

# Day of the Dead

## Hollywood Undead

Hold on, Holy Ghost  
Go on, hold me close  
Better run, here we come  
It's the day of the dead

We come from a world of oblivion, bad dreams  
I got all I need strapped right to my hamstring  
I'm not really bad, I'm just made up of bad things  
I'm really not a mad man, the voices keep asking  
Born with a soul that don't wanna be saved  
Every time I look around I see what a fiend made  
Every time I die, I hope they digging up my grave  
An undead one like the flag that I wave  
I'm not afraid to cry from this cocaine sickness  
I'm not afraid to die, let the good book witness  
I ask and give none, nope, no forgiveness  
The day of the dead and you're on our hit list  
So come all you misfits  
Bitch, you're on our hit list

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This is exactly what has to be done, it happened so gradually  
It's like I magically happened to be the phantom that cannot be  
Lets this dagger cut jaggedly  
While you're gasping so rapidly  
While you gag on this rag  
I see you all laughing so happily  
It's okay to get startled and be afraid of the dark  
I'll just wait here to swallow your soul and tear you apart  
And I've already started, there ain't no saving your heart  
This is the day of the dead, this is ain't no day in the park  
Here I come, here I come, grab your guns and crossbows  
And run, better run from the skull and crossbones  
The fun has begun, yeah, it's hard to swallow  
When I'm done, I ain't done, cause it's hell that follows  
Now get ready for sorrow,  
Cause it's hell that follows

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When the ashes start to rise  
And the moon falls from the sky

And a thousand candles burn into the night  
When the angels softly cry  
On the flames below the sky  
Would a thousand souls still pray for you and I?

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