

There's a cloud in the distance  
Rising from the dunes  
Ten thousand riders  
Blaze a trail of ruins  
No doubt about it  
They're headed this way  
Who will protect us on a judgement day?  
Some are unready, some are unwilling  
Hiding amongst the women and children  
Rousing the rabble from under the bed  
I'm calling you by name to bite the bullet

Manup

We didn't want no trouble  
But trouble's what we have  
You call it paranoia  
And have yourself a laugh  
And avoid the confrontation  
Until some other year  
Somebody call the boys cause there's no men in here  
Some are unready, some are unwilling  
Some are still able but ain't got the feeling  
Talking real loud at the back of the crowd  
I'm calling you by name to bite the bullet

Manup

Listen to me my friend  
What you will not defend  
Somebody else will end up takin'  
And when the famine comes  
You think they'll just give you some  
But if you believe that  
You're mistaken