

Hate the Living, Love the Dead

The Misfits

Hate the living, love the dead
Smashing embryos, cut off heads
Find the brain for my bride-to-be
We'll bear our children, Adam and Eve

Put me together with the bodies of the dead
And I will wait for life and breathe again
Hate the living, love the dead

Scalpels, scissors, stitches, skin
Wake this eternal sleep she's in
And we'll breed for you, on your command
Hate the living, love the dead

Nerves steady, hands are sure
Bride reborn to view with horror
Blackened eyes, blood-stained hands
Hate the living, love the dead

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Oh