

Xtc "My Land Is Burning"

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My land is burning,
and yet I smell no smoke.
No one's laughing here which is strange my dear,
as the government's a joke.
My land is burning,
and yet I see no flames.
We smolder mad while the fat cats add
all out savings to their name.
Pity me, pity me my fair lady.
Pity me, pity me if you can,
as I stamped myself with a small black cross
when I voted for that man.
My land is burning,
yet nothing it alight,
but the hell mouth doors of department stores
while the old must freeze all night.
My land is burning,
yet nothing good's consumed,
but the country side by the cars we ride
while in tarmac we're consumed.
Pity me, pity me my fair lady.
Pity me, pity me if you can,
as I stamped myself with a small black cross
when I voted for that man.
My land is burning,
yet nowhere is it warm,
just the street stripped bare by the crackhead stare
of the braindead skateboy swarm.
My land is burning,
the government still lied.
You underestimate our quite hate
and the fire that burns inside.

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