

Slave To Freedom

Tygers of Pan Tang

You shout about your freedom,
You bleed for weak and poor
Pouring out your conscience
Of which you're really sure
But who will save democracy
When all the killing's done?
Certainly not you with your
Bombs and knives and guns

Slave to freedom

The bodies of the fallen will be your epitaph
You may not laugh the longest,
But you will not laugh the last
And who will save democracy
When all the killing's done?
Certainly not you with your
Bombs and knives and guns

Slave to freedom - your rules are nearly through
Slave to freedom - you shout for you and you
You shout about the innocent
But your guilt is plain to see
The money's in your pocket
When the headcounting is through