# Cemetery

## Strung Out

An electric concrete fantasy
Where the billboards keep on warning me
That if I don't keep moving, I'll get stuck in this place
Where nobody gets out alive.The dead all came out to play in this metropolitan decay,
A cemetry called Los Angeles.
The sun holds no regrets
The natives sway under arrest
As all the stars fall from the sky.Now we've all sold our souls
We're just waiting for the show
To begin here at the edge.What the hell we doing here
We're everywhere
But no one's here,
Bodies in motion, desperate motion.
The angels have all gone insane
I know I'll never be the same so let it ride
We're going for a ride.
Now we've all sold our souls
We're just waiting for the show
To begin here at the edge.Now I watch those zombies celebrate
The burning of their favorite heretics and demigods.The dead all came out to play in this metropolitan decay,
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