

Gorerotted, Village People of the Damned

One injection, one infection
One injection and the dead are resurrected
One injection, one infection, feasting on the dead

Now there is nowhere left for me to run
The armies of the dead come
Breaking into my place
Their teeth tearing into my face

My blood's now starting to drain
The changes have started in my brain
Awakening as one of them now, killing as I only know how

Staggering, wandering, bludgeoning, murdering, tearing, and feeding on tissue and flesh
My insides and instincts are hungering and thirsting for people with which I can eat and infect
Smearing and smarming and coating whilst laughing my body and clothes in their blood and their blood
Eating and munching on flesh is disgusting but hunger won't go so I kill to survive

One by one the dead arise and stagger around looking for somewhere to feed
Our numbers grow as people change and start chewing on each other's meat
Searching more for victims to gnaw and nibble on to get the strength that we need
Fighting to taste the few that remain before there's nothing left to eat

Infected now there is nowhere else for them to left to run
Our army has gathered the undead have come
Breaking into their blocked off boarded up places
My teeth begin to tear away at their terrified faces
Warm feelings inside as their blood starts to drain
Their changes have started soon they'll rise just the same
Hunting for food that's not there like us in vain

One by one more dead arise, trying to find fresh meat to keep them alive
To many zombies not enough people left, we'll have to move on or soon once again we'll all be dead
Searching more for victims to nibble for strenght, but we search and find no one left awake
To many zombies not enough people left, we'll have to move on or soon once again we'll all be dead
Because one by one more dead arise, trying to find fresh meat to keep them alive
To many zombies not enough people left, we'll have to move on or soon once again we'll all be dead