

Invite a Coroner

A Global Threat

no one's a gas like the living dead
set to mate their own brain and lead
 pull you past your breaking point
smile's sinister, hear their creaking joints
 carry on when i'm gone
 say you want a little fun
a ghastly blast on the kid with the gun
 this crazy thing, well its no act
"oh what a night" reads his epitaph
 carry on when i'm gone
set on this path since the day he was born
it's a last ditch laugh so invite a coroner

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