

Mud Flow, Tribal Dance

Tribal dance grows in my skin
Something wrong goes in between
The trouble calm, deep in my skin
Something wrong 'cause we are free

Refrain:

1.2.3. it's a definition of style
You don't know where to go
But you know my mind is clear
This time, I'm gonna try
My mind

1.2.3. it's a definition of style
You don't know where to go
But you know my mind is clear
This time, my mind

Tribal dance grows in silence
See I don't know how shit came in
But something strange came in my skin
I cut myself and started to bleed

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