

End Of Us.

I never would have thought that this
would be the end of us.

Ain't No Law.

Put down your amunition,
and dig inside your head.

Running on intuition,
a little mind-fuck instead.

Ain't no law to keep me away from you.

Ain't no law to keep me from doing what
ever it is that I wanna do to you.

Criminal infactuation, washes your
conscience clean.

Orgasmic jubilation, somethings just
can't be unseen.

Living room penetration, fuck the palm
of your hand.

Innocent deviation, I'll put it into words
you'll understand.



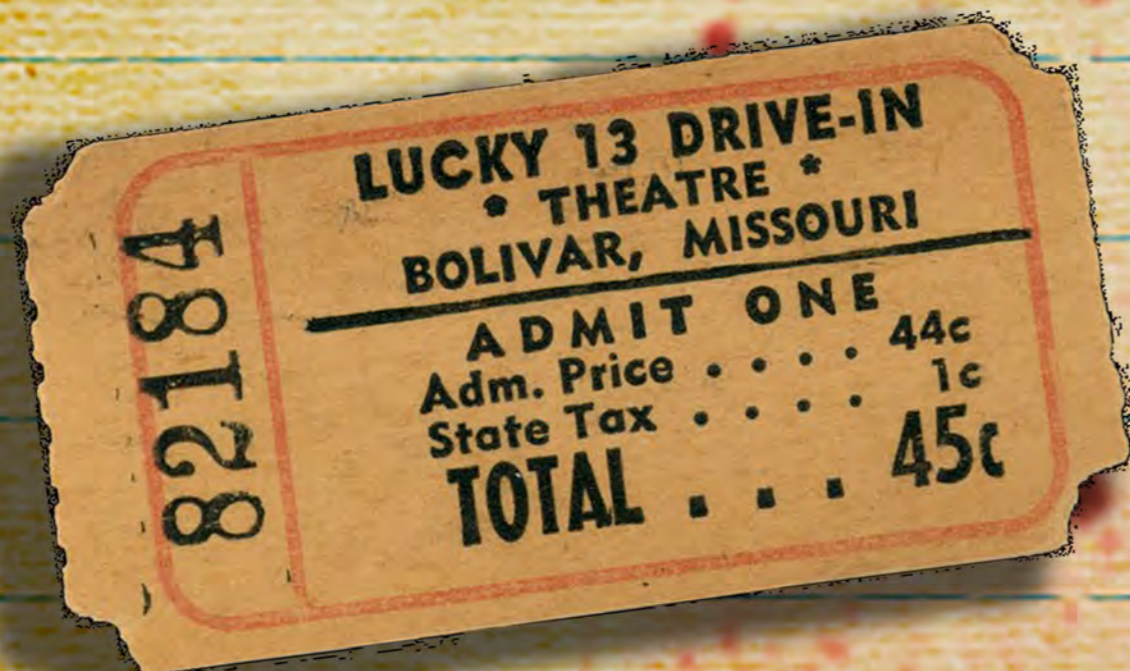
Murder at the Drive-In.

They're not made like this anymore
Hang the speaker on the door
And wait for the night to come
We can have mutilated fun

I'll pull your eyes out baby
I'll rip your skin off sugar
I'll tear your heart out honey
And I'm gonna do it, and do it, and do it
again.

Ruby lips and dirty tongue
You know that you're my only one
It's showtime, the screen's alive
But you won't make it to 6.45

Valiant with steamed up glass
Invisible to walkers past
Heroine, a matching scream
But you're the star of my murder scene.



Dying to be Undead.

From daybreak till nightfall, obsessing
suicide.

Lock stock and razor, there's nothing in
my eyes.

I'm just a drug-fucked puppet at one with
the lies, forcefed on loads of bullshit, a
halo of flies.

I'm dying to be undead.

Jacked up on paranoia and success, but
there's still a few days left until I can
confess. Subliminal, heartfelt clockwork
ticking like a fuse. Ignorance or my
freedom is all I've left to lose.

Please tell me what to do 'cos I'm ready to
comply. The connection to my brain I can't
untie. I was once wild at heart, but now I
have been tamed. Obsenity's within with
no one left to blame.



Kinda In The Mood to Die..

