

Skeptix "Traitor"

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They've got enough trouble with petrol bombs
Without some traitor stealing their arms
Soldiers are paid to uphold the law
Traitor you supply to opposition in the war

Traitor did you do it for the pay
Traitor it'll kill you someday
Traitor you're paid to keep the law
Traitor you're prolonging this war

Traitor broke in at the dead of night
Not knowing if what he's doing is wrong or right
He's a traitor in the IRA's pay
Hope he doesn't live to see another day

Whether you gave or whether they bought
The gun you stole is killing your sort
Death and destruction is all around
Killing soldiers five per pound

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