

# Hunting Humans

The Misfits

Upon this threshold of disaster  
The birth of the eleventh plague  
The fires burn at night I begin to doubt the smell of burning flesh will ever fade away

The touch of death is all around us  
A thousand corpses block our way  
A man-made germ makes almost everyone commit suicide just to rise and eat their dead  
Night of the living dead

We're hunting humans, whaooo-ooo  
We're hunting humans, whaooo-ooo  
We're hunting humans , whaooo-oo  
We're hunting humans  
It's killing time every day

I can't control this eerie feeling  
An evil screaming in my head  
I don't think I'll last the night  
There is no cure for this genocide or resurrection of the dead  
Night of the living dead

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