

# The Iron Egg

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Enola Gay, you angel of hell,  
Enola Gay, you deathbird.  
In your iron egg, death waits for the harvest.

Three hundred thousand souls tear out at once  
when your egg cracks open,  
cities are destroyed, death ravages with delight.

Hiroshima, Nagasaki  
Your deathflight lives,  
your memory is a warning:  
don't play with the iron egg,  
or for the final harvest, hell will rise.

Three hundred thousand souls tear out at once  
when your egg cracks open,  
cities are destroyed, death ravages with delight.

don't play with the iron egg,  
or for the final harvest, hell will rise.  
Don't play man!  
Don't play bro!  
Don't play man!  
Don't play because  
you take us down with you!