

Zombie

Twiztid

Several religions believe that once hell reaches it's maximum capacity
That the banished souls of the devil are forced to return to there rotten bodys here on earth
They actually crawl from there graves & join us again among the living
Many actually believe this has already begun to happen

The most available outcome is coming to existance
Straight up on some horror science fiction
Here I sit with a hammer in my hand
Same hammer that I used on the porch to kill a man
Well he looked like a man but his face was half gone
And his eyes were all red & he was crawling on the lawn
Try to reach me he bit me so I popped him in his dome
With a hammer in his forehead & watched his head explode
Sheer terror I was splatted with blood & went into shock
'Til I noticed 50 more of them coming around the block
Back inside boarding up the doors there outside
Banging like they know I'm the main course reinforce
The windows
There coming through in twos 14 in the room
And I'm panicking like "What the fuck can I do!?"
Overpowered & outnumbered knowing that I'm a die
Till' I stumble to the floor thinking "How will I survive?"

When there all around you
Now your under they surround you
How impossible they found you
Now they're
(Ripping, eating, tearing you apart)
Now your cold & bleeding
They surround you there still feeding
You can feel your heart still beating
(Ripped open, saying "How will I survive")

I tried to run through the branches & thick woods
But they kept on coming encirclin' me like wolves
I kept on running tried to hide from the light
And hoping they couldn't see me confined in the night
I hoped Jamie was right 'cause when he passed he made me a solid promise that zombie's will never get me
I hit the canvas like a starving artist
Tripped over some branches & my head hit hardest
I got to get the fuck up out of here regardless
Or I'm just another corpse gonna leave me heartless
And I can feel the fingernails digging my carcass
Pulling my left arm completely out of it's socket
I feel the blood pouring pool in my pocket
They're on me like fire & nothing can stop it
I feel a hand reach deep in my chest
Pulling on my inside's & eating on what's left

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Left for dead & roaming a country side
Rib's show, spread sickness like a lie when the hunger is the truth
Killed a man inside a phone booth
Ripped his arms off slurped his blood like it's tomato soup
Teeth crunch through the crust of the cranium
Hear kicking & screaming he's getting weak all the bleeding he's doing straining him
It's startin' to ease the pain start to make it go away
Only option for survival is becoming a zombie

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There was an attack
People fled in terror
Everybody was in a panic