

Thrash Attack

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There was a time when metal rose, a golden age for our land
Thrashers ruled all over the world
With chained fists and desires of fight

And when I was sixteen this band began
We wanted to play it loud
Four friends, beers and garage days
We knew there was no turning back

This is the attack straight to your ass
You better believe it, crank it up!
Go mad! climb over the stage!
Dive off! Survive and do it again!

More Beers more friends, never stop, another song in the bar
Heads are banging out of control. Great times insured!

HEY YOU! TIME FOR A MOSH PIT!

We don't care what they say we laughed at them in their face
We just enjoy what we play and nothing else

Tread our pride it that's what you want, that's more than music
, yes
So if you don't like how this shit sounds
Just listen: Fuck you man!