



ZOMBIE APOCALYPSE

As dusk descends on All Hallows' Eve
Bats take flight towards skeletal, leafless trees.
Softly their wings beat a rhythm only they hear
As below them the Earth trembles and quakes in fear.

Do their echoes harken the dead on this moonlit night?
Will their brothers, nocturnal vampires, alight or take flight?
Are sinister witches casting spells to summon the dead?
Or taking to broomsticks hunting bats for their wings instead?

Wolves and coyotes howl under the starless night sky
As other ethereal creatures wail, screaming an eerie cry.
Beckoning unearthly beasts and fiends from their deathbed
Even ghouls, ghosts and goblins are shaking with dread!

The **ZOMBIE APOCALYPSE** is upon us at the witching hour
Black magic strikes a lightening bolt of ravenous power!
Only one way to escape a night filled with terror so grave
Dress up as a Zombie Slayer, of course, and misbehave!

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