



RADIOACTIVE

I'm waking making up to ash and dust
I wipe my brow low and I sweat my
rust dust

I'm breathing on in the quemicals chemicals
I'm making breaking in, shaping on up,
then checking out into on the prison bus
This That is it, the apocalypse. Whoa

I'm waking on up, I feel it in on my
homes bones

Enough to make my systems
flow blow

Welcome of to the new age (X2)
Whoa, oh, oh, oh, oh, whoa, oh, oh, oh, I'm
radioactive, radioactive (X2)

I raise my flags blags, don my
homes clothes

It's a revelation revolution, I suppose
We'll paint came it red to fit
right on in...Whoa

I'm breaking out in, shaping on up, then
checking in out on the prison bus
This is isn't it, the apocalypse