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 drown below
Still the fires from last nights attack among the rubble glowsBlack puffs the anti-aircraft guns has come alive
As the mighty eight approaches high up in the skyDeath from aboveFrom 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 burnBombs away heading west 452 group returns to base
All land below engulfed in smoke the city is ablazeDeath from aboveAgain at night the roar of engines in the dark above
The merlin rumble now 514 sqadron has arrived
With bellies full of daeth and bomb doors open wide
To destroy what 542 group may have left behindThe pathfinders unloads a color full veil glow so bright
And the rubble city down below burn throughout the nightDeath from above

Songwriters
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