

## Wardance

Killing Joke

The atmosphere's strange  
Out on the town  
Music for pleasure  
It's not music no more  
Music to dance to  
Music to move  
This is music to march to  
IT'S a war dance

A war dance

Look at the victim  
Scrawled on the wall  
You know the the reason

Outside the door  
You got something  
Nasty in your mind  
Trying to get out  
IT'S a war dance

A war dance

We walk round the pitch  
Honesty is sick  
Try to be honest  
Look what you get  
The food runs short  
And then the money talks  
One way out  
YOUR PREMONITION IS CORRECT

A war dance