

Who Are You And What Have You Done With Six

Dance Club Massacre

In the wonder years I was in my own domain.
Thrashing to Phil, and Mustaine.
Then I picked up a CD with a pair of breasts wrapped in barbed wire.
This day will go down in infamy.
There was no dress code.
No clique to separate the men, women, and children.
My own kind of club.
Good times and great memories like the classic cabana.
The wine was fine and the trumpets ranged.
And upon rekindling this deathly siege things weren't exactly the same.
Now I travel apart of the team.
The teams been sold to the Devil himself.
You'd think he would know what to do, the anthems devoted to his dynasty are portrayed yet sabotaged.
Who's got the time for team spirit nowadays?
I don't feel quite at home.
I'm brand new.
This isn't where I thought I was going.
This place is not the same as I left it.
The old me would kick the new me's ass if he wasn't shorter.
What's with the new style?
Where were the chicks when I was dope?
But I guess it's OK.
Like Ben said, 200 solemn faces are you.
And underground I feel cool in my youth, which by the way has passed, but I'm still cool.
Check me out, I'm rocking the house.
I'd hope Dimmu would be proud.
And underground I feel cool in my youth, which by the way has passed, but I'm still cool.