

# Zombies, March

## GWAR

Welcome once gain  
To the bloody pit, my friends  
We're so glad you could attend  
Come and die, come and die Yes, the bloody pit of horror, here  
As sick as is Gomorrah queer  
It's purpled purpose crinkly clear, here I, I  
I, II, I, I lead the zombie army  
They, they, they are my sweetest slaves  
These creatures, well, they shall never harm me  
Well, I saved them from far beyond the grave Lid on coffin cold  
Return was foretold  
Barrel, box or bloody sack  
Planted deep, they still come back Beyond the world of life  
Beneath the scroll of time  
The zombies rise and curse the light  
They curse the living and they bite You find it alarming  
I find it quite charming  
They way the dead  
They explode from the ground I found it amazing  
The dead we were raising  
And the stinking pile of bodies  
Formed a molten-nipple mound I, I  
Your life is lost yet un-death found The bloody pit of horror  
Has a bloody tale to tell  
The bloody pit of holy shit  
Oh, motherfucking, what the hell? I, the bloody pit of horror, II, I lead the zombie army  
I, I lead the zombie army  
I, I lead the zombie army  
I, I, they are my sweetest slaves  
My sweetest slaves The zombie king, he walks alone  
The zombie king, he has no throne  
Just a never ending hunger  
And a hole that can't be filled  
By the centuries of victims  
From the living he has killed Who have all passed beneath the earth  
To transform into living dead  
And swell his martial ranks  
Who ever would have thought  
You could teach them to drive tanks?

Drive tanks through banks, zombies, march  
The zombie king, he calls his troops  
Der Krieg is coming soon  
The filthy fiend stand wall-to-wall  
And this is a big room  
The creatures of the underworld  
Are an imposing bunch  
But zombies are my sweetest slaves  
As long as they get lunch  
Vampires, they fucking suck  
You know because they're gay  
Biker werewolves, what a joke  
They've sure seen better days  
Zombie king, don't give a damn  
'Cause he already rules  
Even though his followers  
Are nincompoops and boobs  
Zombies, march

Lyrics provided by

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