

# Oh, My Goth!

Voltaire

He's an undead ghoul from a skeletal race  
He drove a black spire through the void of space  
From the cemetery planet of the living dead  
He's got a robot monster with a TV head  
And the ghost of a tombstone over his bed  
And if they beam you on board, don't go in the basement!

OH MY GOTH!  
It's....  
Undead undead undead undead undeader than dead!  
OH MY GOTH!  
He's....  
Undead undead undead undead undeader than dead!

He came to pave our world but hasn't done it yet  
Too busy chasing girls on the internets  
But if they beam you on board, take a friend or five  
'Cause your favorite band is playing live!  
And if the boss shows up he better know how to rock!  
'Cause if he doesn't get down we'll push him in the air lock!

OH MY GOTH!  
It's....  
Undead undead undead undead undeader than dead!  
OH MY GOTH!  
He's....  
Undead undead undead undead undeader than dead!  
OH MY GOTH!  
She's....  
Undead undead undead undead undeader than dead!  
OH MY GOTH!  
We're....  
Undead undead undead undead undeader than dead!

You know the Devil himself is after us  
With his right hand man Lord Beelzebub  
Pass me that sonic cattle prod  
We'll have him shaking and twitching like a pocket goth!

OH MY GOTH!  
It's....  
Undead undead undead undead undeader than dead!  
OH MY GOTH!  
He's....  
Undead undead undead undead undeader than dead!  
OH MY GOTH!  
She's....  
Undead undead undead undead undeader than dead!  
OH MY GOTH!  
We're....  
Undead undead undead undead undeader than dead!