

## Skinned Alive

Crucifix

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 winds

There's no escape to or from  
Any kind of a 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