Now I guess it's come to this, now I'm all alone. Nothing but a broken light, in a broken home. Sally was the first to go, but I don't know where. She's out there somewhere alive or not, a thought I just can't bare...

So I'm surrounded from all sides and I'm kinda in the mood to die. Everybody has their time, and I'm kinda in the mood to die.

I remember Catherine and how her eyes had changed. I could have given her so much more, just got myself to blame. When your house ain't a home no more, it seems so damn cold. I've gotta fix this mess I've made before I'm too damn old.

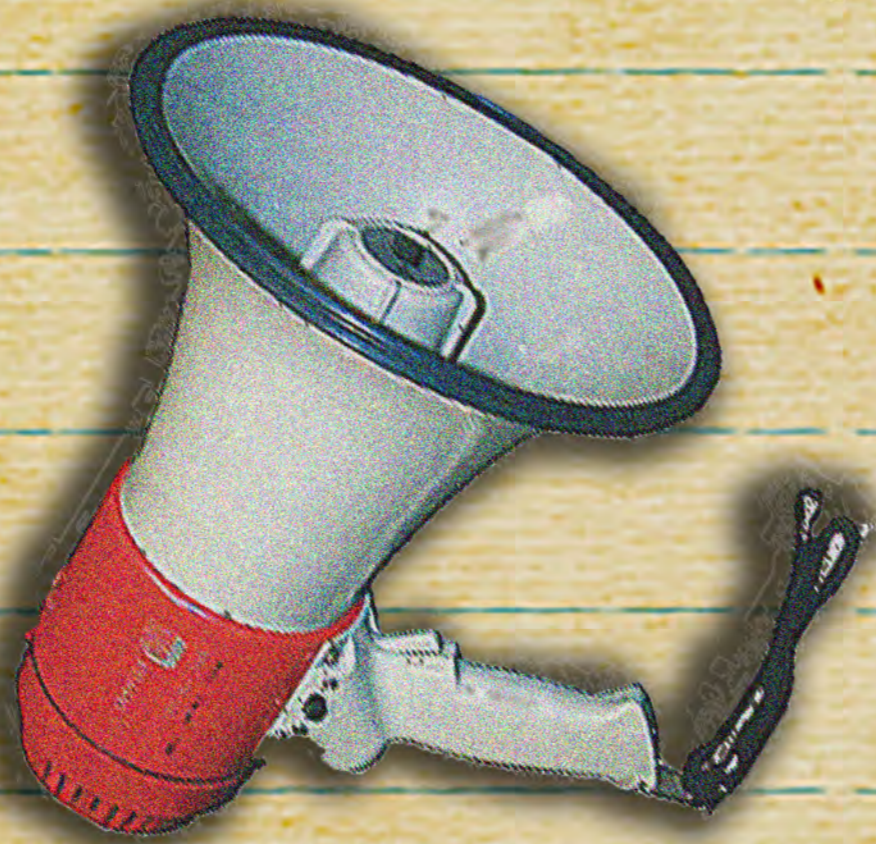
We held out for anything, to manage or to cure. As days turned from weeks to months we failed to endure. The night she tried to take my life, she left me no choice. As my shot layed her to rest I finally heard her voice...



Here Come The Dead.

Get back into position and hold your ground. We are the last of men and whoever could be found. Fire on my command and heed what I said. Today we stand for man against the undead. Here they come, here they come, here come the dead.

They drew the battle lines, were the first to attack. They came from every side and they never held back. Some looked up t'wards the sky, others went underground. Most turned and joined the masses never to be found. As screams rang out and lives destroyed a few remained. To fight for what was left no matter how insane. So we drew our guns and held our heads way up high, we'll fight for humanity 'till the day we die.



Do Whatcha Gotta Do.

Blue flesh never looked as good, than
when wrapped in white. I could give you
so much more, than I could give you in
life.

So I do what I gotta do, I do what I gotta
do, ya do whatcha gotta do don't cha?
I no longer need restrain, or have a fear
of the law. If that blood had never left
that stain, you wouldn't want me no more.
You never liked my constant stares, or
when I walked with you. When you're out I
go to work... so much for me to go
through.

It must of been my lucky day when I took
your light. Your screams faded away, but
you stayed upright. The world is fucked,
but at least you're mine locked safely
away and as I feed you all the passes by...
I get to play.



