

Voivod, Tribal Convictions

Dance for masters...primitive
Full of colors...offensive
I've just arrived
Like a flash in the dark
My life has been
Lit up like a spark
They turn around the big fire
They sing a song to get higher
I've just got here
To find underbrains
I'll watch their voodoo
That starts the rain
Are there any forces
Are there two faces
Are there some chances
We've never seen...that before
It's what we've been...waiting for
It just arrived
To save our lives
The flying lord
The god of all time
Have no idea....what it thinks
But have no fear...we trust it
It is the leader
Of our sacred wars
Came from the sky
It rules so far
Are there any forces
Are there two faces
Are there some chances
They're searching for something
Something to believe in...
Their convictions
Blood effusion
Is it a crime
Their convictions
Self-destruction
At the right time
Their convictions
Exploitation
Under the sigh
It's gonna be more
It's gonna be war
It's gonna be...
Who's the god
Who's the dog
Who's the dog
Who's god...Who's dog
Who's god...Who's dog
Who's god...Who's dog
Who's god...Who's dog