burn, death from above

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