

# 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  
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