

# W.A.S.P., Scared To Death

Grit your teeth and listen for the gun  
Get in the runners block and kneel  
And run the human race  
That decadent decathlon  
Let the games begin for real

Stop scaring me-it's bedlam in paradise  
Stop I can't see-nowhere I can hide  
Scared to run, this monstrous marathon of fear

I run the races with a dark horse to win  
Across a finish line of fear  
I swim a sea of skin, afraid to drown in flesh  
X-generation, revolutions here

Scared to have sex-I don't wanna die  
Scared I'll be next-I'm scared for my life  
Dying to live, but there ain't no way outta here alive

All we're all scared there's  
Nowhere to run-I'm scared to death  
Nowhere to hide-scared I'll be next  
Oh-stop, stop, stop, stop  
Nowhere to run-I'm scared to death  
Nowhere to hide-scared I'll be next  
Oh-stop, stop, stop, stop

Am I a prisoner of the universe?  
Is destiny fixed among the stars?  
Should I cry or laugh?  
All I know is that  
The best time to laugh is any time you can

Life's one big party-thrown here by God  
We all get invitations-if we want them or not  
It's all truth or dare and nothing is fair  
No no no  
We're all scared there's  
Oh, it's the decade of fear  
No way out of here, no, no, no  
No, no, no -no, no, no -no, no, no  
Oh scream in my ears  
Oh stop what I hear, no, no, no  
No, no, no -no, no, no -no, no, no