

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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