

Manuel Cervantes

"Taste Of The Holocaust"

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There will be no new mornings again
There will be no new water to rain
there will be no next summer
there will be no last supper
there will be just pure moaning and pain

There will be no new letters to send
there will be no new problems to mend
there will be no more people
all the grief will be equal
there will be no more friendship to lend

the last drop of water
bitter and sour
neverafter

There will be no new plants to grow
there'll be killing you in a straight row
there will be just red bleeding
there will be people pleading
they are taking you as low as you go

the last drop of water
bitter and sour
neverafter

it's the last drop of water
it is bitter and sour
neverafter

it's a taste of the holocaust
it's a taste of the holocaust

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