

DAATH, Dead On The Dance Floor

feeling cold
feeling dead inside
if I was a hypocrite
I'd find
if I was to follow this straight line
I'd fall down with hypocrites
I'd die
grounded to
grounded to my pride
grounded to
grounded to my pride
grounded to
grounded to my pride
grounded to
grounded to my pride...
pride...
pride...
pride...
pride...
pride...

hatred
spreads over me
plants seeds in my brain
molests visions and laughs
inside me berserk
my thoughts find no rest
(I'll never)
press on
and my hell rages
(on forever)
joined together
(master and servant)
joined together
(master and servant)
joined together
(master and servant)
for lack of logic renders
(the sides the same)

dead on the dance floor
spastic gyration
dead on the dance floor
no one will miss you
dead on the dance floor
rhythmic robotic pace
dead on the dance floor
you shake your ass but you're already dead
(no one cares)
you shake your ass but you're already dead
(no one cares)
you shake your ass but you're already dead
(no one cares)
you shake your ass but you're already dead
(no one cares)
you shake your
ass...

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pride...