

Project Deadman "Day Of The Dead"

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They say that when there's no more room in hell, the
dead will walk the earth.

This is the Day of the Dead

Nuthin to fear but fear itself on the day of the dead
They say there's no rest for the wicked it's the day of
the dead

They say that life is self inflicted on the day of the
dead

The devil disguised himself as God it's the day of the
dead

(Prozak)

They slowly change we walk the earth in search of
happiness

Eternal bliss coincides with peace on earth and no
conflicts

Think about this life that you call hell and all those
things it means

Inside your mind is where you find them screams and
broken dreams

Blast rights tell all these people how you livin

Call it Karma 10 fold some out to call it sinnin

Despite your belief 3 sixes are the mark of the beast

The dead increase Project Deadman walks among the
deceased

Bodies crawlin from mud victims tainted with blood

Murder victims ressurected from shallow graves in the
woods

You thoughts you had it all figured out

When you was young and though you'd never see the
day that you faded out

But it's apon us like prophecies of Nostradamus

Truth hurts when it's on us death and disease is
chronic

Day of the dead bloodshed don't be misled

Don't be afraid of the shadpw that's cast apon your
death bed

Nuthin to fear but your religion on the day of the dead
Controls if you judge and then you burn it's the day of
the dead

The evil upon you is what you're preachin on the day of
the dead

The hatred towards others is what you're teachin it's
the day of the dead

(Prozak)

Ravens circle above the sky turns green

45 seconds of life try to figure out what the fuck it
means

A fixation of your soul emerged in misery

Trying to find someone to blame for life's conspiracies

Judgement wicked is upon us Judgement it is ahead

Judgement it is the device that's built inside your head

Self destruction or self affliction fact or fiction

Emaculate conception or Christs crucifixion

Your eyes bleed on bent knees you pray

2 roads collide like suicide the crossroads you lay

Ashes to ashes and dust to dust

Rest in Peace mother fucker confession will make your
soul crush

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