

Voltaire, Reggae Mortis

I...find it very very scary
To be diggin' in a cemetery
In a cool Jamaican breeze
There's a zombie; I set him free

I let him loose from his grave
Kingston-town is no more safe
An experiment malign
With a reggae Frankenstein

Reggae Mortis!
I think I've got Reggae Mortis
Hell I hope it's not Reggae Mortis
I'm stiff in the knees
JAH! Damn this disease...
Reggae Mortis!
I think I've got Reggae Mortis
Hell I hope it's not Reggae Mortis
I'll get to the point:
It's messing up my joint(s).

Now, as I stand here on this cliff
With a zombie who is miffed
I gotta ask myself "What if
"I were to give that stiff a spliff?""

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Hell I hope it's not Reggae Mortis
I'm stiff in the knees
JAH! Damn this disease...
Reggae Mortis!
I think I've got Reggae Mortis
Hell I hope it's not Bella Morte
Won't leave me alone
It's smokin' up my bone(s), ha!