

# 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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