Wardance

Battleheart

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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