

A Global Threat, Invite A Coroner

no one's a gas like the living dead
set to mate their own brain and lead
pull you past your breaking point
smile's sinister, hear their creaking joints
carry on when i'm gone
say you want a little fun
a ghastly blast on the kid with the gun
this crazy thing, well its no act
"oh what a night" reads his epitaph
carry on when i'm gone
set on this path since the day he was born
it's a last ditch laugh so invite a coroner