

This is it, the stories are all true.
I'm doing 98 on the interstate coming to get you
I see the tanks rolling in already picking spots
Not too much longer until this city's hot
They will never find us though
I know where we can go.
West of this towns there's a spot,
That I've already picked out.
But we have to moves fast,
So they don't figure this out
Either way it's definitely on now
There's only one way in this place if they find out how
And just so you know,
I'm taking at least three of them when I go
When that time finally comes set a fire to the gasoline drums
They will never take us alive
When that time does come
I hope it doesn't make you run
I hope you stay here with me
I hope all of this makes sense
I can't stand the thought of living our last days
Behind a fence inside this apocalypse.