

# Wardance

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The atmosphere's strange  
Out on the town.  
Music for pleasure  
It's not music no more.  
Music to dance to  
Music to move.  
This is music to march to  
To war dance!

The war dance  
A war dance

Look at graffiti  
Scrawled on the wall.  
You know the reason  
Outside the door.  
You have something  
Nasty in your mind,  
Crawling to get out  
To war dance!

The war dance  
A war dance

We walk 'round the pitch.  
Honesty is sick.  
Try to be honest  
Look what you get.  
The food runs short,  
And then the money talks.  
One way out-  
Your premonition is correct!

The war dance  
A war dance

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