

Saint Vitus

"The Walking Dead"

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The Walking Dead
(Chandler)

Close your eyes
Wait for them
Exorcise
Evil whims
Walking dead
Have no soul
When you touch them
Feels so cold
"hold your breath baby
We're roaming here tonight"
The thirteenth of november
A haunted friday night
The graveyard gates swing open
Crypts all spring to life
Rotting hands dig upward
Searching for moonlight
The fog rolls in so thickly
It creeps into your mind
Frozen winds of winter
Pound like an icy hand
Morbid lifeless armies
Devour all they can
Nightmares you once feared
Aren't nightmares anymore
Plunge the knife into your chest
And join the hungry horde
Nightmares you once feared
Aren't nightmares anymore
Frozen winds of winter
Taught you the final score
The thirteenth of november
The fog rolls in on time
You and your friends shall rise
And join the feast tonight

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