

But After The Gig

Discharge

Leather and sweat fills the atmosphere
I sense an enjoyment as I pogo too
The anarchist words being shouted out

Thats not real music
And I'm just shoutin' and screamin'
But thats the response to an anarchist meeting

But after the gig,
Its back to obeying their every say,
Back to be being those
Poor lambs led to the fuckin slaughter

You think that this is a turn of phrase
Realism is what we're preachin
Are you really so afraid?