

Vandals, The "Lord of the Dance"

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A needy world greets the new messiah.
Taking applications for disciples.
To touch the hem of his leather trousers,
unleashes the fury of his healing powers.
His feet we're blistered for you sins,
and painful melvins in the high school gym.
From those who doubted "He" was "Him".
The savior of our souls- Lord Michael.

[Chorus:]

I'm exploding in my pants, from the spirit of the Lord of
Dance.
The whirling dervish Son of Man, repent while you still
can.
His wonders work in mysterious ways.
Arms are still above his furious legs.
A simple shuffle and a full plie, he's making Zima out
of Perrier.
He's got one commandment for his scribes to tell-
"Ignite your passion" or burn in hell.
Hallelujah we are in his debt, baptized from his holy
sweat.

[Chorus:]

I'm exploding in my pants, from the spirit of the Lord of
Dance.
The whirling dervish Son of Man, repent while you still
can.
The Lord of Lords declares a holy war on the on the
onlookers and the wallflowers.

[Chorus:]

I'm exploding in my pants, from the spirit of the Lord of
Dance.
The whirling dervish Son of Man, repent while you still
can.

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