

English Dogs, The Chase Is On

one day soon I'm gonna run off the edge of the world
'cos my cries for help and my pleas cannot be heard
mine ain't the only voice in the chorus of gloom
there's a million of others just waiting for doomsday
living in the hope that the powers can unify
all we do is hope but the leaders they can try
'cos there's too many battles in this world that we are fought with tongues
there are too many government crackpots who don't belong
'cos the chase is on, and we're not the prey
yeah the chase is on, and they're still running today
stop that lying, you're twisting all the words
it don't make sense if it can't be heard
the racing of the nations to fatality
the realisation of death to you and me
deterrent of the end is at hand, who you trying to fool?
we're all passed of as powerless in their rules
reactionary armies, militant brigades
but all we use are words and our mouths are grenades
[Chorus]
demonstrate the ignorance brought about by their laws
'cos we've heard the crap a million times before
when they get their greedy hands black and they dirty out lifes
we realise there too late that they told us the lies
here it comes
nowhere to hide
nearly here
death from the skies