

Mental Mania

Conflict

Now they're being led astray again, forgetting the battle we are facing

It's showtime, but you're supporting the foundations we are kicking

"Watch me I can play at 90,000 notes an hour

Know me for my power chords, not supporting of state power

I can play so fucking fast, if you don't move I'll kick your arse

We're so fuckin' tight we squeak, in fact my band are quite unique"

"That heavy metal driving sound, that's a real challenge

Three quid to stare at some thick arse, don't complain you're broke

Tough shit, you're not fooling us, the joke's on you

Follow and they'll lead you, right up the garden path"

"You can't handle I'm the best, the tunes, the power, fuck the rest!

The hordes they flock in cool as ice, don't question me, I'm always right

Call that a fucking solo, I'll do better with ten pints in me

Listen to my voice, I'm really fucking angry"

"Seen my bird, my Satan tattoos

I'm here to get fucked right out my nut

I'm jacking up, then falling down, but the lights, the dry ice, the stage act"

Have you ever thought of directing energy towards action?

"Action, I'd sooner fuck my motorbike"

You pile of sexist, drugged up macho shit; you're a hindrance not a help

So go on bang your head harder, we hope it drops right off

Understand this, you might not agree with what they say, do, or stand for

You may just like the music and if that's all that concerns you fair enough

But don't ride along on the back of change, to play to all us caring, staring people

Forget it, we won't be fooled again

If a tune becomes so fucking important, if all that's talked about is notes,

chords and bands, when a records becomes

rebellion - an alternative to action

An excuse for doing nothing you helps them... to oppress us