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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