

Oi Polloi, Take Back The Land

Tore the people from the land
Torched their houses with bloodied hands
Thousands starved or died at sea
A sickening toll of human misery
Broke the old clan system where land was there for all
And once the people had their backs against the wall
The connivance of the church cleared them off the land
"Remember it's God's will so don't try to make a stand"
They made a desert wher trees once stood
Squeezing from the land every penny that they could
Ethnic cleaning of the glens for farming sheep
'Cos that way there's more profit for the rich scum to reap (rape)

"Beautiful bleak moorland?"- I don't think so
This is a place where great forests used to grow
Laid waste by a rich man's greed
Reclaim the land and plant the seed
Yet still every year, seeking their roots
They come from overseas to kiss the boots
Of the clan chief and lick the hand
Of the very people who threw their families off the land
This is nothing more than a sick farce
paying homage to the ruling class
Who, without hesitation, do it all again
Those who forget history to repeat it are condemned

"Gee, Scotland-It's so quaint
All this scenery makes me feel quite
faint

Clan chief looks so good in his kilt
We never think of the blood his family spilt"

"I'm the clan chief o.k. yah
I support Scotland when they play ruggar
But an independent country? there I'd draw the line
I own this land it's mine all mine

F**K YOU, You arrogant prick
You inbred rich bastard, YOU MAKE ME F**KING SICK
You own f**k all-except in your head
One day the land will be ours-and you'll be dead

I won't beg permission to walk the land they claim to "own"
And I won't pay no f**ker to gain access to THE STONES
The rich have stolen and buy and sell our earth
But it belongs to NO ONE-or to all by right of birth

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TAKE IT