

Here we stand as the forces blow
Across the land
Open minds and now open sores
But no open hand
Hiding in our trench of steel
To witness the blast
Nothing to say and now nothing to feel
Now it's hopeless and past
The wind that was meant to be
Oppenheimer built radioactivity
Buildings and houses crops and forethought
Have now gone to ground
All but the dust and the helpless debris
Are all that are found
Now his creation is purchased by gods
Who must reconvene
Deciding to cleanse the Earth of its life
By priming their own warmachine
Skill will grow soft blood will grow cold
But not on your frame
He mastered the deadliest weapon of all
But was he insane
He built it for life
He built it for peace
Oh that's what he thought
But evilness knows no boundaries
And satan will read from his court