

Day Of The Dead

Project: Deadman

They say that when there's no more room in hell, the dead will walk t
he earth.

This is the Day of the Dead

Nuthin to fear but fear itself on the day of the dead
They say there's no rest for the wicked it's the day of the dead
They say that life is self inflicted on the day of the dead
The devil disguised himself as God it's the day of the dead

(Prozak)

They slowly change we walk the earth in search of happiness
Eternal bliss coincides with peace on earth and no conflicts
Think about this life that you call hell and all those things it mean
s

Inside your mind is where you find them screams and broken dreams

Blast rights tell all these people how you livin

Call it Karma 10 fold some out to call it sinnin

Despite your belief 3 sixes are the mark of the beast

The dead increase Project Deadman walks among the deceased

Bodies crawlin from mud victims tainted with blood

Murder victims ressurected from shallow graves in the woods

You thoughts you had it all figured out

When you was young and though you'd never see the day that you faded
out

But it's apon us like prophecies of Nostradamus

Truth hurts when it's on us death and disease is chronic

Day of the dead bloodshed don't be misled

Don't be afraid of the shadpw that's cast apon your death bed

Nuthin to fear but your religion on the day of the dead

Controls if you judge and then you burn it's the day of the dead

The evil apon you is what you're preachin on the day of the dead

The hatred towards others is what you're teachin it's the day of the
dead

(Prozak)

Ravens circle above the sky turns green

45 seconds of life try to figure out what the fuck it means

A fixiation of your soul emerged in misery

Trying to find someone to blame for life's conspiracies

Judgement wicked is apon us Judgement it is ahead

Judgement it is the device that's built inside your head

Self destruction or self affliction fact or fiction

Emaculate conception or Chrtists crucifiction

Your eyes bleed on bent knees you pray

2 roads collide like suicide the crossroads you lay

Ashes to ashes and dust to dust

Rest in Peace mother fucker confession will make your soul crush

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