

F.K.?. "Hate Your Guts"

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There's a deadly gas in the air tonight
Oh yeah, the dead are putting up a fight
On a rapage through Louisville, Kentucky
Go ahead punk, do you feel lucky?

These dead are mean, rude and hungry
Back from the grave and ready to party
This time you cannot kill what's already dead
Run for your life babe, hold on to your head

[Chorus:]

Hate your guts, love your brain
To them your brain equals novocain
Hate your guts, love your brain
Zombifaction, here comes the pain

Hate your guts
It's not the night or dawn or even the day
No way, these fucks are here to stay
And if you shoot them right between the eyes
That's when you're in for the biggest surprise

Rotten to the core but they know what they need
Zombie chow or fallout, your end is guaranteed
They dig you like the maggots diggin' the grave
The grey and white matter is what they crave

[Chorus]

Tar-Man and his smelly friends
They have a hunger and they have the speed
Brainless that is how it ends
'Cause on your warm brain they will feed
Send more paramedics please
Your end will come fast if you are lucky
And send more cops 'cause there's something
Rotting running around in the state of Kentucky

[Chorus]

