

Electrics

"Disciples Of Disaster"

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We weathered into Portugal and we weathered into
Spain,
And we never knew if we would ever see our home
again,
Fifteen years or more we spent just digging up the
Ground,
And we never had a weakness on our conscience.

Stormy seas we've sailed, my friend, through weather
Fair and foul,
Failure never featured here, we never threw the towel,
Nighttime held no terror, and no demon dared to show,
Allegiances defeated by our standards.

Bring them home, boys,
Bring them back to land,
Take their freedom away,
They need a helping hand,
Bring them home, boys,
Bring them back to shore,
Disciples of disaster, we can do more.

As chivvies in the marshland we heroes boldly go,
To find potential parishes no map could ever show,
Crawling through the jungle as the insects suck the
Blood,
We know all we do is for the master.

No matter what we do now, no matter what we say,
We do it in the name of the master,
Natives tremble in their beds, whole nations shake with
Fear,
They call us disciples of disaster.

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Bring them back to land,
Take their freedom away,
They need a helping hand,
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Disciples of disaster, we can do more,

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