

W.A.S.P., Scared To Death

Grit your teeth and listen for the gun
Get in the runners block and kneel
And run the human race
That decadent decathalon
Let the games begin for real

Stop scaring me-it's bedlam in paradise
Stop I can't see-nowhere I can hide
Scared to run, this monstrous marathon of fear

I run the races with a dark horse to win
Across a finish line of fear
I swim a sea of skin, afraid to drown in flesh
X-generation, revolutions here

Scared to have sex-I don't wanna die
Scared I'll be next-I'm scared for my life
Dying to live, but there ain't no way outta here alive

All we're all scared there's
Nowhere to run-I'm scared to death
Nowhere to hide-scared I'll be next
Oh-stop, stop, stop, stop
Nowhere to run-I'm scared to death
Nowhere to hide-scared I'll be next
Oh-stop, stop, stop, stop

Am I a prisoner of the universe?
Is destiny fixed among the stars?
Should I cry or laugh?
All I know is that
The best time to laugh is any time you can

Life's one big party-thrown here by God
We all get invitations-if we want them or not
It's all truth or dare and nothing is fair
No no no
We're all scared there's
Oh, it's the decade of fear
No way out of here, no, no, no
No, no, no -no, no, no -no, no, no
Oh scream in my ears
Oh stop what I hear, no, no, no
No, no, no -no, no, no -no, no, no