

## **Bathory**

# **"Death From Above"**

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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 colour full veil glow so  
bright  
And the rubble city down below burn throughout the  
night

Death From Above

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