

# Cruachan, Bloody Sunday

[Music & Words: KF]

Remember well the 30th of January,  
The feeling of dread that was in the air.  
The people marched for their right to equality,  
They only wanted to be treated fair.  
Shots were fired by a mindless military,  
The people ran they were unarmed  
Across the world we will read of Derry  
And those who died by oppressive hands.

13 people lost their lives that Sunday,  
Women, children and innocent men.  
Many wounded lay crying in agony,  
The knights of Malta attended them.  
And so began the government cover up.  
And so began the lies and deceit.  
Soldiers statement would be changed and torn up,  
No reports would come from men on the street.

As the years went by the people began to talk,  
The hidden crimes were now being told.  
Innocent protestors - shot in back,  
Left to die in the winter cold.  
The bullets used had all been tampered,  
Maximum injury would come from them.  
This tyranny will not go un-noticed,  
Our day will come again.