

## **Mandators**

### **"Posers"**

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Yes you think you can bang  
You bang your head until pain  
Who never beyond  
They are the bangers in vain

[CHORUS]

We don't want you at your side, posers  
You are wrong, claiming to be right, POSERS

Those who dive without trust  
In compact crowds only they fall  
Who never hit the ground  
They are no divers at all

Now you think you can slam  
And you can do the dance  
We declare you hare  
If you don't slam the fence

[Repeat CHORUS]

EXPULSION  
Beat it out at their ass  
The motherfucking shit  
Don't you ask us why  
The fact is they don't fit

[Repeat CHORUS]

[SOLO]

Big headed dicks without guts  
You are the ones we detest  
No banging, no diving, no slamming, no mosh  
Pretending to know about thrash

[Repeat CHORUS]

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