

Cryptkeeper Five

"Death Rock For Monster Kids"

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Death rock for monster kids,
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Pure white, turns pitch black,
There ain't no turning back,
Grab your ghoulfriend by the hand, it's time to go,
Monster kids dance at the death rock show.

Come on, it's time to go,
Fractured bodies move all too slow,
Undead masses pull themselves from the ground,
To hear that back-beat, that rocking sound.

Believe in UFOs, they sneak in your abode,
It's not just masturbation,
It's an Alien abomination,
Invitation, education,
Planet 151, we're coming for your rum,
No we're not alive, we're the Cryptkeeper Five.

Come on, get up, it's time to go,
Worm-ridden bodies move all too slow,
Pull yourself from the ground and start to scream,
And realize this ain't no scary dream.

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