

# Burning Cross

Noiseworks

It was a judgment by color  
Caught out on the road  
In the middle of nowhere  
There was a man, oh, shot in cold blood  
But a sheet don't hide the wrong  
It don't hide nothing

Yeah, it's the work of the devil  
Under the burning cross  
(Under the burning cross)  
It's the work of the devil  
Under the burning cross, yeah  
(Under the burning cross)

Now his poor little babies  
Been left there in the shack  
And who's gonna tell 'em  
That their daddy ain't coming back  
Mother cries mercy  
She sees the one she loved, yeah  
Shot down under the burning cross

Yeah, it's the work of the devil  
Under the burning cross  
(Under the burning cross)  
Oh, it's the work of the devil  
Under the burning cross  
(Under the burning cross)  
Yeah, it's the work of the devil  
Under the burning cross

Yeah, on and on  
Now this is the story of prejudice and pain  
And you better believe it  
That all the facts they still remain the same  
But maybe our generation will help to make it alright  
Yeah 'cause in this world we live  
Under the burning cross  
Under the burning cross  
Under the burning cross

Hey! Hey!  
Yeah, it's the work of the devil  
Under the burning cross  
(Under the burning cross)  
Under the burning cross  
(Under the burning cross)  
Under the burning cross