Day of the Dead

Hollywood Undead

Hold on, Holy Ghost Go on, hold me close Better run, here we come It's the day of the dead

We come from a world of oblivion, bad dreams
I got all I need strapped right to my head string
I'm not really bad, I'm just made up of bad things
I'm really not a mad man, the voices keep asking
Born with a soul that don't wanna be saved
Every time I look around I see what a fiend made
Every time I die, I hope they digging up my grave
An undead one like the flag that I wave
I'm not afraid to cross on this cocaine sickness
I'm not afraid to die, let the good book witness
I ask and get none, nope, no forgiveness
The day of the dead and you're on our hit list
So come all you misfits
Bitch, you're on our hit list

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Go on, hold me close
Better run, here we come
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Hold on, Holy Ghost
So long to the ones you know
Better run, here we come
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This is exactly what has to be done, it happens so gradually

It's like I magically happened to be the phantom that cannot be

Lets this dagger cut jaggedly

While you're gasping so rapidly

Why you brag on this rag?

I see you all laughing so happily

It's okay to get startled and be afraid of the dark

I'l just wait here to swallow this soul and tear you apart

And I've already started, there ain't no saving your heart

This is the day of the dead, this is ain't no day in the park

Here I come, here I come, down your guns and crossbows

And run, better run from the skull and crossbones

The song has begun, yeah, it's hard to swallow

When I'm done, I ain't done, cause it's hell that follows

Now get ready for sorrow,

Cause it's hell that follows

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When the ashes start to rise
And the moon falls from the sky
And 1000 candles burn into the night
When the angels softly cry
On the plains below the sky
Would 1000 souls still pray for you and I?

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