

Chaotica "Attack Formation"

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Feel the heat, Love the show, Energy of audio. Slam
Your fist, Bang your head, Feel the bass until you're
Dead. Rush the stage, Shout out loud, Mosh and push
And ride the crowd. Ears go "RING" Heart goes
"POUND"

Stomp your feet Into the ground. Lights explode,
Speakers crash, Dance to my industro-thrash. Had
Enough? No not yet! I pound on my guitar fret. Jump up
High, Fall down hard, After we're done you'll be
Scared. Grab the bar, Hold on tight, Don't give up
Without a fight! Blood and sweat on my brow, Shut up!
You're in my world now. Formation to attack, I look
Like Jesus Christ on crack. So much heat, So much
Pain, Million watts aimed at your brain. Pump it up,
Louder still, Power of decibels kill. Cannot breathe,
No more room, Feel the bass sub-woofer boom. Sweat
Will spray, Blood will fly, Survive this or you will
Die!

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