

Caliban "One Hundred Suns"

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A hundred suns, born to kill
It is madness, a sun created by man
Once again a perverse irony of life
Earth creates, man destroys

Love and hatred
We are the butchers of the earth
A hundred suns will be born
Millions of lives will fall

The first lightning
A picture without protection and sense

The end, torture and death
When do they stop, when is it over?
One day they will all stand up
Rebel against us, exterminated us

The first lightning
A picture without protection and sense

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Born to kill

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