

Quincy Punx, Mutants (Shall Feast On Thine Carcass)

I've got a bomb shelter in my backyard
With a years supply of beer, some guns and a deck of cards
Just me and the band a couple girls with big tits
We're having a party on the eve of the apocalypse

The Punx'll survive the nuclear blast
Then the world will be ours at last
We'll ransack the local armory
And get all kinds of high tech weaponry
Living in the rubble of World War III
Safe in a fortified brewery
With motion detectors and claymore mines
To back our No Trespassing signs

We'll be tyrants and do as we please
Enslave the pitiful refugees
We'll be a new society
The most decadent in history
With sex-slave girls on golden chains
And bloody arena combat games
Exotic grisly executions
Are weekend party institutions

[Chorus:]
Nuclear catastrophe
Armageddon World War III
The end of the world but not for me
It's my post punkrock nuke fantasy

On safari in the forbidden zone
where flesh-eating zombies roam
Our enemies staked out as bait
Lure mutants to where we wait
We let them have their ghoulish feast
Then open up and spray the beasts
So just remember if you cross us
Mutants shall feast on thine carcass

[Repeat Chorus]

Burning survivalists out of their shelters
Omega man singing Helter Skelter
Road warriors with beers in hand
Armageddon's official band