

Tribal Convictions

Voivod

Dance for masters, primitive
Full of colors, offensive
I've just arrived like a flash in the dark
My life has been, lit up like a spark
They turn around the grand fire
They sing a song to get higher
I've just got here to find underbrains
I'll watch their voodoo that starts the rain
Are there any forces?
Are there two faces?
Are there some chances?
We've never seen that before
It's what we've been waiting for
It just arrived to save our lives
The Flying Lord, the God of all time
Have no idea what it thinks
But have no fear, we trust it
It is the leader of our sacred wars
Came from the sky, it rules so far
Are there any forces?
Are there two faces?
Are there some chances?
They're searching for something
Something to believe in
Their convictions, blood effusion, is it a crime
Their convictions, self-destruction at the right time
Their convictions, exploitation under the sigh
It's gonna be more, it's gonna be war
It's gonna be, who's the God? Who's the dog?
It's gonna be more, it's gonna be war
It's gonna be, who's the God? Who's the dog?
Who's God, who's dog?
Who's God, who's dog?
Who's God, who's dog?

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