

Skyclad, Civil War Dance

While sons and daughters of the empire
Stained the map red, white and blue
Back at home the storm clouds thundered
Dole queues lengthened - unrest grew
'til the tides of fresh opinion
Washed away the world they knew.

Exchange inhuman wrongs for human rights
This underdog not only barks - it bites!

Take your partners for our civil war dance
Open season on the under worked and overpaid.
Erase the Constitution - a bloody revolution
Is the simplest solution to the problems that they have made.

Children of the urban third world
Breast fed lies and cathode rays
Speak their minds down party chat lines
(they don't have that much to say)
Told nothing of the world we live in
Or that it will be theirs someday.

This system cultivates our lust and greed
With anti-social insecurity.

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The preacher tells us all that heaven waits
So pay your "soul tax" when you reach the gates.

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Livestock bred to feed the cannon
Hands grown hard with honest toil
Fuel the fires of mass rebellion
Hatred's cauldron starts to boil
They fight for something they believe in
Not another nation's oil.

Britannia cowers in her public school
Once too often now she's waived the rules.

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