

Zombies, March!

GWAR

Welcome once gain
To the bloody pit, my friends
We're so glad you could attend
Come and die, come and die

Yes, the bloody pit of horror, here
As sick as is Gomorrah queer
It's purpled purpose crinkly clear, here

I, I
I, I

I, I, I lead the zombie army
They, they, they are my sweetest slaves
These creatures, well, they shall never harm me
Well, I saved them from far beyond the grave

Lid on coffin cold
Return was foretold
Barrel, box or bloody sack
Planted deep, they still come back

Beyond the world of life
Beneath the scroll of time
The zombies rise and curse the light
They curse the living and they bite

You find it alarming
I find it quite charming
They way the dead
They explode from the ground

I found it amazing
The dead we were raising
And the stinking pile of bodies
Formed a molten-nipple mound

I, I
Your life is lost yet un-death found

The bloody pit of horror
Has a bloody tale to tell
The bloody pit of holy shit
Oh, motherfucking, what the hell?

I, the bloody pit of horror, I

I, I lead the zombie army
I, I lead the zombie army
I, I lead the zombie army
I, I, they are my sweetest slaves
My sweetest slaves

The zombie king, he walks alone
The zombie king, he has no throne
Just a never ending hunger
And a hole that can't be filled

By the centuries of victims
From the living he has killed

Who have all passed beneath the earth
To transform into living dead
And swell his martial ranks
Who ever would have thought
You could teach them to drive tanks?
Drive tanks through banks, zombies, march

The zombie king, he calls his troops
Der Krieg is coming soon
The filthy fiend stand wall-to-wall
And this is a big room

The creatures of the underworld
Are an imposing bunch
But zombies are my sweetest slaves
As long as they get lunch

Vampires, they fucking suck
You know because they're gay
Biker werewolves, what a joke
They've sure seen better days

Zombie king, don't give a damn
'Cause he already rules
Even though his followers
Are nincompoops and boobs

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