

## But After The Gig

Discharge

Leather and sweat fills the atmosphere  
I sense an enjoyment as I pogo too  
The anarchist words being shouted out

Thats not real music  
And I'm just shoutin' and screamin'  
But thats the response to an anarchist meeting

But after the gig,  
Its back to obeying their every say,  
Back to be being those  
Poor lambs led to the fuckin slaughter

You think that this is a turn of phrase  
Realism is what we're preachin  
Are you really so afraid?