

# Nekromantix, Return Of The Loving Dead

Wake up raise now from your dusty dwell  
Death becomes you oh so well  
Always there when I need you  
Unlike the living you'll never complain  
Never cause me any pain  
Always do what I tell you to

Each night I am chanting with the wind  
Flirting with the moon oh sweet sin

My sleeping beauties leave your silent graves  
Cold hands my body gently embrace  
Always understand my needs  
I only did what was best for us I guess  
I sacrificed your lives for my happiness  
Always comfort when my heart bleeds

Screaming calling for me  
Unmask their beauty at the old cemetery  
Sad eyes pale lips once so red  
Oh the sweet Return of the Loving Dead