

## **The Cosa Nostra Klub "The Domsday"**

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We are sailing by dead reckoning  
The vessel's glowing in the polar dark  
We are sailing on the inverted Noah's Ark  
And do not feel like overdoing  
We've been around for a long long time  
Now everything's turning into sublime  
We can lose, but your world cannot win  
No barbarian shall ever outlive our final spin

Judgment day  
Your North already lost the Pole  
~'~³~x~Ä~»~Ä© ~x~Ä~Ä~¼ - The Domsday  
After us your heavens can fall

We are sailing to the Pole Zero  
No focal point nor locked target  
One thousand megatons on board  
Ready to take off the Sun

We'll make your wars all obsoletes  
Whatever the point of impact  
Whatever all, as a matter of fact  
All of your cities are in sight

Collectivist Judgement Day  
Your North already lost the Pole  
~'~³~x~Ä~»~Ä© ~x~Ä~Ä~¼ - The Domsday  
After us your heavens can fall

Sakharov miracle play  
Ice field's turning into black hole  
~'~³~x~Ä~»~Ä© ~x~Ä~Ä~¼ - The Domsday  
After us your heavens can fall

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