

# Crashdog, Vent

We run around in circles  
Like chickens without a head,  
Social inhibition  
Is something quickly shed,  
Everyone's the same  
When you're slamming in the pit,  
Never need to worry  
How you're going to fit.  
You're the one that suffers  
When you stand and stare,  
Out there I am no one  
And in here no one cares.  
My ears are humming  
'Cause the music's loud,  
As I take a leap  
Over the crowd,  
The floor is swelling  
With a sweaty throng,  
This is where I belong.  
As the world worsens  
In its misery,  
I need to find release  
Of this pent-up energy.  
What a better way  
Than in a crowded hall?  
It's hockey without a puck,  
It's rugby without a ball,  
It's time to rub some elbows  
It's time to fellowship.  
It's time to fuel the flame of life  
That Jesus Christ has lit.  
What's in is out,  
Non-conformity  
Has been established.  
It's punk this,  
It's punk that,  
I don't need you to tell  
Me what is punk,  
I'm doing my own thing.  
Packed-in sardines  
In a body swamp,  
Some will want to skank,  
Some will want to stomp.  
The pogo's still in style  
With those in the old school,  
Down with hate and violence  
Is the only rule,  
You say that punk is dead,  
You say that it is gone,  
Maybe you gave up  
Maybe you're just wrong.