

# Skeletons On Parade

## Ludo

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Behind a curtain of towering pines,  
The sun settling red.  
A city hidden high in the hills,  
comes out to honor the dead. Families somberly walk through the town,  
they build altars and pray.  
Clean the tombs and clutch rosaries,  
and speak of better days. From the edge of the island,  
they ferry back to the shore,  
they climb under their covers  
and pray a little more.  
In this ancient city of stones,  
they sigh and bow their heads.  
The living seem rather, well....dead. Ohhhhhhhh, yeah. The sun is down,  
the earth shakes,  
The wind doth howl,  
And I'm makin' moves all across the park,  
We're sitting in the dark. The caskets squeak,  
The trees wheeze,  
the crypts all creak,  
and toes sepulchered for months and months in dust  
are wiggling off their crust, whoa. Shed your shrouds,  
Slip your fingertips through the ground,  
Get those catacombs open I'm hoping you'll join us,  
Everybody come on out!! Yeah!! What A lovely, lovely night  
For a drink and a parade.  
We'll dance until the morning light,  
this town should be afraid. What A lovely, lovely night  
For a drink and a parade.  
We'll dance until the morning light,  
this town should be afraid. Candied pumpkins, sweet egg bread,  
we love rising from the dead. Carpals, tarsals, vertabrae,  
that's us clicking on parade! I move without any muscles,

my skull's a cavernous hall.  
Tendons are made for pulling, my friend,  
I don't need them at all! Mescal in our mandibles,  
and porridge in our ribs,  
their prospects are looking quite grim. Board the mariposas now!  
Set sail for the quivering light ahead,  
We're descending on the town,  
the living we're scaring,  
nightmaring in fright,  
they've waited forever to bring us together:  
We finally wake them up tonight! Yock dehay!! Chorus:  
Yock dehay de yockity hum,  
The devil is happy to say.  
Heaven is having a hell of a time,  
Skelatons on parade!! Repeat chorus Flee the mausolea,  
Fly sarcophagi.  
Pandemone the plaza,  
Tiba-fibia-fie! You ligamentary lifers,  
your fractured foolish plight.  
Pluck yourself from your gravesite! Yock dehay de yockity hum,  
(guitar)  
Heaven is having a hell of a time,  
Skelatons on parade!! Yock dehay de yockity hum,  
(guitar)  
Heaven is having a hell of a time,  
Skelatons on parade!! (solo) Yockey de yockum (Hey!)  
The devil is happy to say (Ho!)  
Yockay de yockum (hey!)  
No one gets away (no!) Yockay de yockum (Hey!)  
The devil is happy to say (Ho!)  
Heaven is having a hell of a time,  
Skelatons on parade!! Goodnight all my children now you must rest your heads,  
you wouldn't want the sun to catch you missing from your beds.

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