

# Dead Zone

Czarface

"Gods are serving bound and bound like an eagle 'round it's prey"  
"Huge battle axe causing pain"

In the dead zone souls are forgotten where they forever roam  
Terrordome, desolate echoes remember this is home, taking devils on  
The Rebel's sure to rep it 'til they carve his name in stone  
I'm trekkin' through the desert still in search of any life  
I've turned in many nights  
There is rumors of survivors, still no trace of them in sight  
My mental as my guide  
I'm trapped in total darkness  
Still I could see regardless  
Cause there's fire in my eyes

Like the House of a 1, 000 Corpses  
Your bound to get bound and tortured  
Down with your crown and fortress  
Zombies surround the porches  
Solomon Grundy central  
Who's going through the window  
Our fate is still in limbo  
Skull and bones that is the symbol  
And no one will report this cause vultures, they ate the sources  
Rifles in the hand like Al Qaeda forces, they blazing torches  
Let's get it cracking, nomadic traveler always packing  
Just keep an eye out cause anything could happen

"Walk straight but don't walk late"  
"Just waiting to destroy"  
"How delightful"  
"Walk straight but don't walk late"  
"As the rebels set up camp they were being watched"

Zombieland, waited to kill him, not with the shottie blast  
Undead, cut off the head, burn the body fast  
Pray to God we last, they'll damn another victim  
We'll just wait for dawn to pass but for now play our position  
Daybreak, me, 7, Es chose to stay awake  
Silhouette appears through the trees, I see a stranger face  
They say stay away, don't fall into a trap and now he running straight this  
way  
No time for falling back

Yeah  
Murder by metal axes, certain like death and taxes  
Versatile weapons caches, no mercy, reverend the baptist  
We light a book of matches, no one could catch us dozin'  
We got our focus frozen, German Shepherds they oposin'  
Zombies are jaded and supernaturally we animated  
Out for blood and guts and every cut that you contaminated  
And those infected hunt the uninfected while we in a bunker  
Saying come and get it, rummaging through melee weapons  
Now keep it calm wielding maces and police batons  
Most our people gone, walking dead with bloody sneakers on  
Fuck it's too late to free 'em, Rage virus Ozzie Guillen  
Omega men they call us, last of the human beings  
Interpret this is as a metaphor for true MCing

Only a few remain, the rest won't use their brain  
Ready, aim, jugular vein, they'll bite anything, insane  
The dead zone is the same

"How interesting"  
"But they always throw in a body"  
"In the dead zone"  
"Walk straight but don't walk late"