

# Death In June, Till The Living Flesh Is Burned

From the back streets  
From the gutter  
Hear the sound of  
Guns stutter  
From dark days  
From decline  
Marching men  
Stand in line

Soon to die and  
Be betrayed  
Soon to die in  
Shallow graves

Till the living flesh is burned  
Until the living flesh is burned

Follow your nose  
And smell  
The profits of war  
In the teeth of life  
You die  
In the jaws of death  
You live

Believers of the new past  
Were shown His true face  
The once proud brownshirt now stained by  
Engineers of Blood, Faith and Race.

Till the living flesh is burned  
Until the living flesh is burned