

Sid Vicious, Belsen

Belsen was a gas I heard the other day
In the open graves where the jews all lay
Life is fun and I wish you were here
They wrote on postcards to those held dear
Oh dear

Sergeant majors on the march
Wash their bodies in the starch
See them all die one by one
Guess it's dead guess it's glad
So bad

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Be a man be a man Belson was a gas
Be a man kill somone kill yourself be a man
Be someone kill somone be a man kill yourself