

Mourningstar

"The Day I Lost Atlanta To The Zombie Horde"

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The clawing on the door can only mean I'm fucked in
possibly more ways than one
The gnawing and the gnashing of the bone
I'm contiplating suicide and cliché L.P. heresy
We gorge our plates with scene and dine
It's a perfect time for meals to go down choking and
tasteless like most forced media
The shows a go don't count your blessings
I'll take my place among the crowd and watch the
corpse like stillness chill the air
I'll take substance over style any day that revolts' revolt
I perform for the undead
I perform for the androgynistic, well-sadistic, doomed
and tragic dead
I want to rip your throat tonight
I want to see you bleed in agony
Ritualized and sacraficed
Your shitty scene's a self-induced Hell that we create
Come on baby let me hear you scream
We are the flailing dead
We sweat
We bled
Your still preaching the fiction to spite what I said

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