

# Chasing Victory, Zombies

I've sailed this ocean.  
My clothes are ripped and torn.  
We'll bring the dead to life, if you'll meet me at the shore.  
I see them marching, torches in hand.  
We've awoken the dead.  
My stomach is turning.  
You better believe it's turning  
Oh dear, Oh dear, could you send the news?  
Oh dear, Oh dear, I've come to rescue you.

I can taste it, I can taste it  
I can taste the salty ocean brew.  
I can brake it, I can brake it.  
I can brake the spell cast over you.  
We've awoken the dead, and they've got a taste for blood.  
They're no match for a sharpened sword and a loaded gun.

You never, you never looked so beautiful to me.  
I'm ready to show you the man I can be.  
You never, you never looked so beautiful to me.

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I've been jumping over alligators, trying to cross the deadly moat,  
with a pocket full of detonators,  
trying to blow the zombie's boat.  
I've been jumping over alligators, trying to cross the castle moat.  
The guillotine is licking his lips for the taste of blood on my throat.

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