

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 opposin'
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"