

Pantera, Electric Funeral

Reflex in the sky
Warn you you're gonna die
Storm coming, you'd better hide
From the atomic tide
Flashes in the sky
Turns houses into sties
Turns people into clay,
Radiation minds decay

Robot minds of robot slaves
Lead them to atomic rage
Plastic flowers, melting sun,
Fading moon falls upon
Dying world of radiation,
Victims of mad frustration
Burning globe of oxy'n fire,
Like electric funeral pyre

Buildings crashing down
To a cracking ground
Rivers turn to wood,
Ice melting to flood
Earth lies in death bed,
Clouds cry water dead
Tearing life away,
Here's the burning pay

Electric Funeral
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And so in the sky
Shines the electric eye
Supernatural king takes
Earth under his wing
Heaven's golden chorus sings,
Hell's angels flap their wings
Evil souls fall to Hell,
Ever trapped in burning cells!