

Killing Joke, Wardance

The atmosphere's strange
Out on the town
Music for pleasure
It's not music no more
Music to dance to
Music to move
This is music to march to
IT'S a war dance

A war dance

Look at the victim
Scrawled on the wall
You know the the reason

Outside the door
You got something
Nasty in your mind
Trying to get out
IT'S a war dance

A war dance

We walk round the pitch
Honesty is sick
Try to be honest
Look what you get
The food runs short
And then the money talks
One way out
YOUR PREMONITION IS CORRECT

A war dance