Johnny... I'm Gonna Kill For You.

No tears just blood and sweat,
No fear and no regret
a brutal remedy
I know my enemy
Just another redneck
do another head check
'cos I'm gonna pulverize
Hit right, hit right, hit right, hit right
between the eyes
Johnny... I'm gonna kill for you.

Branded in memories
a vengeful energy
scratched deep into my skin
let the revenge begin
don't look me in the eye
temper turned on a dime
just another wise guy
Hit right, hit right, hit right, hit right
between the eyes
Johnny... I'm Gonna Kill For You

Your name in my tattoo
there's one thing left to do
our bond forged in my vein
your blood is my cocaine
you take your final breath
I'll pay my final debt
you die right by my side
hit right, hit right, hit right, hit right
between the eyes
Johnny... I'm Gonna Kill For You.

When Hell Breaks Lucy.

Lucy had a sweet life,
Mercedes excess,
humanity suppressed.
Swallowed up the ladder
to get a better view
and stick her heels in you.
All we can do is sit and watch as hell breaks
Lucy.

Class infrastructure,
the social frame,
the master of the game.
Princess of turpentine,
silicone dream,
The life of a dying scene.
All we can do is sit and watch as hell breaks
Lucy.

The fragile fence
of class divide
as fallen by her side.
No network left,
Mercedes gone.
The new world order has begun.
All we can do is sit and watch as hell breaks
Lucy.



FRENZY!

The masses by my side.
We'll tear you from your feet.
Your fault lies in your pride.
You're fresh kinetic meat.
Screaming upon deaf ears.
Tenderises your core.
The fear behind your tears.
Will make you my meat whore.

FRENZY!
Chasing a beating meal.
FRENZY!
You know this shit got real.
FRENZY!
Too late to turn on back.
FRENZY!
Bon-Appetite attack.

Mercy I do not feel.
As it breaks on your spine.
Digesting my last meal.
Turn your blood into wine.
Caked in your last remains.
Your flesh between my teeth.
My pleasure is your pain.
Your final gasp, I breathe.

I saved the best for last.
Gives me time to marinate.
Let a little more past.
'till I obliterate.
As I close into you.
Futile is your campaign.
You've nothing left to do
Digested and humane.



Bring It On.

Use Lemmy to raise the dead
Arm your arms and clear your head
turn around, heed what I said
we're not afraid to die
Is that the best you've got?
Saw smoke but I missed the shot
Now I get to watch you rot
Until the end of time

BRING IT ON
All this death has made me numb
BRING IT ON
I could count the cares on my thumb
BRING IT ON
Don't fear what I've become
JUST BRING IT ON

Shock rock and Frankenstein
Heavy metal and battle lines
Are you my true ally?
I know you've got my back
Guillotines and electric chairs
Welcome to my nightmare
Just another billionaire
Joining my attack.

No more mr. nice guy
Escape of Dwight Fry
A change in my eyes
My empathy is dead
Not cold or calculated
No anger reinstated
No passion desecrated
A metal fix instead.

I'm The Man.

Got a fever, it's in my
vein.
It's crept into my heart
and into my brain.
Got a hunger. An
irregular lust.
I want your every inch,
no matter the cost.

'cos I'm the man...
(He's the man)

The way you move, the
way that you talk,
the way you catch my
eye and the way that
you walk.
Just one small taste, is
all that I need.
So come and take my
hand and come let me
feed.

'cos I'm the man...
(He's the man)

huh

The sweat on my flesh,
it burns on my tongue.
Wiped blood upon your
brow and I've just begun.
My southern rot, erotic
decay,
carnal waste, my
sensual remains...

'cos I'm the man
(He's the man)



The Hunter

The horse he rides is as black as night.
Head to toe in armour, heavy metal might.
You can see the dust, trailing on the plain,
stretching out across the land like a hundred
broken veins.

He's the hunter.

Doesn't break a sweat in the stinkin' heat.
He's got a belt of skulls that's incomplete.
The living or undead, he don't discriminate.
You can run out for your life or leave it all
to fate.


He's the hunter.

Boy, I employ you, you'd better run. He won't be
leaving 'till his work is done.

