

Terrorvision, Still The Rhythm

And we've all got sick with our cooler than thou,
Holier than shit attitudes,
Still the war goes on just drop the bomb,
There's nothing left to lose.
There's a bullet in this gun so you've got till,
the count of one before they shoot.

Let's get a disease there's nothing better to do,
So we'll give it to you and then do as we please,
We'll move to mars, buy big fast cars,
Then spread with ease.
'Cos this gun's pointing at you,
So you've only got till two before they shoot.

Still the rhythm goes (x3)

Let's start a war where lots of people get killed,
We destroy the world there's nothing left no more,
Rid the earth of a race right off its face just say we're bored.
'Cos if that gun's pointing a me,
Then you've only got till three before they shoot.

Let's invent a drug, yeah!,
That's addictive quick, makes you sick with an instant hug,
We'll sell it to kids who'll flip their lids then total crook.
You don't get to the count of four,
They don't do that anymore before they shoot.

Still the rhythm goes (x2)
Still the rhythm goes....on!!

It's a very, very good,
It's a very, very good,
It's a very, very good,
It's a very, very poor.