

Grave Digger, Fear Of The Living Dead

Dark clouds upon the sky
Thousand souls are asking why
Tumbling around and screaming for vengeance
Endless dead life is their sentence
Crawling around sinful lust for flesh
With blood on their hands they start afresh
Heads exploding skulls fly high
Try to escape if you don't wanna die

Shoot shoot killing's for free
Die die how sweet they be
Blood spewing from their eyes
As you hear their evil cries
At night the living dead
Rise from their graves
They spit on your fate
Their only will is hate

At night the living dead
Spreading their fear
Don't turn around and feel their breath
Your end is near
Fear of the living dead

Twisted and tortured the last command
Lost and ruined in this wide bleak land
Vengeful corpses try to survive
Their last destination is the next genocide
Pale and nasty they emerge out of the twilight
We shoulder our weapons and start to fight
We shoot our bullets into their heads
We killed them all the ground is blood red

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