

Twilight Of The Dead

Misfits

When all the room in hell is taken
The armies of the dead awaken
The ghouls of hell have overflowed
The night before it was sheer terror
On a quest for flesh they draw nearer
As the sun goes down the darkness grows
And your blood runs cold
Your blood runs cold in...
The twilight of the dead!

Some who know but most are blinded
The world we know lies dead behind us
Through the night we run through bitter cold
There's nothing here worth left for dying
We have no chance but still we're trying
To the north we run til the morning glows
And your blood runs cold!
Your blood runs cold in...
The twiligth of the dead!

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