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 dieThe Endless Summer of The DamnedShed no tear for mother earth
Our mother but not ever bereft
In this season's manufacture
How long do we have here or notThe Endless Summer of The Damned

Lyrics provided by https://damnlyrics.com/