

Crashdog, Bloody Lane

Rockets hit the station, fire set ablaze,
death and mutilation in the haze.
Where mercy takes a holiday, hatred wears a crown.
The undertaker's king in Ulster Town.

Green the fields of envy, red the bloody lane.
Still they bury and they bury in my name.

Bells ring out in Belfast.
How many more will die?
The wounded stain the cradle to the grave.
How spite, fear, and bigotry can change the face of shame.
Do the losses really balance out the gain

Grey and broken cobblestone, yellow is the moon.
Bitterest of tears are shed of those who die too soon.
And answers aren't so simple when the truth is plain to see,
you'd do to them what you would do to me.