

Skid Row, Children Of The Damned

He's walking like a small child,
But watch his eyes burn you away.
Black holes in his golden stare
God knows he wants to go home
Children of The Damned
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He's walking like a dead man.
If he had lived he would have crucified us all.
Now he's standing on the last step.
He thought oblivion, well it beckons to us all.
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Now it's burning his hands, he's turning to laugh,
Smiles as the flames sear his flesh.
Melting his face, screaming in pain.
Watch him die according to plan,
He's dust on the ground, what did we learn.

You're Children of The Damned,
Your back's against the wall.
You turn into the light.
You're Children of The Damned,
Like candles watch them burn.
Burning in the light,
You'll burn again tonight.
You're Children of The Damned.