

# 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