

## 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.