Incinerator

Bombardier

Skeletons built to last in concrete
Like tombstones in these barren lands
Standing so strong in reflection
Against the pale grey skyThese suburbs are full of zombies
Infected by plague and festering boils
Foul scent of the rotting ones
The decaying remains of a happier timeChildren of black coffins
Awaiting to be sincerely torn
Bones are crushed by machinery
Their dust will be spread by the stormInexhaustible crowds of graveyards
Condemned to a life of rats
Overwhelmed by endless torment
The ones above are laughing at youChildren of suburban wastelands
Awaiting to be ground into sand
Hopes are being crushed by machinery
Their souls are burning across the land

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