

Till The Living Flesh Is Burned

Death in June

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