

Raise the Banner

King Prawn

So now who be the terrorist? Raise your right fist
And pump it in the air 'cause it ain't too clear.
Just where the line is drawn to make this war,
Everybody's got to settle a score.
Tit for tat, rat-a-tat-tat,
Now another mother's gonna dress in black.
Demonise with these holy lies,
While the propagandist still fuels the fire.
And they're rolling, rolling, burning black tyre,
See another face staring through the razor wire.
Deprived but still they will kill,
Soldiers entering at their own peril.
'Cause sticks and stones will break some bones,
And send soldiers in body bags back home.
While the war machine is kept so clean,
With self approved pics on the TV screen.
Raise the banner to the sound of the hypocrites.
Raise the banner to the sound of the hypocrites. So now tell me the cost of another life lost,
Or does this sense of worth come down to birth?
'Cause the eye will see what it chooses to see,
Forever ignorant to the hypocrisy,
And the money that's given for buying all the weapons
Just to make sure that some enemy's smitten.
If you keep 'em locked down in your human zoo,
You better watch out when they turn on you.
Targeted assassination,
Figures in the night moving in formation,
In for the kill, in for the thrill,
But it ain't gonna be the last blood spilt.
'Cause if you take a look into your own back yard,
Then you're gonna find yourself at the start.
So who be the terrorist? Sounds the propagandist
With their big mouths they wanna discredit.
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