

## (Welcome To) The Social Event Of The Century

Dr. Acula

We forged the battlefield contempt and confusion  
Attack the lead streamlined straight for the bar  
The crowd goes numb as the lights hit the curtain  
Just one more bump blast off hit the mic and were gone  
We dance on edge of the nuclear fall out  
Prey on the night with it's endless intent  
We're so far up get up wake the fuck up  
The party will not stop till were fucking dead  
The last time we rolled through  
We conquered we rose the dead  
And upturned these cities lights  
We stay high blunts bitches and booze  
You don't hate us you just want our life  
Smoke weed all day