

Tenacious D "Primitive Dance"

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When the sun will sink in a sea
And the singing of birds will die away.
When the beast wails in darkness
And hears a sinister scream.
I will see familiar faces, silhouettes of the bravest
tribes,
Warriors back from the march, bringing their victims to
Gods.
We will make lonely fires we will seat and keep the
silence,
Respecting the memory of those,
Who we'll meet in the other world.
When the first stars flashed up
And the leader of tribes becomes another.
He will dance an ancient rite, a primitive dance of fate.

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