

# Krakatoa

## Oxes

Written by john curulewski, paul beaver, b. l. krause  
Lead vocals by john curulewski  
Krakatoa you've changed your ways  
From evil days.  
Oh I know a once violent isle  
And gentle smile.  
When the dust and lava cooled  
You were sterile as the rock from which the earth was tooled.  
Was man's beginning a wind borne spore  
  
To fly no more?  
Nature's winning her docile spree  
Has set her free.  
Seeds were wafted on the wind  
Forming heavy undergrowth for species winged and finned.  
Tangled mangles rebuilt your soil  
From age dead toil.  
Sheltered bay coves protecting life  
From satan's knife.  
Grow and island in the sun  
Where the hell fire belching earth had destructively left none.

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