

# Saint Vitus, Walking Dead

The Walking Dead  
(Chandler)

close your eyes  
wait for them  
exorcise  
evil whims  
walking dead  
have no soul  
when you touch them  
feels so cold  
hold your breath baby  
we're roaming here tonight"  
the thirteenth of november  
a haunted friday night  
the graveyard gates swing open  
crypts all spring to life  
rotting hands dig upward  
searching for moonlight  
the fog rolls in so thickly  
it creeps into your mind  
frozen winds of winter  
pound like an icy hand  
morbid lifeless armies  
devour all they can  
nightmares you once feared  
aren't nightmares anymore  
plunge the knife into your chest  
and join the hungry horde  
nightmares you once feared  
aren't nightmares anymore  
frozen winds of winter  
taught you the final score  
the thirteenth of november  
the fog rolls in on time  
you and your friends shall rise  
and join the feast tonight