## Quincy Punx, Mutants (Shall Feast On Thine Care

I've got a bomb shelter in my backyard With a years supply of beer, some guns and a deck of cards Just me and the band a couple girls with big tits We're having a party on the eve of the apocalypse

The Punx'll survive the nuclear blast
Then the world will be ours at last
We'll ransack the local armory
And get all kids of high tech weaponry
Living in the rubble of World War III
Safe in a fortified brewery
With motion detectors and claymore mines
To back our No Tresspassing signs

We'll be tyrants and do as we please Enslave the pitiful refugees We'll be a new society The most decadent in history With sex-slave girls on golden chains And bloody arena combat games Exotic grisly executions Are weekend party institutions

[Chorus:]
Nuclear castastrophe
Armageddon World War III
The end of the world but not for me
It's my post punkrock nuke fantasy

On safari in the forbidden zone where flesh-eating zombies roam Our enemies staked out as bait Lure mutants to where we wait We let them have their ghoulish feast Then open up and spray the beasts So just remember if you cross us Mutants shall feast on thine carcass

## [Repeat Chorus]

Burning survivalists out of their shelters Omega man singing Helter Skelter Road warriors with beers in hand Amrageddons offical band