

Forsaken God

"Silver Skulls"

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Do you remember all the faces, bodies behind the
barbwire.

Do they appaer in your dreams, can you hear their
screams?

Silver skulls shining bright, as the flames climb higher.
Silver skulls shining bright, more are thrown into the
fire.

Ever come to your mind, that you're killing your own
kind.
For pleasure or under preasure, you can see, you ain't
blind.

Like the everpresent smell, you're there at the
entrance.
Smiling and wishing well, as they walk gy like in a
trance

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