

Terror 2000, Headrush

Increasing heat, smoke in the air
Lights on the stage, hair everywhere
Sweat is pouring on your back
The pressure is building up
The time you've longed for is about to start!
Terror is about to end
Your body is drained from all that you have
But nevertheless you're content
The thing you hate has ended
Metal blasting through your head
You love it when your dead!

Headrush! <i>(x2)
Bang your head against the stage
Headrush <i>(x2)
Hipping out as the volume gets higher!
Headrush...

Anxiety comes crawling when moist of flesh is closing in
Nothing goes up to this feeling
Bodies everywhere for one cause
To have fun and mosh around
Terror's here to please you all!
The time has come to raise your fists
Come race with us and slash your wrists
Put on your boots and dye your hair
Go get some booze cause we dont care

Headrush! <i>(x2)
Bang your head against the stage
Headrush <i>(x2)
Hipping out as the volume gets higher!
Headrush...

Hell! <i>(x3)
Don't break the spell
Yeah!!!!

The time has come to raise your fists
Come race with us and slash your wrists
Put on your boots and dye your hair
Go get some booze cause we dont care

The time has come to raise your fists
Come race with us