

Cemetery

Strung Out

An electric concrete fantasy
where the billboards keep on warning me,
that if I don't keep moving I'll get stuck
in this place, where nobody gets out alive.

The dead all came out to play
in this metropolitan decay,
a cemetery called Los Angeles.
The sun holds no regrets,
the natives sway under arrest
as all the stars fall from the sky.

Now we've all sold our souls,
we're just waiting for the show
to begin here at the edge.
What the hell we doing here,
we're everywhere but no one's here,
bodies in motion, desperate motion.

The angels have all gone insane
I know I'll never be the same
so let it ride, we're going for a ride.

Now we've all sold our souls,
we're just waiting for the show
to begin here at the edge.

Now I watch those zombies celebrate
the burning of their favorite heretics and demigods.

The dead all came out to play
in this metropolitan decay,
a cemetery called Los Angeles.
[repeat to fade]