

# A Skeleton in the Closet

## Anthrax

All American, evil game of extortion  
A sick old man, and who would guess, he was once S.S  
A deadly fascination of a madman's solution  
Six million dead, poison tales pollute his head  
Tell me a story will ya, will ya  
A real good story, I won't leave till ya  
Spill your guts old man  
Leave out any secrets, hiding in the  
Any skeletons, and all your other sins  
Any skeletons, in the closet  
Any skeletons, any misfortunes  
Any skeletons, hiding in the closet  
Any skeletons, any skeletons in the closet  
It's insanity, Puppetmaster boy or Nazi  
Apt pupil, he hears the screams, nightmares turn into wet dreams  
Hatred lives, boiling inside, dealing death it's bumicide  
In too deep, their secret stands but it won't keep  
Tell me a story, will ya, will ya  
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The truth comes out, conspiracy, there is no doubt  
His life is ruined, but no not yet, he's still got one card in the deck  
A loaded gun, a happy smile, he'll scope the freeway for a while  
King of the world, four hundred rounds  
It took five hours to bring him down, down  
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Any skeletons, in the closet  
Any skeletons, any misfortunes  
Any skeletons, hiding in the closet  
Any skeletons, any skeletons  
Look out, any skeletons

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