

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?

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