

Finley Quaye, British Air Rage

Tell me your psalms and I'll tell you mine
Manic preachers
Slippery road to Wales
Boat with no sail
Sending people off the rails
An angel's on your tail
And it's too dark
Brutality
Impartiality is now a reality
Oppression suppression is their occupation
Tolerance they boast they have got
We are aware they have not
Without us it would be total destruction
Green says you will be fed
Gold is holding an eternal internal glow
Red is gonna run like river Jordan
Listen now
These words check now
The eyes of man can see
The mind for eye must be
Red rolled and seen
To really know what it mean
Tears behind my eyes
Feeling bitter
Weeping as he wails
Emotional
Trying to stay on the rails
An angel on harp
Who's too sharp
Babylon
Has no productions
Only slavery and confusion
Rasta going to cramp them and paralyse them
Devils for the situation