

Phantasm "The Dead Care Center"

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Bodies upon bodies pulled in this place
No one seems to care how they've died
There thrown into caskets and cremated to ash
But now you'll see the way that they'll be

There's someone who cares about the dead
He walks so tall with eyes so red
He'll rob the graves and mend the bodies
Perfect their form prepared to storm

He pump the fluid into their veins
Evil source is all that remains
The bodies now shrunken and filled with demise
Again they live reborn to rise

They follow his order to crush the living
Bring back the death new life he's giving
Adsorbed by death now nothing they fear
Your time will come it's so near
Ground is broken bodies gone
To their savior work is done
Now their life starts again
Corrupt the world filled with sin

Half the world is now dead
Soon to become a world of dread
The word is out people scared
They now fight back the ones who cared

The war is on the bash of blood
Slaughter to slaughter they both stand strong
Parts of bodies lay on the ground
But the dead now gone no where around

There's someone who cares about the dead
He walks so tall with eyes so red
He'll rob the graves and mend the bodies
Perfect their form prepared to storm

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