Samurai or chainsaw. Shotgun or knife.
He's never had a scratch, abrasion or a bite.
No body's ever looked within to his eyes.
All that approach him, meet their demise.

He's the hunter.

Boy, I employ you, you'd better run. He won't be
leaving 'till his work is done. No body knows
him, was he born betrayed? But he's not leavin'
'til he gets paid...



He's got a thousand faces,
voices to match.
The next person that you
meet might
be another catch.
So keep an extra eye out,
'cos your skull is next.
Don't leave him any trace
and cover all your steps.

THE HUNTER!

Annie's House of Undead Whores.

One price, fits all, take a break out from the war.
Quality guaranteed. We can fill your every one of your needs.
No fangs. Bite free. So come choose your detainee.
We got old, we've got young, and all your options have just begun..!

(UNDEAD BORDELLO)
a little blood will get you more at Annie's House of Undead Whores you can fuck your conscience clean and get you fix of dirty needs...

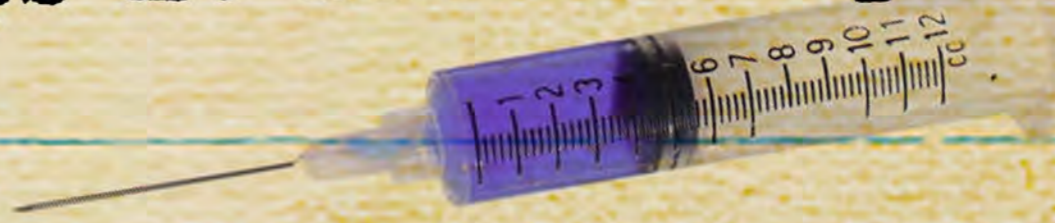
They're wild, but tamed. We capture then restrain.
They're calm. Sedated. Washed down then tied and dated.
Your choice of size. What's pleasing to your eyes?
Your choice of race. What skin do you embrace?
Better than before. You don't feel the guilt anymore.
We're here, for you and any deeds that you want to do.
No act, denied, she's all yours when you step inside.
Don't fear, reprieve. There's nothin' up our sleeves...

ANNIES HOUSE OF
UNDEAD WHORES!



Infection, Death, Reanimation.

My health, my wealth, is what keeps me free.
Paycheck, tapedeck, happiness and greed. Hold
tight, spotlight, keeps me from the pack. You
fall, my call,
relentlessly attack!



THE TRANSFORMATION HAS BEGUN!

It now seems the new way of things, it's what my
liberty will bring. the
infestation of a nation. Infection, Death, Rean-
imation.

The crowd, too loud, let me die in peace. My rape
escape, soon my heart will cease. Scot-free, my
spree, my days are now your plague. My blood,
will flood, behold the tidal wave!

Shut Up & Drive.



From all the roads you could take you took the
wrong one,
my desperation's my drive, and I'm on the run.
You're pullin' over to me, come on, pick me up,
my conversation's my guise, come on, fill me up.
You don't know what I've left behind.

You're lucky I've left you alive. So SHUT UP...
AND DRIVE!

My cold steel on your temple, keep looking
staight!
There ain't no way I'll go back, so now you'll
share my fate,
Bloodshed left in my past will remain at bay.
The flashbacks rotting my brain lessen day by
day.

My memories keep me sane or whatever's there,
their death, my life, is my despair.
The blood of beloved ones dries upon my skin,
vengeance on the human race will come from
within.

Highway A1

I watched your cigarette
burn down to the stub,
your lipstick stain was red,
you fit me like a glove.
You got under my skin,
now get under my wheels,
I'm hot on your trail, your fate under my heel.

Highway stalker comin' after you, a hit n run
pursuit, you can run but you can't hide. Show
you how and make you mine.

The rain won't hide your tracks
under the cold street lights,
that broken neon sign's
the last thing you'll see tonight,
follow the broken lines into the blanket of
black.
I'm not too far behind surpressing the
flashback!

You're in my high-beams,
but just outta reach,
anticipating
what I'll soon unleash.
As my wiperblades
scratch across the glass,
you're caught in the web
of this psychopath!

Highway stalker
comin' after you,
a hit n run pursuit,
you can run but you can't hide.
Show you how and make you die.





Blackmail.

