Death on the Dance Floor

Pro-Pain

listen to the sound of the undergroundyour ears start to deafen your head begins to poundthe crowd starts to move as the earth begins to quake
your spine starts to give as your back begins to breakdeath on the dance floor - they deaded for the sidethe doors in the place - wouldn't open wide500 black boots steppin' on your faceand blood everwhere from the panic in the placethere was death on the dance floor
when we came to townthere was death on the dance floorfrom the heavy connection of the pro-pain sounda crazy motherfucker went and pulled a knifeyou know he's gonna cut ya till you're scarred for life
bangin' and screamin' you were kickin' the doorbut nobody listened till you screamed for morethrobbin' like a heartbeat beats like a drumthe fists in the air - they were thrashin' about
the band kept playin' till their limbs went numbtill someone pulled the plug and the lights went out

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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