

Death on the Dance Floor

Pro-Pain

listen to the sound of the underground
your ears start to deafen
your head begins to pound
the crowd starts to move
as the earth begins to quake
your spine starts to give
as your back begins to break
death on the dance floor - they deaded for the side
the doors in the place - wouldn't open wide
500 black boots steppin' on your face
and blood everywhere from the panic in
the place
there was death on the dance floor
when we came to town
there was death on the dance floor
from the heavy connection of the pro-pain sound
a crazy motherfucker went and pulled a knife
you know he's gonna cut ya till you're scarred for life
bangin' and screamin' you were kickin' the door
but nobody listened till you screamed for more
throbbin' like a heartbeat
beats like a drum
the fists in the air - they were thrashin' about
the band kept playin' till their limbs went numb
till 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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