

Skinned Alive

Crucifix

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 winds

There's no escape to or from
Any kind of a 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