

A Look At Tomorrow

Discharge

I look out my window to a blinding bright light
Enola passes, passes by

Tomorrow, tomorrow, a look at tomorrow

Hysterical men women and children
Run in search of their families

Tomorrow, tomorrow, a look at tomorrow

I look out of my window to a blinding bright light
Enola passes, passes by

Tomorrow, tomorrow, a look at tomorrow

Skin is shed like that of snakes
But it's not the work of mother nature

Tomorrow, tomorrow, a look at tomorrow