Nothin's ever quite fit me like this suit.
You'll never hold me in disrepute, put a mask
on my memories, a rose in the glass, put a
cross on my enemies, a hole in the past.

I don't bleed that colour anymore,
I don't believe, I've been here before.
For all your lies, mine will prevail.
I will be your demise,
this will be my blackmail.

You can read my note, anyway you like. You
can paint your own ideals or join the reich.
Keep your fingers crossed that we don't fight
back. An unstable empire, mutiny in the
ranks.

When the war is over and you choose your
side, I will bathe in the sun while you hide,
but from now until that day I won't be seen. I
will play my game. I will be inbetween.

Warmonger.

Cut off a dog's front legs and he'll learn to stand.
A bounty of desperate souls at your
command. Declare a heartless war on fellow man,
the peaceful against the wall will all show thier
hands,



WARMONGER!

Machines built for death in your control, payroll,
genocide, boarder patrol, facist, blood of hate in
high regard. Sever, cut your spine,
battered and scarred! Temper, in control to calmly
kill. Violence, pre-meditate, the silent thrill,
focus, keep control of the enemy. Peace can't be
restored with weaponry!

Your hero's gonna die.

Daybreak cuts the room like a buring knife. Broken
conversations from another life.



The taste of memories destined to return,
complex normality we're yet to learn,

All things come to an end, but you can't
comprehend, saying your last goodbye,
your hero's gonna die,
but you know he tried.

The ringing in your ears, bleeding in your gut,
drowning in a cocktail of sweat and lust,
blinded on the killing floor prpared for bloodshed.
Pride in your new position joining the braindead.

You wont take me on my knees, you wont shoot me in
the back, I'll look YOU in the eyes when you feel my
attack!

Persistent gravity, a victory to claim. trapped
within the cells of human remains. And soon your
beating heart will cease to be. just left to
fertilise your family tree.

Blood-Soaked Sally.

She don't look not a day over 8 or 9. She's got those little pigtails, and them big blue eyes. She's just about the sweetest thing in this whole town. She was practicing on the piano when the doors came down. She took off down the road as fast as she could and found the only house of god in the neighborhood. She sat down by the alter till the sun went red and she counted on her fingers how many she'd seen dead.

Blood soaked Sally, she needs a place to hide, she just now had to watch, her whole damn family die.

She was staring up at the cross when the priest arrived he sat down right beside her well into the night. He spoke the words of god and the answers that they bring. Though Sally tried and tried she couldn't find anything.

She had her whole life planned out to 17. She wants to be a star of the silver screen. But now the dead keep risin' up from below. I guess we reap just what we sow.

She'd branded the priest a liar by the morning light. She told him the only way is to stand and fight.

She burst right through the doors to face the hoarde. The priest turned his back on Sally to face his lord.

Blood soaked Sally don't need a place to hide.

She ain't gonna rest her mind 'till all the undead die.





(Come on Pretty Baby)
LET'S GO KILLIN' TONITE.

Let's do the drive-In or head into town.
I'll wear my tux, you'll wear your wedding gown.
We've got the weapons and we've got the time.
there's nothin' better when you're by my side.

So come on pretty baby let's go killin' tonight.

You hit the body and I'll hit the head.
Who ever said 'real-man' romance is dead?
We can slay 'em till the morning light,
since this has started now there aint no crime.

Don't think the sunset's ever looked so red.
Don't think we left anybody undead
We're like a modern day Bonnie and Clyde.
When we go huntin' it's so bona fide.

You look so pretty with that blood in your hair.
This world ain't perfect, but it's ours to share.
You've got my hands, you've got my heart.
Dead or Undead I know we'll never part.

Requiem.

Red wine champagne and city lights.
Street music penetrates the night.
I see the colours in your hair.
It's time to finish this affair.



Requiem. Show myself.

Your laughter slowly fills the air.
You hold the key to my despair.
It's now my turn in your charade.
My song will take your breath away.

Your presence floats into the room.
I'm lost in waves of your perfume.
Wait for the harmony to bloom.
Your death will be my final tune.

As you plead for another day.
And as the light all fades away.
You've consolation in my song.
Ask your god where it all went wrong.



...beginning again

As we begin again,
I know we can depend on us...



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