

Endless Summer Of The Damned

Bauhaus

To the great indian in the sky
Our father resides in no sky
So this a form of patricide
In which the children also die
The Endless Summer of The Damned
Shed no tear for mother earth
Our mother but not ever bereft
In this season's manufacture
How long do we have here or not
The Endless Summer of The Damned
Now the ultra violet's violent

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