

# Tribal Convictions

Voivod

Dance for masters...primitive  
Full of colors...offensive  
I've just arrived  
Like a flash in the dark  
My life has been  
Lit up like a spark  
They turn around the big fire  
They sing a song to get higher  
I've just got here  
To find underbrains  
I'll watch their voodoo  
That starts the rain

Are there any forces  
Are there two faces  
Are there some chances

We've never seen...that before  
It's what we've been...waiting for  
It just arrived  
To save our lives  
The flying lord  
The god of all time  
Have no idea....what it thinks  
But have no fear...we trust it  
It is the leader  
Of our sacred wars  
Came from the sky  
It rules so far

Are there any forces  
Are there two faces  
Are there some chances

They're searching for something  
Something to believe in...  
Their convictions  
Blood effusion  
Is it a crime  
Their convictions  
Self-destruction  
At the right time  
Their convictions  
Exploitation  
Under the sigh  
It's gonna be more  
It's gonna be war  
It's gonna be...  
Who's the god  
Who's the dog

It's gonna be more  
It's gonna be war  
It's gonna be...  
Who's the god  
Who's the dog

Who's god...Who's dog  
Who's god...Who's dog  
Who's god...Who's dog  
Who's god...Who's dog