

From The Inside

Brutal Attack

When I was a young boy I didn't understand what my
Father said, about how he fought to save this land and
Now he wishes he were dead. They spit upon his good
Name now, they take away his right to speak, they fill
Our land with aliens, they make my father weak.

But now I understand it, I've seen for myself. I am on
The inside looking out at you, I see the answer is in
My hands.

The trouble with this nation is they forget to easily,
Stand in line you don't come first, they preach racial
Harmony. My father fought to stop one invasion, now he
Knows that war was insane. When peace time comes the
Doors are thrown open, and others invade again.

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The inside looking out at you, I see the answer is in
My hands.

So you listen to me boy don't just stand and stare:
Stand up to be counted, show this land you care. Raise
Our standards with pride and keep the white flame
Bright. Stem this rising tide, put the aliens to
Flight.

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