

The Filking Zombie Song

Words and Music: Gary McGath, Copyright 2011

Late in the evening we were at a party,
Beer was free flowing and the songs were hearty.
It was a great time, there's no cause for doubting,
Till at the door we heard a stranger shouting.

“Run for your lives!” he said. “I’ve news that’s shocking:
Down at the graveyard all the dead are walking!”
First we just laughed and told him, “Man, are you sick!”
Then from afar we heard the spooky music.

Outside the window we saw corpses coming.
Marching in rhythm like a fearful drumming.
Sang as they came a song that was revoltin’:
Somebody said it was by Jonathan Coulton.

We fled the house so we’d escape the slaughter.
Thought we’d be safe if we could swim through water.
But when we reached the shore, it made us shiver
Seeing the zombies drinking up the river.

Ran till we reached the halls of Arkham College,
Home of the experts on all arcane knowledge.
We made it inside, locked the door behind us,
Hoping that here the zombies couldn’t find us.

There was a prof still there, a Doctor Seanan,
Knocked at her door so we could give her warnin’.
When we explained, she said, “I know the danger.
This is a plague to which I am no stranger.

“When they were living, they were all nocturnal.
Now they are caught up by a curse eternal.
It’s the result of how they lived you’re seeing:
Now they’re a parody of living beings.

You’ve got good reason that you ought to fear them.
They spread their undead filks to all who hear them.
Now that you’ve heard them, you are all infected,
And you will join them when you’re resurrected.

“Down in their dead dog circle they desire us,
Spreading the dreaded Talis Kimberley virus.
There is no hope!” she said, her voice now ringing.
“One of these nights ... you’re going to rise up singing.”