

# Tonic, Celtic Aggression

Somebody cried the death of culture  
Somebody spit in a little boy's face  
Somebody said you robbed my homeland  
Somebody got the wrong impression  
So we came across the water  
From the shores of the isle of green  
Speaking separate tongues  
In the death of culture  
Somebody said you stole my language  
Some people will say anything  
Somebody said you robbed my heritage  
Some people will believe anything  
Somebody said you always spoke English  
Somebody got the wrong impression  
So we came across the water  
From the shores of the isle of green  
Speaking separate tongues  
In the death of culture  
It was the death of culture  
It was the death of culture  
Bhi machree  
Ohin trasna na farrage  
Bhi machree  
Ohin trasna na farrage  
So we came across the water  
From the shores of the isle of green  
So we came across the water  
Speaking separate tongues  
In the death of culture

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