

Mott The Hoople

"Traitor"

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You stand accused of treason, you offer no good
reason
You are a bloody liar, yours is the stake the fire,
You say you are innocent, but you be caught and spent
And now you pay the price, for avarice, your vice
Intrigue your sole desire, you sold your wife, your child
You sell your oldest friends, you sold your countrymen
And yet we know your name, traitor, traitor

And now your face is shown, and so your fate is known,
We have discovered you, we have uncovered you,
You say you were led astray, fall on your knees and
pray,
Pity is not for you, we'll make things hot for you,
Our hearts we make to harden, for you there is no
pardon,
For you the spike awaits, upon the traitors gate,
And crows will eat your eyes, traitor, traitor

Delight we find in you, as we are binding you,
You look in vain for friends, you only find revenge
We give you blood and steel, we break you on the
wheel
The ones you hope to sell, will send you straight to hell,
As we dismember you, we shall remember you,
You are abomination, you that betray the nation
You shall take long to die, traitor, traitor!!!

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