

Napalm Death, Incinerator

Make way for the Incinerator...

In suits they were dressed,
when the button was pressed
they fed upon semen,
the governments a demon
they left us bleeding and sore,
in the hands of the incinerator

In the bible we looked
while our cities all cooked
the mutants didn't learn
towards Satan they turned
while the wind ripped and tore
from the wrath of the incinerator

(chorus)

Incinerator
wood for a feast
Incinerator
when you expect it least
Incinerator
didn't learn from the past
Incinerator
to nuclear war we're cast...

And now the molds cast from mistakes of the past
we're all melting in this hot cauldron of sin
and through all his blood and gore comes the incinerator

(chorus)

(repeat first verse)

(chorus)