

Nil

The Cardigans

Curtain's up
For this lurid age
Clear the ring
For oppression and greedWelcome to this wasteland
Of blight and havoc
Once known
As my homeDeleting fulfilled
Erasing procedure done
Cleansing complete
It's done, my friend
It's over and doneThere was nothing left
But the smell of Salassian blood
Nil and nothing left
But the braying void in our homesI never forgot
The eyes of the kids
Wrested from their moms
To be sold into slaveryI still can hear
The cries of the raped
The bellow of the flames
The hymn of absurd deathDeleting fulfilled
Erasing procedure done
Cleansing complete
It's done, my friend
It's over and doneHeed the chronicles
Of lucrative genocide
The annals of effaced tribes
Pages written in bloodAve Caesar, Augustus
It's done, my friend
It's over and doneThere was nothing left
But the smell of Salassian blood
Nil and nothing left
But the braying void in our homesIt's over and done

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