

Skyclad, Land Of The Rising Slum

Show me a politician who's a man we can trust
And if I ever meet him then I think I'll have him stuffed
Look out of the window - see not one happy face
The only splash of colour's the graffiti 'round the place.

It's hard to even crawl
With your back up against the wall.
I find it hard to sleep at night
I feel that the worst is yet to come
Social helter-skelter
Ride the downward spiral has begun.
Are some people just born bad
Or is it how we all become?
Human termites driven mad
In the concrete mound of the rising slum.

The people who are dark fear the people who are fair
And hippies live in terror of the guys who have no hair
The saddest thing of all - what I really find grim
Is we haven't yet noticed what a mess we're all in.

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Now your back's up against the wall.
I find it hard to sleep at night
I feel that the worst is yet to come
Social helter-skelter
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The "whether man" says that the outlook's not great
A few outbreaks of murder with some isolated rape
I ask my doctor his advice, this is what he says,
"Get yourself some cancer boy, before you die of aids."

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