

The Dead Milkmen

"Janus"

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We're touching down on janus
Last of the dying planets
Her buried wealth and splendor
Had never been surrendered
For in these trying times
The flags of war waved high
On and on and on
Gone and gone and gone

As the fields of fire burned
No one seemed concerned
The future was consumed
And where destinies collide
Can anything survive
I stand inside the ruins

Beneath the dust of janus
The seeds of war were planted
They fought against all reason
Burning the flags of freedom
And as their hatred spread like rivers bloody red
flowed
On and on and on
Gone and gone and gone
I too was taken cold
By the spirit and the soul
In a land of no one left
Still in silence and in death
A planet put to rest
She touches and she goes

So if we should survive
If all our worlds collide
Exploding in the light
Are we these islands of the sun
Old before we're young
Gone before we're done
We're touching down on janus

