

Lemon Demon, Pepper And Salt

Watching Dawn of the Dead while I stand on my head, ooh.
Think you're down in the dumps, wait till dead person jumps on you.
When a zombie picks you up and smashes open your head, you find yourself dead.
It isn't my fault, some pepper and salt ought to fix it up.

I waved the magic wand, now it's gone beyond control.
Don't let the dead men in, there's a problem in the soul.

Do you know what I mean when I speak of machine, oh.
It's a symptom of fear, it's a black magic gear, no.
It's another dawning of the full moon, much like a typhoon, or a monsoon.
It isn't my fault, some pepper and salt ought to fix it up.

Don't want to reminisce of the dead like this, you don't.
Risen from shallow graves, made to be our slaves, but they won't.

(Hey mon. Hey don't eat my brain, mon I was once like you. Or you were once like me.)

This was the prophecy, a lobotomy for lunch.
The voodoo man finally cracks, and it really packs a punch.
But don't you be fretting now, you're forgetting now, all right.
Pepper and salt they say,
Keeps the dead away, keeps the dead away at night.

Watching Dawn of the Dead while I stand on my head, ooh.
Think you're down in the dumps, wait till dead person jumps on you.
When a zombie picks you up and smashes open your head you find yourself dead.
It isn't my fault, some pepper and salt ought to cast them away.

Do you know what I mean when I speak of machine, oh.
It's a symptom of fear, it's a black magic gear, no.
It's another dawning of the full moon, much like a monsoon, or a typhoon.
This isn't my fault, some pepper and salt ought to make them all
Go away.
Go away.
Go away.