

## Risk Is My Business...and Business Is Risky

### Dance Club Massacre

In a world divided by color. There is only one objective - World domination.

A new Monday night war is upon us, my friends. Six men will partake in unmerciful tyranny. A single roll to see who will draw the first blood. This is the new apocalypse.

Striving to link empires as the game ensues. Allies will be formed and broken. In due time there will be total eliminations.

In this case guitar hero is set up in limbo. I shall survive. Brazil has been touched and gotten by the North African bridge. Now...Alaska to Kamtchatka you asshole. Alaska to Kamchatka. I'm on a hot roll.

Put on the epic track. This could get ugly.

The champagne awaits the fall of your campaign.  
My friend, my enemy for a day.  
Defense is key, but without guts comes no glory.

In this case, it's Global Guts.  
Mike O'Malley will tell ya, I've got the know how, the power. Upon the top of the agrokrag, I've stood victorious.

The Ukraine is not weak. Ukraine is not feeble. Backed into a corner of death. Fighting off every front that surrounds me.

No guts no glory.

Fighting, rolling, split up the seeds, reform in cavalry. Fighting, rolling spread the disease. Power in numbers prevails over seas.

Fighting, rolling, split up the seeds, reform in cavalry. Fighting, rolling, spread the disease, spill your guts.