

Wardance

Onslaught

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
Do a war dance

A war dance
A war dance
A war dance
A war dance

Look at graffiti
Scrawled on the wall
You know the reason
Outside the door
You got something
Nasty in your mind
Trying to get out
Do a war dance

A war dance
A war dance
A war dance
A war dance

You've opened the pit
Honesty is sick
You try to be honest
Look what you get
The food runs short
And then the money talks
Only one way out
Your premonition is correct

A war dance
A war dance