

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