

# Breakdance on Broken Glass

## Plague Vendor

We breakdance on broken glass  
We haunt these cities with your face as the mask  
You'd like to know but you're too afraid to ask  
We've taken all your wives and gave your whole town a bath  
No reason for treason, we'll stalk you every season  
Your daughters love our style, and every slaughter ends with a smile  
Your sons look up to us, someday they'll ride with us  
Bottle of rum to match the dust  
Our wounds are numb and destruction's a must  
Split cities into three, and cut your peacock wings  
Delivered a spell of lions to feast upon your kings  
Oh, you'll know when we're coming because this is the song we'll sing  
Oh, you'll know when we're coming because this is the song we'll sing  
Split cities into three, and cut your peacock wings  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

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