

The crowd inside the stadium  
Is staring at the darkened stage  
Like believers in the inner sanctum  
Like vultures in an iron cage

Hyped-up glands are spreading pheromones  
The hint of underlaying aggression  
The collective minds of sixteen thousand  
Now prepared for a total psychic excess  
And the band begins to play

They are here to raise some hell  
To wake the dead  
They are here to raise some hell  
With the help of a collective mind  
Gone mad

The video-screen shows hypnotic scenes  
Like fragments of distorted dreams  
Reaching for the deepest spheres of mind  
Where only evil one can find

The music is a sequence of hidden information  
Plugged inside your cerebrum  
Critical mass in its final devastation  
They will evoke the demon with their pounding drums

And the guitar is raging on

While the band is playing on  
The brutal riot begins  
Now all that was sane is gone  
And darkness fills our hearts