

Rubber Puppy, Die Tonight

Deep in the woods,
Your torch is out,
Won't do no good,
To scream and shout,
Nobody's listening,
And anyhow,
It's hard to yell 'help',
With no tongue in your mouth.

You're gonna Die!
There's no way to fight,
You're gonna Die! Die! Die! Tonight!

The living dead,
Reach from the ground,
They've not been fed,
They'll bring you down down down,□
Down to the earth,
They'll have a feast,
You're a gourmet dinner,
For the deceased!

You're gonna Die!
There's no way to fight,
You're gonna Die! Die! Die! Tonight!