

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