

Skyclad, Salt On The Earth (Another Man's Poison)

Out of the East a prince shall rise
To summon fire from the skies.

I'm lord of this wasteland - where my word is law
My bedfellows pestilence, famine and war
Turn children to orphans - make wives into widows
Then laugh at your plight behind bullet-proof windows
With swords made of "Black Gold" the world is my whore
I've all you could wish for yet still I want more.

Out of the East the prince shall rise.

They are the victims (the ones who survived)
To bury their families along with their pride
Forgotten, forsaken, defenceless and lost
They count their blessings whilst counting the cost.
All they can do is pray that his greed shall destroy him
But meanwhile they choke on another man's poison.

Should we turn our cheeks so the mad and the twisted
May strike us again 'cus we never resisted?
They'll slaughter our allies - invade all our neighbours
Then when they come here there'll be none left to save us...

Then we'll be the victims - the ones who must fight
Bury our families and our human rights
To the hands of a madman all liberty lost
He'll reap the rewards while The Earth pays the cost
Spill oil on troubled waters - believe yourself divine
By calling it an "act of war" you cover up the crime.