

# Them

Lou Rhodes

They said it was them  
The ones that they love to hate  
And all of the while  
It was the very state they love  
And trust with all their hearts  
One colour is good  
The other is bad they say  
Just waving the flag  
Keeps some of the fear at bay and makes  
The blood run cold and blue

One finger points away  
The others point right back  
These sickly games we play  
Betray the love we lack

And I know I'm the same  
It's part of the human state  
Just shifting the blame  
And hiding our dark away although  
There hides our brightest light

One finger points away  
The others point right back  
These sickly games we play  
Betray the love  
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The others point right back  
These sickly games we play  
Betray the love we lack