

Acid Drinkers, Moshin' In The Night

Litza's teeth tear the cork from the wine
His hunger is so visible now
The sight of this guy makes me insane
Let him go faster - I will stop shaking
The iron dogs of the city arrive together
They are excited and ready to mosh
Glass-eyed corpses will fall down tonight
They will be out and the new will come
Yeah, scream of axes, such a noisy party
Don't preach to me here, about my situation
Yeah lanky guys are droppin' dead now
There'll be a ton of puke - just one of the attractions
Reinforcements are comin' - I'm defendin' myself
I won't drop so fast, surrender to no one
I'm losing my fingers in her appetising shame
No, not this week, I'm not comin' home!
An iron dog of the city, a never sober thrasher
He's haulin', oh, a big sack of joy
The crew's defendin' him, rollin' orbits
This night, just like the last,
some of the guests will drop down
The orange sun pulls me out of it, oh well
There's no talkin' about any overdose
A "Red Barchetta" is flyin' through my ears
I'm waitin' patiently for a new sack of joy, joy!
Chorus: It is hittin' us - Adrenalines kick
And we are not guilty in this situation
Litza's greedy jaw is lookin' for the foe
Our bangin' heads are harder than a rock.