

Izabela Trojanowska, Acid Rain

I climbed the hillside
I couldn't believe my eyes
The thunder clouds
Hung heavy and grey
I saw the fish dead
Floating upon the lake
I thought it might be
The end of the world
I have too much imagination...

I saw the leave's head
Disappeared from the trees
I saw the landscape waisting away

I heard the silence
Across the country fields
I thought it might mean
The end of the world
I was only the acid rain

I saw an angel standing
Among the crowd
He was the man
We were ordered to hear
The words he said
Were carving the place in time
I thought it might be
The end of the war
I have too much imagination...

I heard the creaming
In the assaulter gun
I saw him falling in arms of his wife
I felt the wave that
Shuddered around the world
I saw the tears that
Fell from her face
It was only the acid rain

The angels accuse
And governments deny
Look at the poison
Pouring from the sky
Hidden away with other secret files
While another country dies...