

Crucifix "Skinned Alive"

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You can walk down any city's streets
On any given day of the year
And pretend that what we have is peace
But we live our
Lives in constant fear
Of a hellish inferno, a mass crematorium, ashes to
ashes, blown away by the wind
There's no escape
To or from
Any kind of nuclear exchange
Make haste or we're surely doomed
To see our planet's end
In a hellish inferno,
A mass crematorium, ashes to ashes , blown away by
the winds

Thanks to **Auntie War**
(inmyangrychair@collegeclub.com) for these
lyrics

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