Murderball

Vicious Rumors

First we built the fire,
Then we watch it grow
Amber turns the night to red,
And the games about to roll.

You're going down, burial ground.

Now the time has come
We're all about to play
Murderball.

Believe in yourself, there's no belief in you
Decide for yourself what no-one else will do
To play the game, you follow one rule
At the end, live or die.

Now the clock is ticking,
Bring in the gasoline
Fire, gas and dynamite
On a scale never seen.

You're on the run, you're all done
Now the game is over, we're all about to die
Murderball, Murderball.

Master of desguise,
Master of the arts
Fearless in the face of death,
With aggression we will hunt.

You're going down, burial ground
You're on the run, you're all done
Murderball.

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