

The Distillers, Warriors

Your sun is setting and the day is late
As we walk over this wasteland of hate
There's people getting angry in these darkest hours
There's blood on the streets and the streets are ours

Warriors, never forget the Warriors

Our mates are diamond and we shine like steel
You can't beat us down the wounds will never heal
You can't take us for a ride
You can't rob a warrior of his pride

It's your hate on which we feed
We are the new class we are the new breed
Send our regards to a nation on fire
And with love a bouquet of barbed wire
From the Warriors

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