

Gentleman Junkie

White Zombie

Priests gathered at the graves
No souls were saved, fooling
With the young man's pain
The child's mind had gone insane
Born in heaven, raised in hell
An angel of death that never
Fell, trapped in a world I never
Made-I watch the sky turn black
And fade. The scene of the crime
Was empty-nothing left for you
To see, but you could hear the
Sound of the bodies breaking the ground
Plague of zombies run away-
Remember hell came today-Scream,
Scream and scream again-my days
Of terror shall begin-. In the
Hills they beat a song of how
All was lost and - all was gone, see
The figures glowing in the night-shadows
Dancing in flaming light.