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## **Howie Dorough** "The Day Of Rest"

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When the harlots reappear From the distance spilled the din Dragging the withered bones Of the clowns that rode them in

We'll glow A deep red We'll stay In our own bed

Where once We would never tread Now on broken ground We've become The undead

When the skinners and the sharks Lose their teeth and miss their skin When the thumpers claw from their caskets And the hookers proudly grin We'll glow A deep red We'll stay In our own bed

Where once We would never tread Now on broken ground We've become The undead

May the queer shit on your throne And at last decide the end May all the filthy mothers Never wash again

And may everything dirty win

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