

# Twilight of the Dead

Misfits

When all the room in hell is taken  
The armies of the dead awaken  
The ghouls of hell have overflowed

The night before it was sheer terror  
On a quest for flesh they draw nearer  
As the sun goes down the darkness grows

And your blood runs cold  
Your blood runs cold in...  
The twilight of the dead!

Some who know but most are blinded  
The world we know lies dead behind us  
Through the night we run through bitter cold

There's nothing here worth left for dying  
We have no chance but still we're trying  
To the north we run til the morning glows

And your blood runs cold!  
Your blood runs cold in...  
The twilighth of the dead!