

Parade of the Dead

Hilltop Hoods

Quarter to midnight, a sea of slaughter I'm in flight,
Red running water getting caught in the rip tide,
Cars out of order man I thought I could hitch hike,
Sporting a chainsaw for I'm avoiding a fist fight,
The evacuation went ahead,
But bullet fire caressed my head I was left for dead,
Awoke in hell and knowing well the feds had fled,
Before the sun set in red,

The witching hour that approaches has a host of,
Seven plagues, packs of locusts, rats and roaches,
Fat and bloated corpses lacking focus,
Trapped in the throws of attacking that that's closest,
Legs aching from the pace that I'm running at,
Death chasing aint safe till the sun is back,
Escaping the cityscape like a lumberjack,
My own wakes the only way that I'm coming back,
The outer limits, found a house in thickets,
Heard a shout as a shot rang out to witness,
The foulest dead disemboweled and gizzards,
Their rival in his final hour or minutes,
Numb with fear, holding gun to ear,
He said 'Run, it's clear till the sun appears,

Tell my son his dear loving mum is near,
See you in hell man I'm done with here'

CHORUS

They built my city on top of a grave,
Now the dead roam the street like a rotting parade,
They poured gasoline on top of a lake, And then they set it on fire so nobody escaped,
They built my city on top of a grave,
Now the dead roam the street like a rotting parade,
Quarantined and forgotten for days,
These are the stories of those who have gotten away

VERSE 2: SUFFA

I thought I might,
Drown in sweat when I heard the sound FX,
Of fingernails running down my fence,

Was it rioters, rats or malcontents?
I pulled my blinds back a crack like Malcolm X,
The scene was sirens, violence, car alarms,
My neighbour waving from his yard with half an arm,
Vietnam in the suburbs, the walking dead,
Burning down the house like Talking Heads,
A city on fire not a city of god,
A city that hides from a hideous mob,
The zombie flicks, man I've seen 'em a lot,
Enough to know when it's time to get the fuck out of dodge,
Only packed the necessities,
Toothbrush, porno, souped-up weaponry,
And just for the fun of it, I stole my neighbours Hummer,
Put spikes out the side and tied a chainsaw to the front of it,
I cut up heads and shoulders, knees and toes,
Knees and toes, knees and toes,
I cut up heads and shoulders, knees and toes,
Knees and toes, knees and toes

CHORUS

They built my city on top of a grave,
Now the dead roam the street like a rotting parade,
They poured gasoline on top of a lake,
And then they set it on fire so nobody escaped,
They built my city on top of a grave,
Now the dead roam the street like a rotting parade,
Quarantined and forgotten for days,
These are the stories of those who have gotten away

Lyrics submitted by Matt.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>