

# Megadeth, The Sick, The Dying... And The Dead

Bring out your dead...

Invaders came on phantom ships  
Sailed the Black Sea west to Sicily, yeah, yeah  
The sick, the dying, and the dead  
All that was left from this cursed disease, yeah, yeah

It was the fleas onboard that bit infected  
Rats got blood inside of the fleas, yeah, yeah  
Soon the ghost ships tied up to the docks  
The path of the plague was complete, yeah, yeah

The sweet smell of rosies, a pocketful of posies  
You can't mask the fragrance of death in their beds  
There's typhus in the air, and ashes everywhere  
Amongst the sick, the dying, and the dead

Feral creatures feasting on the dead  
Devour rancid human meat, yeah, yeah  
Death and sickness permeate their bones  
Rich or poor, their dragged through the streets, yeah, yeah

Open up your eyes, so you can see  
All the sick, the dying, and the dead

Die, die, die!  
The sick, the dying...and the dead