

Skyclad, A Broken Promised Land

See the red 'messiah' high upon a soap-box pulpit
Agitating his apostles with the gospels in his hand
While apprentice hitlers gather down in inner city subways
To immortalise their ignorance with aerosol spray cans.

Life is the lesson - History our tutor
Learn from the past - preserve us a future.

So many causes I could die for - but I don't know which is right
In this millenia of martyrs and injustices to fight
Why must brother kill his brother - when united they should stand?
Men by swords and words divided in our broken promised land.

These tattered battle standards fly - their colours do not run
Unlike our tears that trickle down the decades soon to come.
You promised us a 'Golden Age' - we couldn't wait to try it
But never told us of the blood we'd have to shed to buy it!

[Chorus:]

We are brought forth with nothing we struggle for nothing
And then unto nothing return.
Though their words have no meaning - to question them: 'Treason!'
Look back - watch the pages of history burn
Our Devil has two wings (both left wing and right)
They carry him far on this anarchic flight
'Til the fools of all nations now at his command
Bring darkness to once green (now unpleasant) lands.

The voices on your TV are like whispers in a dream
Someone else's nightmares in a place you've never been
But the streets run red round Tinneman Square - and the blood won't wash away
You don't recognise their faces - so young and dead they stay.
You've never had to answer to the barrel of a gun
So how could you expect... (expect what was to come?)

In the troubled streets of Moscow - and in tenements in Moss Side
There are people using silver tongues to turn dissenting worms
How can the dissatisfaction of some left or right wing faction
Hope to justify the bombs that burst - the innocents that burn.

We move in vicious circles as we fan the fires of hate
And laugh as the 'Four Horsemen' clamour at the starter's gate.

[REPEAT CHORUS]

Preserve us a future.