

Thunderbirds Are Now!

"Where The Plague Touches"

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As the crow flies
As the wolves howl
The rivers will run red
When storm clouds of war blacken the sky

Where the plague touches, like a parasite
War is sure to come
Turning brother against brother
Father against son, blood against blood
Spilling the lifeblood of a tribe

The fatherland weeps raped and soiled
Stained with the blood of it's sons
Armies once allies move in for the kill
There is no mercy for the weak
There is no honour among thieves
Pillars of smoke curl across the plundered land
The stench of the dead rises high
The conquerors bring nothing but death
Feeding upon itself, like maggots in a wound
A once vibrant tribe lies in the thrall of death

The lifeless body of the land lies in peace at last
Hopes and dreams lying cold and dead
Alongside the bodies of the sons
Clasped beneath winter cold breast
Buried below it's virgin white snow

Remembered not even in memory or legend

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