

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.