

Pretty Maids "Violent Tribe"

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Join the crowd of leaches
Outcast of the world
Gathered are the species
All the misfits of the earth
The subhuman nation
Terrifying scene
Second hand civilisation
Violent in extreme
All are we covered by blackened clouds
See how we rot from the inside and out
Hold on to yourself
Stick to your guns
law of the jungle
The truth here is worse than the lie
All numb
Hearts made of steel
Fear for your life
Cause the violent tribe is for real
Culture of destruction
Dead society
Never turn your back
cause you don't know your enemy
Chaos and disorder
Like a third world war

Blood flows like water
In this stinking sour
Out here where life is worth nothing to some
Down in the gutter your second to none
Never close your eyes
Don't close your eyes
CHORUS
Among this scum
in this miserable slum you're alone
you cannot run you cannot escape
there's no getaway
there ain't no sanctuary there's no relief
no way out of here
Children of aggression
Twenty first century trash
A terror vision
In your face

In your face
Kill for no reason
And show no remorse
Brothers in treason
Reject from the laws
Hold your spirit high
CHORUS

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