

# A Look At Tomorrow

## Discharge

I look out my window to a blinding bright light  
Enola passes passes by  
Tomorrow tomorrow  
A look at tomorrow  
Hysterical men women and children  
Run in search of their families  
I look out of my window to a blinding bright light  
Enola passes passes by  
Skin is shed like that of snakes  
But its not the work of mother nature

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