

## Gama

### "Zombi Brew"

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Back from the grave, down to the pub  
They always, always come back  
They crave for a brew to wash down your brains  
An eight percent grey matter sludge

Made from beer and brains  
Doubles of mortal remains  
Drain the dregs  
Zombies will empty the kegs

They eat the living but drink their tins  
Fermenting in the kegs the army kept them in  
Watch your beers, the zombies are about  
They're being touchy-feely and staring at your brain

Bent for the rent for another pint of that shit  
They piss all over the offy floor  
So I sold my soul for a tray of terror tins  
A graveyard booze-up tonight

Wake up at six, struck by beer cancer  
Time for a puke out my ass (and a good cry)  
Zombie party wrecked my flat  
I'll piss in the graveyard tonight

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