

They're All Dead

Blitzkid

Here we stand amongst the ruins of apocalyptic times.
It's no longer easy for us to just try and survive
Because they've taken over everything, and they're
beating down my door.
Bloodthirsty, this undead bread can sense what hides
behind: life.

Can we escape?
Can we make it through another day, yeah?
Can we ignore
Warning shadows passing by the door?

Well, I used to have a family, and I used to have close
friends,
But now my lone companion is this shotgun in my hand.
No, it doesn't keep me warm at night; that's what
memories are for,
But they stand outside my windowpane with clenched
teeth and open sores, yeah.

Can we escape?
Can we make it through another day, yeah?
Is there any hope inside at all,
Or will this be mankind's curtain call?

They're all dead.
They lie and wait tonight to feast upon my body and my
soul.
They're all dead.
They'll have their way this time because I've given up
on my sense of control.

Now if you asked me months ago if I'd be praying for
the end,
I would say that you're crazy and try my best to just
pretend
That all is fine; I gave it time, and now I watch the
dim sun rise,
And treat it like it's the last day that I'll ever be
alive because it is.

Because it is.
Because it is.
Because it is.

They're all dead.
They lie and wait tonight to feast upon my body and my
soul.
They're all dead.
They'll have their way this time because I've given up
on my sense of control.

Yeah!