

Plasmatics, The Damned

black visions from the satellite sky
deaf ears hear not their cries
fat jackals howl at the moon
flies buzzing playing death's tune
night ends but the sun it don't rise
tombs open and the dead they will rise
black market buys your soul real cheap
no escaping what you sow you will reap
prisoners of the damned
find another land
planet of the lost
land of fire and frost
prisoners of the dead
fear the unknown dread
tidal waves at sea
set the serpents free
coup d'etat on a global scale
opposition locked up in jail
domination the goons are the boss
human race nailed to a cross