

Project Deadman, Day Of The Dead

They say that when there's no more room in hell, the dead will walk the earth.
This is the Day of the Dead

Nuthin to fear but fear itself on the day of the dead
They say there's no rest for the wicked it's the day of the dead
They say that life is self inflicted on the day of the dead
The devil disguised himself as God it's the day of the dead

(Prozak)

They slowly change we walk the earth in search of happiness
Eternal bliss coincides with peace on earth and no conflicts
Think about this life that you call hell and all those things it means
Inside your mind is where you find them screams and broken dreams
Blast rights tell all these people how you livin
Call it Karma 10 fold some out to call it sinnin
Despite your belief 3 sixes are the mark of the beast
The dead increase Project Deadman walks among the deceased
Bodies crawlin from mud victims tainted with blood
Murder victims ressurected from shallow graves in the woods
You thoughts you had it all figured out
When you was young and though you'd never see the day that you faded out
But it's apon us like prophecies of Nostradamus
Truth hurts when it's on us death and disease is chronic
Day of the dead bloodshed don't be misled
Don't be afraid of the shadpw that's cast apon your death bed

Nuthin to fear but your religion on the day of the dead
Controls if you judge and then you burn it's the day of the dead
The evil apon you is what you're preachin on the day of the dead
The hatred towards others is what you're teachin it's the day of the dead

(Prozak)

Ravens circle above the sky turns green
45 seconds of life try to figure out what the f**k it means
A fixiation of your soul emerged in misery
Trying to find someone to blame for life's conspiracies
Judgement wicked is apon us Judgement it is ahead
Judgement it is the device that's built inside your head
Self destruction or self affliction fact or fiction
Emaculate conception or Chrtists crucifiction
Your eyes bleed on bent knees you pray
2 roads collide like suicide the crossroads you lay
Ashes to ashes and dust to dust
Rest in Peace mother f**ker confession will make your soul crush

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