

# For When The Zombies Come

Pendragon

Newspapers blow across the park  
The last living dog somewhere in the distance  
Gnawing on the corpse of the rotten planet Earth  
Driving your car through piles of twisted metal and dirt

How can you sit there and grin?  
After all, it was you who let the bastards in

No shame or remorse  
You sold me down the river  
To ingratiate yourself with the ones you want to be with  
Your shiny new best friends  
It's not as if you didn't know it's the means to an end

Too late to lock the door  
Way too late to offer compassion to the poor  
And still you look to save yourself

Don't keep saying  
'What kind of God could let this happen?!'  
We're perfectly capable  
Of being destructive all by ourselves  
No one else needed, no one else  
It's the end, the end

'This is Nick Barrett, 53, Swindon... Swindon  
Signing off, thank you and good night

I only tried to let the light flow through the darkness  
Light beats darkness every time  
The light of God must shine through  
Nothing can stop that

I hope you're happy  
Happiness isn't where you think it is  
I hope you're happy...'