

# But After the Gig

## Discharge

Leather and sweat fills the atmosphere  
Stretchin and drippin just to pogo too  
The anarchy show they shout it out  
There s no real music And I'm just shoutin and screamin'  
But that s a response to an anarchist meeting  
But after the gig is my true bender  
Every shake back to me goes  
Poor lambs this is a fuckin slaughter  
You think that this is a turn of phrase  
Realism is what we're preachin  
Are you really so afraid?

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>