

Zombies Are Pissed

Latterman

If we could just move in time with our moving words.
Ideals blurred within reality.
Well that's reality.
Your daily dose of disappointment.
It's who we are not where we live that lets us accept defeat.
But there aren't sidewalks on my street.
And may the cars swerve into a fucking tree.

Accept and recognize the failure.
Deal with it and move from there.
Like coming home and everyone's left without you.
Out of town. And out of step.
But we're still not dead. Still not dead.

So far away in the mountains I could finally see.
Smiling faces looking back at me.
To wave goodbye and find what we need to keep moving.
Lost in the dark of our shadows backs turned again.
But with hands held tight now let's begin.
To turn and face our faces to the light.

If we all have to leave we can build something new.
You can come along with me if you want to.
I hope to see you someday soon.
I need to see you someday soon!