

Program The Dead "Doomsday Stomp"

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Let's play a little game
On scribbled paper
You guess the letters
And I'll draw the hanging man

Hint number one is
Five letters inscribed over
The lips of eyeless woman
Asking me for needles and a thread to sew her head
back together again
She reaches forward
And grabs ahold of my sleeve
Her antennae wrap around me
Her lungs infect me as she breathes...

The roadkill scent of violent city

Oh swollen anthill sore
Insects desperate cries
Oh infected for
Doomsday stomp from the skies

This town made it's guesses
But can't spell her own name
A five letter word for the oncoming plague
A stick figure dangling from stoplight grave

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