

# Firestorm

## Bogue Whimsy

Warnings of an air strike  
The sirens scream out loud  
Warnings on the radio  
Of what's coming  
Appearing on the radar  
A threat from overseas  
Planes on the horizon  
Cast shadows on the ground  
Bringers of destruction  
Are ravaging the land  
Fury of the bombers  
A force to reckon with  
Sets the world on fire  
Then turns to strike again  
Flames are burning higher  
The bombs keep falling  
AA guns are blazing  
As the sky is turning red  
Better run for cover  
You'll be quick or be dead  
Burn, burn, rage of the heavens  
Burn, burn, death from above  
Die, die, merciless killing  
Burn, burn, death from above  
Carpet bombing cities  
And grinding them to dust  
Able men and women  
Will all be victims  
Everyone will suffer  
In the wake of their attack  
Bombers show no mercy  
A land in ruin  
Homes are turned to rubble  
When the air strike has been approved  
Facing their destruction  
Fear the black wings of death  
Burn, burn, rage of the heavens  
Burn, burn, death from above  
Die, die, merciless killing  
Burn, burn  
Nothing remains  
Cities ruined turned to dust  
All has been lost  
Rise from the ashes and strike  
AA guns are blazing  
As the sky is turning red  
Better run for cover  
You'll be quick or be dead  
Burn, burn, rage of the heavens  
Burn, burn, death from above  
Die, die, merciless killing

Burn, burn, death from above

Lyrics provided by  
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