

Lemon Demon, Bad Idea

Every once in a while there is a shooting star.
People say they're good luck, but even if they are,
There's not a star in motion that could help me now.
I'm in serious trouble, and I don't know how
A pack of deadly creatures followed me back here.
I am desperately hiding as they're drawing near.
I wish I knew what to do or where I lost my way,
So I'm carefully thinking back to yesterday.

I was just a normal chap,
But I shoulda brought a map.
I shoulda.
Shoulda, woulda, coulda, woulda.
Shoulda, woulda, coulda, woulda.

I got lost and I wound up on a dirt road,
I saw signs, and in retrospect they did bode
Bad things, but I shrugged and I still drove
Through to a town where my bad luck overflowed.

Everybody in town was nowhere to be seen,
So I parked near a house that was marked thirteen.
I went up to the door, but there was no one there,
And when I turned around, my car was gone, I swear.
So I ran to a pay phone but there was no tone.
I had an eerie feeling in my very bones.
And soon it started to rain, and there was no way out.
I couldn't hold my frustration, and began to shout.

Maybe this was a bad idea.
Oh no.
Maybe this was a bad idea.
Oh no.

I was stuck in the rain and I was mad as hell,
So I began to run, but then I slipped and fell.
I tumbled down a hill into a cemetery.
I shouldn't have to tell you it was freaking scary.
I tried to stand back up, but something held me down.
A dead, rotting arm was reaching from the ground.
I was utterly helpless till I saw the Sword.
I quickly sliced my captor yelling, PRAISE THE LORD!

Then I saw the living dead.
It was then I shoulda fled.
I shoulda.
Shoulda, woulda, coulda, woulda.
Shoulda, woulda, coulda, woulda.

But I stood like a pillar in a hallway.
I knew I'd be slaying demons that day.
I stared at the rotting heaps of pure decay,
And I charged with the force of a gamma ray.

It happened in slow motion, I began the fight.
Some sort of power kept me going through the night
With that mysterious sword beheading beasts and ghouls.
Just me versus them, without any rules.
But many more kept rising up from shallow graves.
I did my best to fight them, but they came in waves.
And soon it was too much, just demon after demon,
So I ran as quickly as I could, screamin'.

Maybe this was a bad idea.

Oh no.
Maybe this was a bad idea.
Oh no.
This was a bad idea.

So here I am, hiding from fate.
I can't win, it's just too late.
But something must be done.
Yes sirree, this war must be won.
I know this, I won't die hiding.
I know this, I must keep fighting.
I don't know who the winner's gonna be,
But there's just one way to see.

It's time to kick some zombie ass.
Lah lah lah lah lah lah!
It's time to kick some zombie ass.
Lah lah lah lah lah lah!