

Congress

"Angry With The Sun"

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Eleven thousand degrees burning on our heads.
Can you take the heat or do you clench your fist to the sky?
Where to run when the rays destroy
And where to run when the wells are dry?
We are only satisfied when the rain is pouring.
We can only sleep when the moist is nourishing.
The sun has spoiled our land, turned the wine to vinegar.
The roots are rotting and the leafs are falling.
Artificial culture saved our land, force-fed by human hands.
Exhausting forces cannot resist the ongoing destruction of the planet.
Drained illusions, endangered species,
The screams never reach the surface.
God cries divine tears, weeping from these human fears.
The water is finally pouring down,
The solution in which we all drown.
No more land to waste, no more tears to choke.
An iccold breath meant the planet's death.
In the end, we're running naked to the frost...

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