

# 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 fixation 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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