

Blessed Death

"Napalm"

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Showers of fire sent from hell

Boiling flesh bodies melt

Napalm - fire rain

Napalm - blessed pain

Generals deal the death

Mortals gasp for breath

Napalm - slow and true

Napalm - dropped on you

Warlords planning destruction of life

Killing essential no matter the price

Bleeding and screaming

No where to run

Running 'tis useless

Your bodies will burn

No one wants to take the blame

Blood runs true, dropped on you.

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