

Oi Polloi, Hunt the rich

You have no soul you have no heart
You'd chase an animal to see it torn apart
Blood junky you're full of shit
You want a kicking? you'll fuckin' get it

Sick perverts dressed in red
We won't rest until your "sport" is dead
Sick bastards dressed in red
We won't rest until your sort is dead

A child's face is smeared with blood
A torn corpse is lying in the mud
This your tradition is fuckin' sick
We're gonna stop you, you fuckin' inbred prick

Sick perverts dressed in red
We won't rest until your "sport" is dead
Sick bastards dressed in red
We won't rest until your sort is dead

Sab is ridden down by rich toff
Masonic handshake soon gets him off
We won't sit back and take this shit
Into the field and put an end to it

"The saboteurs, in my opinion. They are a very good example of their name they are saboteu

So sab the hunt you know you should
'Cos don'r forget! They'd hunt us if they could
We'll take their thugs, put 'em in the ditch
We'll save the fox and then we'll hunt the rich

HUNT THE RICH!

"We don't make demands of the rich. We just want to get rid of the bastards right?"