

# Mutants

Quincy Punx

I've got a bomb shelter in my backyard  
With a years supply of beer, some guns and a deck of cards  
Just me and the band a couple girls with big tits  
We're having a party on the eve of the apocalypse

The Punx'll survive the nuclear blast  
Then the world will be ours at last  
We'll ransack the local armory  
And get all kinds of high tech weaponry  
Living in the rubble of World War III  
Safe in a fortified brewery  
With motion detectors and claymore mines  
To back our No Trespassing signs

We'll be tyrants and do as we please  
Enslave the pitiful refugees  
We'll be a new society  
The most decadent in history  
With sex-slave girls on golden chains  
And bloody arena combat games  
Exotic grisly executions  
Are weekend party institutions

[Chorus:]

Nuclear castastrophe  
Armageddon World War III  
The end of the world but not for me  
It's my post punkrock nuke fantasy

On safari in the forbidden zone  
where flesh-eating zombies roam  
Our enemies staked out as bait  
Lure mutants to where we wait  
We let them have their ghoulish feast  
Then open up and spray the beasts  
So just remember if you cross us  
Mutants shall feast on thine carcass

[Repeat Chorus]

Burning survivalists out of their shelters  
Omega man singing Helter Skelter  
Road warriors with beers in hand  
Amrageddons offical band