

Resurrection Man

Lamb of God

I was born in a cemetery
And learned to walk on skulls and bones
Was taught to speak by the living dead
And raised beneath a funeral moon

Horror stories, talking heads
Segregate the living dead
The living dead

I'm a shadow on your brightest dreams
A horse for Baron Samedi
Pure voodoo, economic hell
I've come to pick your carcass clean

Horror stories, talking heads
Segregate the living dead, oh!
Horror stories, talking heads
Shilling for the thoroughbreds
Racial strife and rising debts
Segregate the living dead

I'm the resurrection man
A jackal in a three-piece suit
Death and taxes for the damned
Brought to heel beneath my boot
So chase that carrot straight to hell
The status that you're dying for
And decorate your coffin well
The system is a graveyard

I'm Loki in the counting room
Trickle-down narcotic doom
Superfunds for cancer towns
The bottom line is six feet down

(I'm gonna bury you
I'm gonna bury you)
In barren ground
Six feet down

Horror stories, talking heads
The living dead
I'm gonna bury you
Barren ground