

Urban Dance Squad, Damn The Quota

Storm's ahead
We need all manpower
We got
Forces of nature against us
That's a lot
How could I forget ! damn the quota !

Contemplate all myriad possibilities
Astral burdens selfquestioning
'Till infinity

Lose one's leg
Amputation's been bad
For amputated souls
No prosthesis for that

If you make it
Contingent on time

Feel the need for infringement on these minds
Look in the abyss
Abyss looks at you
Have to be a friend of the unknown
What would you do ?

Kung-fu grip materialistic noose
Hold on, what's yours
Convulsively
Win then lose

Gonna take a coin and toss
Balance seems to be a big boss
Negligence's ahead
Grab a coat
Go and rock the boat