

Pumpkin Head

Misfits

Upon this threshold of disaster
The birth of the eleventh plague
The fires burn at night I begin to doubt the smell of burning flesh will ever fade away
The touch of death is all around us
A thousand corpses block our way
A man-made germ makes almost everyone commit suicide just to rise and eat their dead
Night of the living dead
We're hunting humans, whaooo-ooo
We're hunting humans, whaooo-ooo
We're hunting humans , whaooo-oo
We're hunting humans
It's killing time every day
I can't control this eerie feeling
An evil screaming in my head
I don't think I'll last the night
There is no cure for this genocide or resurrection of the dead
Night of the living dead

Songwriters

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