

# Thrash Is Back

Fueled by Fire

DENIM, LEATHER, Thrash is what we are!  
Bang your head against the stage  
At Baloffs command  
Thrashing, smashing...Posers on the floor!!  
We'll leave you on the floor,bruised and sore

THRASH IS BACK!  
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Violence, mayhem, the crowd begins to slam!  
Circle pitting maniacs, thrashing all around!  
Louder, Louder the crowd starts to scream!!  
Saying thrash is back with their fist in the air

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Run on the stage, jump in the crowd  
They catch you as you fall from the air  
The lights hit your face as you surf the crowd  
You see the band on the stage,  
Kicked in the head  
By a white high top  
The mark is left on your face  
Turned and tossed by the people below  
Until you fall in the hole

The crowd pulls you in to the circle pit  
Slamming and banging your head  
A thrasher falls, you help him up,  
Slamming the posers to death!  
Singing along while your knees hit your face,  
Not giving a damn who's in your way  
Your hearts beating fast as your pitting away  
THRASH WILL NEVER ....DIE!!!

80's is when thrash was made,  
Those were the glory days  
Thrash was asleep, but now it's awake  
We'll never die, we're here to stay  
The glory days are back!  
THRASHERS UNITE!! Scream with Me!!

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