

Golden

"Winter Campaign 2002"

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I live like a cockroach
In a basement wet and cold
Maybe i'll never know
If there's life at the surface

I guess i'm doomed for life
To spend it in this shelter
Fall out blocks the sun
For the years to come

The fires raged on and on
Then the winter came moving on
It's cold and dark living underground
Buried alive by a nuclear blast

Fire scorching earth
There was nowhere to run
Then the storms they would howl
Blowing black snow, blowing death around

I look into your eyes
The x-ray shining through
Claustrophobic madness
Kill your beloved, killing everyone

At the dawn of a new age
The age of quarrel
And the age of quarrel
Turned into the age of ice

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