

Rocket From The Crypt, Burnt Alive

Where were you back in 1953?
Too young to remember, but old enough to say
That war lied.
Did you hold a hair on the back of your neck.
Put a song in your head and memorize a bit.
Said "War slide";
Savor every tear, and you favor every tear.

Ride on, be ready (x3), I ride you. (x3)
Burnt alive, so burnt alive.

Do you remember 1968?
Too dumb to worry but old enough to hate
It and hide.
A death to remember, photos came out grey.
Finger printed bruises or finger painted face.
When and why
Did you drop the bomb on the back of her head?

Ride on, be ready (x3), I ride you. (x3)
Burnt alive, so burnt alive.

Still, there's reason to apologise
for my thoughts,
and who made me feel sorry too?
You made me admit.
Still, there's reason to apologise
It's all my fault.
and who made me feel sorry too?
You made me admit.

Ride on, be ready (x3), I ride you. (x3)
Burnt alive, so burnt alive.

Burnt alive (x3). You're burnt alive.