

World Burns To Death "A Wormwood Star"

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In The dusty Kiev streets it is deadly fucking grey,
And the voices on the radio all speak of prophesy...

But the wormwood in the air left a bitter taste in my
mouth...

So I drink to our legacy, take the poison or starve...
I kiss my love with strontium lips, and then I kiss my ass
goodbye

Because it's just like Babi Yar,
It's just like Holodomor,
Again they'll turn our land of dreams
Into a continental boneyard

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grey...

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