

Skyclad, Brothers Beneath The Skin

Preached the Archbishop, from his High Catholic pulpit
after the wine was thrilling, the cattifax went raw
Inbred home of beauty, often those who do their duty
respect the king, respect the clock, in [...] law

The communist made an answer to this back-room in p[...]by
Marx and Lenin open by the woodwritings on the floor
You've been preaching 'kingdom come' but your factory's a slum
Is brewing such a trouble as we've never seen before!

We're Brothers! Brothers Beneath The Skin!

They cried the town mechanic with a good booth mechanically
"Oh, I am Heiland! Damn Thee! I'm the master of my soul!"

My granddad was a peasant, and it wasn't very pleasant
without cinemas and birth-control and unions and the dole

Straight out the bastard, eternal need for [...]
A purple man take in your [...] been a half
Did you ever stopped to think as you drowned the sonic drink
The the bombs who bruise the beach will have the last among the last

We're Brothers! Brothers Beneath The Skin!

Look what we have given them, calling guns a discipline
syphilis and alcohol and motorways for crips
Give and try the underwaves of emancipated slaves
they were doing very nicely till the white gods came in ships.

Look! Dead Man! At this empire of suffering
[Manco dracona] of an idious color strand
They can hear it, try not healing, the thoughts fall in concealing
the last whito is snuffed out in a toxic no-man's land

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