

## Skyclad

# "Salt On The Earth"

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Out of the East a prince shall rise  
To summon fire from the skies.  
I'm lord of this wasteland - where my word is law  
My bedfellows pestilence, famine and war  
Turn children to orphans - make wives into widows  
Then laugh at your plight behind bullet-proof windows  
With swords made of "Black Gold" the world is my  
whore  
I've all you could wish for yet still I want more.  
Out of the East the prince shall rise.  
They are the victims (the ones who survived)  
To bury their families along with their pride  
Forgotten, forsaken, defenceless and lost  
They count their blessings whilst counting the cost.  
All they can do is pray that his greed shall destroy him  
But meanwhile they choke on another man's poison.  
Should we turn our cheeks so the mad and the twisted  
May strike us again 'cus we never resisted?  
They'll slaughter our allies - invade all our neighbours  
Then when they come here there'll be none left to save  
us...  
Then we'll be the victims - the ones who must fight  
Bury our families and our human rights  
To the hands of a madman all liberty lost  
He'll reap the rewards while The Earth pays the cost  
Spill oil on troubled waters - believe yourself divine  
By calling it an "act of war" you cover up the crime.

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