

Zombie creeping flesh

Peter and the Test Tube Babies

The dead have risen from the graves, movements slow, a vacant gaze.

Living human flesh satisfies, no emotions showing in their eyes
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Born to die but not to rest, stumblin' Zombie Creeping Flesh.
Eat the living human prey, numbers rising every day.

Takes one bite to be the same, the dead ain't dead they live again.

A thousand cities overwhelmed, survivors now thin on the ground
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Amid the carnage and the screams, a camera shooting all the scenes.

Zombies, actors and the eggs, strange things happening on the sets
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Attacked the actors and film crew, soon Romero was one too.