

What a day, what a day, what a day, what a day  
Life's great when the graveyard is your home  
What a day, what a day, what a day  
Undead rotting bones

When we come to town  
The people just keep their heads down  
Trying to escape  
Corpses all over the place

Maggots in my brain  
Believe me I don't feel no pain  
Fingers are my tools  
Bloodthirst is pretty cool

Soon you'll see, you ran out of time

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Neon nights are bright  
Nobody of us saw daylight  
Cannot lose our lives  
No limits in the minds

Killin' just for fun  
Tomorrow it will be your turn  
Going straight to hell  
Agony, I can tell

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