

D.C. Sound Attack!

Clutch

The optics of it are not important.
The public don't give a damn.
I see you're in need of consultation now.
Everybody needs a sinister hand.

Naturally no sympathizer.
I'm a war monger, baby.
Gonna industrialize ya.
Trouble I love.
Peace I do despise.
I'm a war monger, baby.
I got blood in my eyes and I'm looking at you!

No, no, no, I've never worn no uniform.
Except for the ballroom blitz.
There's no need for conversation here.
I prefer the dimmest intelligence.

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Peace I do despise.
You're a war monger, baby.
And you know you can't deny.

Hell hounds on your trail.
What a pity.
But that's the price you pay
Shaking hands in Necro-city.

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D.C. Sound Attack!
Let the rhythm hit 'em!
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Drop the bomb! Look out!

I'm not one for sporting laurels.
I find honor rather trite.
Never let a sense of morals
Prevent me from doing what is right.

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