

## Distillers, The "Warriors"

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Your sun is setting and the day is late  
As we walk over this wasteland of hate  
There's people getting angry in these darkest hours  
There's blood on the streets and the streets are ours

Warriors, never forget the Warriors

Our mates are diamond and we shine like steel  
You can't beat us down the wounds will never heal  
You can't take us for a ride  
You can't rob a warrior of his pride

It's your hate on which we feed  
We are the new class we are the new breed  
Send our regards to a nation on fire  
And with love a bouquet of barbed wire  
From the Warriors

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