

Forward, Russia!

"Welcome To The Moment (The Rest Of Your Life)"

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This is a problem
There is no solution
For all the retiring types
Their voices all whispering death
There's no solution for them

And this is a process
The process that we follow
Annihilates all of the doubt
With peace and with force and with fear
As night draws near

We hold grudges
We are saved
We light candles
In the dark

And something tonight starts a fire in me
As the alcohol burns
And the air is sugar-free
Tonight God is angry
We can roll with the punches

I hope that you'll hurry
With the blood of the child
With the pierced body
Of the son of the rich
Tonight God is angry
We can roll with the punches

Tonight God is angry
We can't help ourselves
When we hold grudges
We are saved
We strike matches
In the dark

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