

# Crucifix, Skinned Alive

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 wind  
there's no escape  
to or from  
any kind of 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