

The Way Of The Men Of The Stuff

The Eighties Matchbox B-Line Disaster

From me to you, right through and far
It looked the same as ma and pa
Put down your shield and love with me
Come on and feel affinity
I fall asleep and then I dream
A ship to sail, across the sea
In hope we see, our day of release
We see again, and you are we
Raise your flags, and cheer with me
ah aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaah
ah aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaah
I feel the world under my feet
I see the dead, I hear the beat
ah aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaah
ah aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaah
Don't hit your face on the back of my hand
f**k with my face if it makes you a man
There's a reason to believe in God
WAR!!!
Now is the time I say unto you
Take off your fear and know me and you
There is a God that you want to know
WAR!!!
It's cos I say, the human breed
We break the Earth, We come to feed
ah aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaah

ah aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaah
So raise your head and proudly say
I am the stuff, I am the Way
ah aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaah
ah aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaah
Now is the time to rise up and sing
Why change the world thats eating away
Scream tonight if you wanna talk
Lets Fight
We play the hardest, we play the best
I stand the guns, no hole in my chest
No retreat, no surrender
WAR!!!
WAR!!!
WAR!!!
Swap all your friends and exchange the pain
Smile at my face but you don't know my name
The only friends will kill you
WAR!!!
Roll out the carpet, open your arms
We got the weapons doing the harm
No time for love, no time for love
This is WAR!!!
I know the end I don't want to burn
When you see me then show me the ropes
Believe in me cos I believe in you
WAR!!!
WAR!!!