

Mandator, Posers

Yes you think you can bang
You bang your head until pain
Who never beyond
They are the bangers in vain

[CHORUS]

We don't want you at your side, posers
You are wrong, claiming to be right, POSERS
Those who dive without trust
in compact crowds only they fall
Who never hit the ground
They are no divers at all
Now you think you can slam
and you can do the dance
We declare you hare
if you don't slam the fence

[repeat CHORUS]

EXPULSION

Beat it out at their ass
The motherfucking shit
don't you ask us why
The fact is they don't fit

[repeat CHORUS]

[SOLO]

Big headed dicks without guts
You are the ones we detest
no banging, no diving, no slamming, no mosh
pretending to know about thrash

[repeat CHORUS]