

Death from Above

Bathory

Wright cyclone thunder coming closer mid day time
From thirty thousand feet the 452 group in clear sky
Beholds the city laid out like a carpet down below

Still the fires from last nights attack among the rubble glows
Black puffs the anti-aircraft guns has come alive
As the mighty eight approaches high up in the sky
Death from above
From the bellies of the flying fortresses in
olive drab

Hells fire pouring down upon the earth
Incendiary high explosives falling through the sky

To detonate at ground level to enflame to kill to burn
Bombs away heading west 452 group returns to base
All land below engulfed in smoke the city is ablaze
Death from above
Again at night the roar of engines in the
dark above

The merlin rumble now 514 squadron has arrived
With bellies full of death and bomb doors open wide

To destroy what 542 group may have left behind
The pathfinders unloads a color full veil glow so bright
And the rubble city down below burn throughout the night
Death from above

Songwriters

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