

Heaven Street

Death In June

Take a walk down Heaven Street
The soil is soft and the air smells sweet
Paul is waiting there
And so is Franz

Now only memories run on railway tracks. This road leads to Heaven. Waiting feet frozen to the ground
The earth exploding with the gas of bodies
Rifle butts
To crush you down
Now only flowers
To idolize.

This road leads to Heaven

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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