

# 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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