

The Night Of The Living Dead

The Vision Bleak

It was a chilly eve as fog rose from the tombs
and owls were howling proclaiming our doom.
Look and behold! Shadows walking,
The dead are calling.

This is the night of the living dead,
A nightmare-
The devil's called is creatures,
all are out to get your head!

This is the night of the living dead,
Oh Baby, this is the night of the undead.

They creep and crawl down from the hills,
with penetrating stench, the air is slowly filled,
Look and behold! Shadows walking,
The dead are calling.

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