

Burnt Alive

Rocket from the Crypt

One, two

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, be ready, be ready
I like to ride on
Be ready, be ready, be ready

I like to ride on
Be ready, be ready, oh, be ready
I like to ride on
Be ready, oh, be ready, be ready

Burnt alive, so burnt alive
Burnt alive, 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 gray
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, be ready, be ready
I like to ride on
Be ready, oh, be ready, oh, be ready

I like to ride on
Be ready, be ready, be ready
I like to ride on
Be ready, oh, be ready, oh, be ready
I like to

Burnt alive, so burnt alive
Burnt alive, burnt alive

Still there's reason to apologize
For my thoughts
And who made me feel so sorry too?
You made me admit

Still, there's reason to apologize
It's all my fault
And who made me feel so sorry too?
You made me admit

Ride on
Be ready, be ready, be ready
I like to ride on
Be ready, be ready, be ready

I like to ride on
Be ready, oh, be ready, be ready
I like to ride on
Be ready, oh, be ready, be ready

Burnt alive, burnt alive
Burnt alive, yeah, burnt alive