

Land of the Dead

The Misfits

A fortress in the sky
What's left of life it holds

We live on borrowed time

Along a glowing moonlit pier
Their armies still advance
From the murky depths, they rise

From their rotting bones

Their souls, they scream
For the flesh they need

Tonight, zombies walk
Upon the earth

Land of the dead

Massive flames arise

They burn out of control
In the slums, it's genocide

Evolved, they find a way inside
Those who could escape

Have no chance to survive

From their rotting bones
Their souls, they scream
For the flesh they need

Tonight, zombies walk
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