Frogs

Comecon

Frogs croak, frogs croak for all
From the dark grass outside, you can hear them callSatan is laughing, he is laughing at us all
Look at the toiling little man,
and then he's destroyed for no reason at all
The meek shall inherit the earth when it's dead
When all temples are ashes, and the soil bears no breadFrogs croak, frogs croak for some
From abysses begrassed, the end will comeIn the flickering of the light Satan comes to take a bite
Of what could have been my soul, but it's all turd of mole
And fouled by blind diggers I can see how it figures
You can't have what's not, and that goes for the lotFrogs croak, frogs croak for no one
Grass reaching at you, the end has begun.

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