

Still the Rhythm

Terrorvision

And we've all got sick with our cooler than thou
Holier than shit attitudes
Still the war goes on just drop the bomb
There's nothing left to lose
There's a bullet in this gun so you've got till
the count of one before they shoot
Let's get a disease there's nothing better to do
So we'll give it to you and then do as we please
We'll move to mars, buy big fast cars
Then spread with ease
'Cos this gun's pointing at you
So you've only got till two before they shoot
Still the rhythm goes
Still the rhythm goes
Still the rhythm goes
Let's start a war where lots of people get killed
We destroy the world there's nothing left no more
Rid the earth of a race right off its face just say we're bored
'Cos if that gun's pointing a me
Then you've only got till three before they shoot
Let's invent a drug, yeah!
That's addictive quick, makes you sick with an instant hook
We'll sell it to kids who'll flip their lids then total crook
You don't get to the count of four
They don't do that anymore before they shoot
Still the rhythm goes
Still the rhythm goes
Still the rhythm goes....on!!
It's a very, very good
It's a very, very good
It's a very, very good
It's a very, very poor

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