

Legenda

"Tower Three"

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The echo of a thousand marching boots hammers on
the air. They're
Singing anthems, chanting oaths and whistle as
Salome lifts her skirt
Because they're 'real' men and they're healthy, happy...
own the
Place. They raise hell when they're sober, wrestle tigers
when
They're drunk. In their living rooms a picture of the
queen nestles
In between Miss August and a placard saying HOME IS
WHERE THE HEART
IS. (Keep it pure, keep it white. Keep it free of
undesirables
Because freedom is so valuable and getting scarcer.).
Fight! So they
March. Smashing windows, splashing slogans, pushing
petrol bombs
Through doors 'til a uniform appears. Gently whisper in
the ear of
The leader. "That's against the law but we'll ignore it
this time.
Peace Krime's got to be official!"
Keep it clean. Keep it quiet. In a lonely moor the
digger's working,
Bigger holes hold more... And the patriots stay in as
convoys rattle
Down the street. No-one hears the weeping, no-one
listens for the
Cracks at dawn. The shovelling goes on and on and on.
But the
Patriots aren't frightened cos they heard it on T.V. that
a Golden Age
Lies 'round the corner. And day now...

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