

Repulsion "Crematorium"

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Lined up on the road to death
Victims sure to die
Trapped in lives of living hell
Horror in their minds
Tyrants chose their destiny
Picked to die at birth
Buried behind the concrete walls
Their screams are never heard

Flesh it burns and peels away
The blood boils in your veins

Inhale the smoke from burning flesh
Hear the screams of pain
Vomit as you start to die
Choking on the bile
Corpses hooked and dragged away
Thrown into the pile

Roasting in the crematorium, death is slow
Flames burn your fucking flesh to the bone

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