

Bulldog Breed

"Stand Up Fight Back"

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We remember those days, early years of our teens,
First cropped our hair, donned the boots and short
jeans,
Filled with such pride, as we walked thru the streets,
We knew in our hearts, there'd be no retreat.

Chorus

Stand up, fight back, Don't turn and run,
Shoot for the heart like a bullet from a gun,
Stand defiant, we're number one,
No surrender 'til the job has been done.

A love for our land, a nationalist pride,
We were ready for battle, we weren't born to hide,
Afraid of nobody, we'd take on the world,

Stood with such pride, with our banners unfurled.

Through mayhem and battle, through trouble and
strife,
We battle for skinheads, for our way of life,
We follow no leaders, we heed no-ones rules,
We stand against traitors, the blind and the fools.

The road's not been easy, there's no turning back,
As skinheads we stand, against endless attacks,
We've sworn an oath, so hear our war cry,
For skinheads we battle, and for skinheads we'll die.

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