

# 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.