

Wartime

Bison B.C.

So let us stand up, and take a vow
Rip your heart out and pass it round
This city, was built by pigs
And those pigs love their king
Rise, rise and fall
The king, fears our call
The streets, raging red
A voice, to raise the dead
Our life has not began
And death, it brings no end
Time is running close to the end
Out of morals to defend
So draw your sword, and make it sing
'Cause those pigs love their king
War... time... war.