

B Yellow

"Crimson Skies"

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A fusion begins, the end is near,
Cauldrons on the hills are starting to froth,
Valleys sway the lifeless country around in the opening
of the lakes,
The dusty red baron flies.

The little village stands aside,
To the open blooded tide,
Many try, many die,
It was known to be the devils cry.

Cities trying, people dying, weâ€™d run so fast,
Silhouettes just perished in the blast,
You could hear from a mile away the towns cries,
Looking up all youâ€™ll see are Crimson Skies.

I met her the night before it began,
And now weâ€™re running so fast,
This godforsaken world will never let it down,
The enemy just stands there with a frown.

Cities trying, people dying weâ€™d run so fast,
Silhouettes just perished in the blast,
You could hear from a mile away the towns cries,
Looking up all youâ€™ll see are Crimson Skies.

Cities trying people dying weâ€™d run so fast,
No one knew how much longer this would last,
Overhead the dusty red baron flies,
Soaring right on through those Crimson Skies.

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