

Pro-pain

"Death on the Dance Floor"

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listen to the sound of the underground

your ears start to deafen your head begins to pound

the crowd starts to move as the earth begins to quake
your spine starts to give as your back begins to break

death on the dance floor - they deaded for the side
the doors in the place - wouldn't open wide

500 black boots steppin' on your face

and blood everywhere from the panic in the place
there was death on the dance floor
when we came to town

there was death on the dance floor
from the heavy connection of the pro-pain sound
a crazy motherfucker went and pulled a knife

you know he's gonna cut ya till you're scarred for life
bangin' and screamin' you were kickin' the door
but nobody listened till you screamed for more

throbbin' like a heartbeat beats like a drum

the fists in the air - they were thrashin' about
the band kept playin' till their limbs went numb
till someone pulled the plug and the lights went out

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