

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!

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