

## Misfits "Hunting Humans"

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Upon this thresh-hold of disaster  
The birth of the eleventh plague  
The fires burn at night,I begin to doubt  
-The Smell of flesh-will ever fade away

The touch of Death is all around us  
A thousand corpses block our way  
A man-made germ makes almost everyone-  
commit suicide  
Just to rise and eat their dead  
Night of the Living Dead

We're hunting humans  
We're hunting humans  
We're hunting humans  
It's killing time everyday

I can't control this eerie feeling  
An evil screaming in my ear  
I don't think I'll last the night,  
there is no cure for this genocide  
Or ressurection of the dead  
Night of the Living Dead....

We're hunting humans  
We're hunting humans  
We're hunting humans  
It's killing time everyday

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