

Common Enemy

"Skate Of The Dead"

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Skating late,
A little past two,
Dark empty lot just me and the crew,
Across the street we heard a sound,
Stopped in our tracks and rolled to stop
The dead were rising from the grave,
They wanted our boards,
They wanted our brains,
Ripped the flesh from our necks
Then grabbed the boards and hit the cement!
What the fuck?
Is going on?
The living dead,
Will thrash it up!
Skate of the dead,
Tail slaps and human snacks!
Skate of the dead
And they're never coming back!
Nowhere to run,
Nowhere to hide,
They'll take your board and eat you alive,
Skate of the dead not fucking around,
Skate of the dead is coming to your town!

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