

The power rips through the night  
Energy you just can't fight  
No escape from the fire  
Tension mounts and takes you higher  
Thousand there at the hour  
Band plays on and grasps the power  
Clench your fist and start to shake  
How much onslaught can you take?

You're a GATECRASHER, sweat beads on your head  
GATECRASHER, blood is what you shed  
GATECRASHER, lash society  
GATECRASHER, it's what you want to be

The speed builds intensity  
The metal has complexity  
The feel of leather, clang of chain  
Ears are bleeding from the pain  
The grind shatters time and space  
A glow around a broken face  
Enslaves your mind and very soul  
Seems so bold and yet so cold

The lights they set the stage ablaze  
You're left there in a metal daze  
From the sound, shrapnel flies  
The music never seems to die

GATECRASHER!