

## Skyclad "Eirenarch"

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You say I'm a free man,  
But what does that mean to a social security number?  
A grey suit as sharp as a new guillotine,  
Bought and paid for while dragging us under.  
Tell me what use is a citizens charter -  
When blood is the ink for our new Magna Carta?  
Sci-fi style weapons - feudal societies,  
Fingers on buttons that twitch with anxiety.

Chorus:

Brought to our knees by the powers that maybe,  
Don't care if humanity lives or it dies.  
You're alright Jack - so you pulled up the ladder,  
And hook, line and sinker you swallowed their lies.  
Now it seems that the truth is not easy to say,  
Mouth stuffed with the goodies they sample.  
Stripped by their mistresses - tied up and flayed,  
Like pye-dogs that would lead by example.  
Not enough answers - and cash paid for questions,  
Waste paper baskets filled with good suggestions.  
Show me a promise they made that has lasted,  
Successes have fathers - but failure's a bastard.

Chorus:

Brought to our knees by the powers that maybe,  
Don't care if humanity lives or it dies.  
You're alright Jack - so you pulled up the ladder,  
And hook, line and sinker you swallowed their lies.  
Your motto was "In God we trust - all others pay by  
cash",  
You hide beneath oak tables when the windows start to  
smash.  
The natives are revolting - open season on the scum,  
Sit tight and wait forver for the Eirenarch to come.  
Rich and poor - divide the classes, instigate two types  
of law,  
Making nineteen nineties Heaven fell like 1984.  
Your finger on the trigger of a 12-bore in the dark,  
When justice knocks upon your door send for the  
Eirenarch.

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