Ares

Bloc Party.

War, war, war, war, I want to declare a war
My fist breaks your porcelain nose
There are other things my hands can do
To create or to destroy, any Gods and goddesses
First person singular, set it, set it, set it off
War, war, war, war
Keep the past the future is ours
Man made natural disaster
Blocking out all of the sun
Superman and mitsi turbo
Speed, agility, super strength
Wipe the blood off those knuckles
Spark it, give me two's on that
War, war, war, war, I want to declare a war
True say blud, that when we ride
We don't stop for nobody
The Africans and the Bengalis
He knows all the rude boys
Reebok, Nike, Adidas, Puma
Rer, rer, rer, this shit is long
It's all getting
(It's all getting)

Quite highly charged
(Quite highly charged)
Get out of the way
(Get out of the way)
Or get fucked up
(Or get fucked up)
We dance to the sound of sirens
We dance to the sound of sirens
We dance to the sound of sirens
We dance to the sound
And to think that these hands
Could work wonders, with their touch
Listening to dead singers in your room
In 98
We dance to the sound of sirens
We dance to the sound of sirens

We dance to the sound of sirens
We dance to the sound, we dance to the sound
We dance to the sound, we dance to the sound
We dance to the sound

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