

Come Out and Plague

Wednesday 13

Bad things are coming
And they're coming this way
The puppet masters
Are cutting the strings

They live
We Sleep
(Obey! Obey!)

And now we all sing the funeral song
Come along, everyone now
Come along!

Come on out and plague
And celebrate the end of days
The dead are out
To feast on what remains

Oh brother they're coming for you
And they're coming for me to
The dead will have their day
Come out and plague

Your skin begins to rot away
And then your mind starts to decay

They live
We Sleep
(Obey! Obey!)

And now we all sing the funeral song
Come along, everyone now
Come along!

Come on out and plague
And celebrate the end of days
The dead are out
To feast on what remains

Oh brother they're coming for you
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