

# When the Joyful Dead are Dancing

Unexpect

Marry me !!!  
...then I'll kill you  
...and then you will kill me again with your pocket shark  
...so handy on week days  
Zombie Lovers for life you said...  
...how ironic...

(Snongioj son semâ)  
Look, I caught you some flowers  
Remnants of a late meditation in the sewers  
Of course they're dead and withering  
But so are you...aren't we, dear?

Ceremonial aura  
A disgusting samba  
Cadavers cooking for your funeral wedding  
A most delicious cake is in the making  
Does it hurt when I write in your mind?  
Because I don't want to be rude  
I still can go to the paper store if you desire so...  
My skin is itching like crazy and I got a bloody poem in my veins  
Won't win the Pulitzer though...  
It says:

"The loving look in your dripping eyeballs gives me hope  
Of a most memorable honeymoon  
Maybe we could jump off the highest gallows, swinging the rope  
Or craft for ourselves a gory cocoon  
Yes !! On the way to Salem we'll build a glorious meat temple  
A monument to our love...so meaningful and subtle"

...don't you like it my putrid prince ?

Being part of the walking dead community is far from easy  
Misunderstood and abused to the point of extinction  
When all we want is a hug...

"The loving look in your dripping eyeballs gives me hope  
Of a most memorable honeymoon  
Ride a magic carpet to the Wizard of Oz  
Maybe we could jump off the highest gallows, swinging the rope  
Or craft for ourselves a gory cocoon"

Dear Ghoulish and skeletal friends  
Rise up from your graves!  
Finally, the nuptial rite is about to commence...  
Dress up nicely,  
Invoke your ancestor's spirits; for they're also invited to this nighttime festivity  
Light your bone candles...hold them high and tight  
Macabre and steady procession...a thousand sparks in the night  
Walking up their way to the summit  
A wonderful storm is brewing for the celebration...