

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 stream
I'm not really bad, I'm just made up of bad things
I'm really not a mad man, but the voices keep asking
Born with a soul that don't wanna be saved
Every time I look around I see what I'm feeling
Every time I die, I hope they diggin' up my grave
The undead won like the flag that I wave
I'm not afraid to cross on (cry for?) 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 on, you misfits!
Bitch, you're on our hit list! [Chorus:]
Hold on, Holy Ghost
Go on, hold me close
Better run, here we come
It's the day of the dead Hold on, Holy Ghost
So long to the ones you know
Better run, here we come
It's the day of the dead This is exactly what has to be done, it happens so rarely
It's like I magically happened to be the phantom and the candidly [?]
Let's his dagger cut jaggedly,
While you gaspin' so rapidly
Why you gag on this rag?
I see you were laughin' so happily,
It's okay to get startled and be afraid of the dark
I'll just wait here to swallow your soul and tear you apart
And I've already started, there ain't no savin' your heart
This is the day of the dead, this is no day in the park
Here I come, here I come, grab your guns and crossbows
And run, better run from the skull and crossbones
The storm 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 [Chorus:]

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Better run, here we come
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So long to the ones you know
Better run, here we come
It's the day of the dead 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
Will 1000 souls still pray for you and I? [Chorus:]
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